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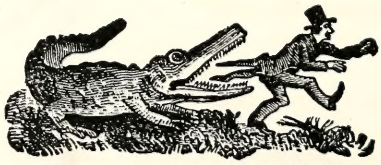
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Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXV. OCTOBER, 1917. Number 1.

To-morrow.

THE dark before the dawn lies over all the hills and plains,
Lending a touch of fantasy to familiar, homely sights,
Enshrouding in its misty, floating cloak the village lanes—
The mystery of the dawn—that beckons yet affrights.

And as day's dawn points out to man the daily task is on,
Urging from beds of ease to pain and life's remorseless toil,
So has our Dawn, our Dawn of Life, brightened the horizon,
Drawing us forth from easy groves in turn to drudge and moil.

Our paths lie far apart, chartered for highways now unseen,
Pointing to frozen prospects of the Northern shores, ice-tied,
Wind-bitten by the steel-tipped Arctic blasts, as sharp and keen
As bayonet points, flint-souled, unconquerable and undefied.

Down to the languorous South of coral sands and turquoise seas,
Where green isles beckon and call in soft, seductive siren strains,
To slip the task, to eat the lotus leaf and take surcease,
And fail and die, lulled off to sleep by soft South Sea refrains.

Out to the barren West, untreed, unwatered—granite made,
Rock-ribbed by mountainous peaks, ice scored, where dreams of rest are vain—
Deep fissures—black ravines—the bravest is dismayed,
Foot-bruised by sharp-edged stones, and conquered by the hurricane.

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Down to the sun-parched, heat-seared shifting Eastern desert sands,
Swept by the hot-mouthed, hell-charged monsoon winds that blow and choke,
Seeking the mirage's sedulous gleam—a Utopian green-treed land,
Till wearied by the quest the spirit dies—the heart is broke.

L'ENVOI

Then look and mark the views set out before your eyes by Dawn!
From one of these we pick the way that each of us must tread:
Return from where we came is barred—we must forge on and on,
Until we have attained the coveted land—or else lie dead.

JOSEPH E. MONTEVERDE, B. C. S., '17.



Discontent and Progress.*

THIS age of ours has not unjustly been designated the era of industrial progress, the era of social and political unrest. Progress and discontent are our most conspicuous characteristics; they are the individuating notes of our time. Scarcely is there to be found in these days a man endowed with complacency and contentment in his lot. All are striving, straining, scrimping to better their conditions. None are satisfied. The spirit of our age is to advance, to do something, to attain success.

It is a curious fact that nowhere is this spirit so manifested as in the United States, nowhere are the individuals so progressive and so discontented. A modicum of progress never satiates the American mind; marvelous inventions or newly-discovered conveniences only stimulate the nation to greater expectations; progressive and benevolent laws enacted are viewed not in themselves but as harbingers of good to come. A subtle, unconscious demand for progress is therefore created and, somehow or other, native genius arises to the occasion.

* Winner, prize-essay contest under direction of the Duquesne University Club.

This strong, instinctive dissatisfaction with present accommodations, so distinctly an American trait, is not easy to explain. Perhaps it is a result of such an unprecedented commingling of races. Perhaps it is a climatic effect. More probably it is due to the national traditions and ideals of the country. Our very inception as a nation was the direct outcome of discontent; it was America's first invention—a government of justice, liberty and progress.

A nation this was, in the beginning, of stern and hardy men and women who from the very first refused to accept things simply because of their prevalence. The Pilgrims preferred the chill and hardships of little-known America to the imposition of a state religion which did not coincide with their views; so, too, did the Quakers of Pennsylvania and the Catholics of Maryland. And consistent were they in later years when it became necessary to dissolve the bonds that held them to the tyrannical mother-country.

Although in the early days our forefathers were continually harassed by savages and constantly confronted by severities, they nevertheless lived in a land singularly blessed by Nature, and, had they so desired, they might have settled down after a time to a life of easy contentment. Did they? Most assuredly not! The flaming ardor which had inspired them to break with tyranny still consumed them, and they longed with a grand longing to build upon this continent a great nation.

This noble ambition, handed down from generation to generation, caused the pioneers to penetrate the wilderness, to explore the forest and gradually prepare the land for development.

In this manner an assay of our resources was made, and, despite the fact that it was not accomplished as scientifically as possible, the result was conclusive. The country was perceived to be opulent in minerals and susceptible of the most extensive cultivation. So to the north and west and south went disgruntled squatters and gold seekers to do their share in advancing the country to its present state of efficiency and progressiveness.

With the rapid development of the interior, there arose a crying need of transportation facilities and adequate implements and machinery to take the place of the crude, unwieldy devices of antiquity still in vogue. Under the lash of universal discontent, the dormant inventiveness of the race was hastily aroused. The cotton gin, the reaper and innumerable other inventions swiftly gave testimony to the genius of the nation. Steamboats began to churn the waters of all our inland rivers; the wheezing locomo-

tive of Stevenson was subjected to rigorous overhauling, and improvements were introduced to increase its efficiency and stifle the violent complaints of travelers and growers in the far west and south.

Coeval with this internal progress came into existence the telegraph, which not only promoted unity and progress in our own country, but linked Europe to our shore, making it susceptible to our contagious advancement. When Cyrus W. Field accomplished this tremendous task, the European world, whose antique politics had been rudely jolted when the disaffected American colonists so effectively renounced monarchism, came out of its medieval lethargy and began to buzz with discontent and anxiety to be up-to-date. Thereupon, many of the ancient accommodations went into the discard, and Europe set out to renovate itself after the American plan.

Once started, Europe was not content to be led; she began to rival the United States for progressiveness. Albeit to France and Germany we have been more or less dependent for medicinal and scientific advancement, the fact remains, when all is told, that America still holds the palm for general excellence.

Consider to what a depth this spirit of discontent which makes for progress has got into American life. While in Europe it pervades scarcely beyond a small percentage of the middle class, in America it runs, almost too wildly, through every stratum of society. Our upper class is composed mostly of men or the immediate descendants of men who, although having aided materially in the industrial advancement of the country, were not born to the elite caste. Neither Carnegie nor Schwab nor Vail was blessed with blue-blooded parents. And it is strongly suspected that Edison, Brashear, Holland, the Wright brothers, as well as others, never had the proverbial silverware in their respective mouths at birth. On the contrary, they, like most of our financial and inventive geniuses, were born and reared to poverty. However, they could not be composed to their destined lot; they were disquieted by the ceaseless goading of discontent—or ambition, if you wish to give it another name. As a result, in spite of every obstacle, they developed their natural talents, and incessantly applied them.

To-day, they are no longer numbered among the poor, ignorant, and indigent. They are our captains of industry, our financial experts, our distinguished inventors. In affluence and age they still wage a valiant war for progress and advancement; they do not—cannot—retire because discontent has become a

constituent part of their character. Inactivity and rest are as death to them.

Consequently, besides preventing our plutocracy from lapsing into royal atrophy and decadence, these men are a stimulus, an incentive, to the younger generation to emulate their example, to do something worth while. And so America bids fair to retain her preeminence in the world's progress.

Palpably, the history of the United States illuminates and emphasizes the peculiar correlation of discontent and progress. These two words tersely epitomize the traditions and achievements of our country. They are, as it were, the motivating power and the end of our national life.

But, indeed, much as discontent has done for America's advancement, it has done, although in a somewhat less degree, the same for Europe. Even Asia has sensed its pregnant influence. There is, for instance, the case of China and Japan. Stilled in Confucianism and fatalism, the yellow inhabitants of the Orient for a long time refused to hearken to the widespread cry for progress and were quite content to be as their revered and honorable ancestors. Japan first realized her mistake, due to the diplomacy and persuasion of an American Commodore. Now she is a first rate power, capable and willing to have a say in things of world-wide importance. China came to rather abruptly in late years and now has a President and Congress like ourselves. The seed of discontent is just sprouting in the soul of the East, and when it attains full growth the "Yellow Peril" will be no bogy.

In the face of such accumulative and conclusive evidence, need any more be said to support my contention that discontent and progress are inseparable? Experience, historic testimony, common sense, singly and collectively, declare it so. Therefore, if we are to have faith in our senses, to trust our rational faculties, we must admit this inevitable conclusion. Discontent is not only the precursor of progress, but it is the animating spirit, the living breath, the very life of progress itself.

D. J. MULVIHILL, '18.

A Debt and a Mission.

Baccalaureate Sermon, June 19, 1917.

YOU are all no doubt familiar with that portion of our Lord's Gospel according to St. Matthew, commonly known as the Sermon on the Mount, in which the Master, after formulating the principles that should regulate the lives of all true servants of God, declares: "Every one, therefore, that heareth these my words and doth them, shall be likened to a wise man that built his house upon a rock. And the rain fell, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and they beat upon that house, and it fell not, for it was founded on a rock."

Now the service of God, or religion, is inseparable from our duty toward ourselves and toward our fellowmen, and implies the dedication of all our faculties and the employment of all natural truths to that end. And, thus understood, religion is in a broader sense identical with education, properly conceived, thoroughly acquired, and conscientiously applied in daily life. Such education you that are about to receive your degrees, have striven these many years to acquire. I do not mean to imply that you have become complete masters of this education, nor that such you will ever be; but I do cheerfully agree that you have all striven, and I express the hope that you will continue to strive, to advance in this education as long as God gives you life.

To you therefore, dear graduates, may be applied to-day in a very special sense the words of the Master just quoted. You have *heard* and are resolved to *do* the *words* of the Saviour of Mankind. You have become imbued with the principles of belief and rules of conduct which have enabled you to found the beautiful temple of your soul, character, life, upon a *rock.* And this rock, the rock of education, the rock of truth, is none other than Christ the Son of God and the Son of Man, in all things the perfect model of his brethren who aspire to the dignity of the children of God. You are leaving this house of worship, these halls of learning, not only with the ineffaceable memory of what you have heard and seen and learned, but with the clear living image of a model before you, leading you on—Christ himself, into the sanctuary of whose life and teaching you have been introduced; nay, who has renewed within you his own likeness, raised you to the dignity of the full citizenship of the saints, and abides with you always to enlighten your minds, strengthen your wills, solidify your characters. Through the voice of conscience, which is His voice speaking within you, and through the voice of His Church, with which He has promised to remain forever, He

furnishes you with the understanding of those divine truths and immutable principles of action which govern the relations of men with God and of men with their fellowmen.

Happy are we indeed, my friends, that the Master has been thus mindful of us; for in this world, sooner or later and perhaps constantly, you will experience the beating of the rains and the flood and the winds against the temple of your souls and characters—souls and characters happily resting upon a rock: you will hear much and read more of that theorizing which seeks to overthrow the Providence

"that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will";

to deprive human nature of that consciousness of divine origin and aim and end which constitute the true nobility of man; of that divine blessing of revealed religion which "kindly leads us on amid the encircling gloom"; yea, of that very Christ who came to save us from eternal death, by Himself undergoing the pangs of temporal dissolution. All these truths you will hear and see assailed, derided, denied, explained away. And then these same authors of such nefarious theories, these men that did their best to undo God and revealed religion and its influence on mankind, will cry out, "See! this doctrine has no influence upon men: therefore, why still believe it?" Thanks to their wild reasonings, indeed, its influence has been limited: but eternal thanks to men like your teachers and yourselves, this influence to-day still is, and to the end of time will remain, the rock on which rests all that makes for social order, true civilization, and those most precious gifts of all—the brotherhood of peoples and the liberty of mankind!

In receiving, therefore, the benefits of such an education, you have received much. But—it is the Master's solemn declaration—"to whom much is given, of him much shall be required." And assuredly, the first thing expected of you, and one of which men generally are inclined to think last—so ungrateful is human nature—is that you return thanks to God your Creator, to the Son of God your Master, and to the Holy Spirit, the Giver of all good gifts, for the blessings of the education you have received. Here, in this humble, struggling, but very earnest and solid school, the men in charge have not the easily-gotten wealth to make a show, but they have the devotedness that brings forth truly educated men, and this devotedness they have gratuitously and generously bestowed upon you. Hence, to God and to your

masters you ought to-day in this holy place render thanks in silent prayer and swear devotion in return.

Another thing expected of you—nay, imperatively demanded—is that you order your future lives in accord with the spirit of the education you have received. Great gifts bespeak a vocation, and a vocation means a dedication, a consecration of oneself to the service of one's fellowmen. But service excludes all selfishness. What, therefore, you have received in character and principle and training during these many years of your course, you are to use, with generous disinterestedness, during your entire lives for the benefit of your fellowmen: by word, by action, by your leadership of men, by the principles that you profess, you are to spread the good gifts that you have received in the benign Providence of God. In this way, true to your divine Master, who "went about doing good," you also will exert a beneficent influence: men will become better because they come in touch with you; society will become purer because of your passage through its ranks, and our great country will be a still more desirable place to live in because of the high class of its citizenship.

May I not add, in conclusion, that through your conduct thus ordained and your lives thus spent you will do your share to make our country's influence felt in the freedom it bestows and the tolerance it exerts, the whole world over? In the Providence of God, our nation has departed from its ancient policy of aloofness, to become the apostle and champion of the freedom of nations, great and small. No selfishness in this, but the holiest consecration of an entire people unto the welfare of all the children of God! But so great is this new destiny thus suddenly thrust upon us that only the far-seeing and the truly educated can measure up to the full height of this new responsibility. The country at large must be educated up to the true conception of its new obligations. And where is our noble leader to find support for the ideals which he has espoused and enunciated, if not among men, such as you are, fully formed and fully informed?

Behold, then, how solemn, but at the same time how sublime and agreeable are the obligations that you assume in life. But be full of confidence: your Master and model has conquered the world, and He is with you always.

REV. F. A. RETKA, C. S. Sp., M. A.



Character As Influenced By Morals and Religion.*

THE spiritual life of man is two-fold; the life of the soul by intellect and will, or the moral life, and the life of grace. The moral life consists in the regulation of conduct by means of reason and will, the reason perceiving a certain course as calculated to attain an end, and the will directing man's activities to that end. Therefore, the true aim of education is not merely the cultivation of the intellect, but the direction of the will and the formation of character. To educate means to develop; to bring out in the child every faculty, every power of his soul that he will require for the exercise of his manhood. In the human soul there are two distinct powers, both necessary for the man, and both acting upon and influencing his life. First, there is the intelligence, which must be educated. Then together with the intellect there is the heart, the affections and the will, which must also be educated. It is in the cultivation of these faculties that man's superiority over the irrational animal consists, for Religion and Morality are two universal characteristics of man; and by cancelling in human life whatever belongs to these two forces, all that distinguishes man from the lower animals disappears.

It is quite true, "Knowledge is Power," but all power in creation requires restraint in order to be useful. Without such restraint it is hurtful and destructive. We give a man power in giving him knowledge, but we do not give him a single principle to purify, influence or restrain that power so as to use it properly. Knowledge itself, the discipline which study gives, and the tastes it produces, have a tendency to moralize character; they produce an aversion to what is coarse and gross. However, these influences, potent though they may be, are inadequate to safeguard the interests of morality. It is possible that a high degree of intellectual and aesthetic culture may exist with profound

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*Thesis presented for the M. A. degree by Sister Paulinus, St. Mary's of the Mount.

depravity either in an individual or in a nation. Literary ability may render its possessor a power for the elevation of society, or for its corruption. If education is to be a blessing for the child, and for the nation, the development of both moral and religious character is indispensable.

Modern philosophers hold that Morality can exist independently of Religion; if so, the tendency to ignore religion altogether cannot prove injurious to progress and welfare. If on the other hand, religion is the basis of morality, then the whole drift of Modernism is deeply injurious to the first interest of the race. A solution of the problem concerning the relation between Religion and Morality may be found by examining the religious beliefs and moral training of some of the powerful nations of antiquity, and comparing them with the Christian ideal. Because of their wide extent and long duration, as well as the important place which these people occupy in human history; and because we possess sufficient knowledge of them to afford grounds for judgment, the religion and morals of China, India, Persia, Greece and Rome, seem worthy of attention.

Among the Orientals the earliest texts were of a religious character and were a source of knowledge and education. The main purposes of these books were: first, to secure order and equilibrium; second, to promote the worship of ancestors and a profound reverence for the past system of things; third, to confirm and perpetuate these by an elaborate ceremonial.

The entire school system was one of memory and imitation. That the Chinese youth should learn to think for himself was out of the question. The aim of Chinese education was not to develop but to suppress individuality; to secure, not social progress, but social stability; and the most important result of this aim was the perpetuity of the Empire. The exactness required in the memorizing of the Sacred Books resulted in the development of the retentive powers of the mind, the development of the power of application to the mastery of details, and the ability to imitate. At the same time it destroyed the power of initiative, of inventiveness and of adaptability. The final result of this accurate and detailed knowledge was that the formal, the prescribed and the external, dominated their lives. Acts had only an outer, not an inner meaning. Blameless and blameworthy acts were judged by the same standards. The moral nature of an act did not lie in its intention but in its actual form. Their sacred literature contained innumerable

prescriptions, but few principles. Thus it happened that moral results were very far from being as high as might be expected, and standards of conduct, especially of personal morality, were extremely low, although the teachings of their moral leaders were high.

The teachings of Confucius have received full recognition and have been given great praise; no one can deny that many of his sayings display a high ideal of virtue. In a remarkable manner Confucianism united political or social ethics with private morality. It furnished a system of philosophy rather than a system of religion or of worship. Every child was taught the "five relations" of sovereign and subject, parent and child, husband and wife, brother and brother, friend and friend; these sum up all their ethical teaching and social obligation.

It is therefore not difficult to explain why, under the elaborate educational curriculum of the Chinese, the normal living of these people was so far removed from actual standards of virtue. The fault evidently lies in the purpose, method, and character of the studies. The great ability and exactness required in the repetition of passages from books resulted in artificial thought and imagination; in the crushing out of all initiative and the consequent lack of free personality.

On the other hand, the religion of China, surrounded as it was with rites and ceremonies, tended to give permanence, yet it was deprived of all vitality. Moral and civil relations among men were regulated by prescribed rules of conduct. The result was the appearance of ceremonious politeness, trickery, wiliness, and the disappearance of simplicity and truth. High-sounding pretensions held sway, but practice and profession were widely separated. The social aim of their system seemed to be attained if the Chinaman was a good son, a good subject, or a man of good manners, peaceable and contented.

Oriental education shows the disastrous consequence of attempting to mold all minds upon the same pattern. The secret of its failure lies in the want of an ideal human aim, and human ideals of conduct can hardly exist except in an atmosphere of freedom. It is the intelligence with which we permeate all school studies, that truly instructs; it is the life of personality, and personal responsibility, which we infuse into training and discipline, and the relations with which we sanctify it, that can alone rear a people who are to be vigorous, virile and progressive. Mere memory work, mere dogmatic teaching in the ethical sphere, can at best produce but the mere semblance of a true man or woman.

The common characteristic, therefore, of the Chinese religion was its externalism. The spirituality of religion was lost in ceremonial and the practical ethics which the religion might have yielded were choked by external observance.

Among the Hindus, education was controlled by the great and all influencing social fact of caste. The books which embody the intellectual and moral faith of the Hindus were the Veda, the six systems of philosophy, the laws of Manu and Buddhism. The code of Manu is a collection of traditional images and customs of a social and domestic kind, of practices of government and legal procedure. It abounds in excellent moral precepts. The end of higher education is thus expressed in Manu's "Book of Law": "To learn and to understand the Vedas; to practice pious mortification; to acquire divine knowledge of the law and of philosophy; to treat with veneration his natural and his spiritual father; these are the chief duties by means of which felicity is attained."

Of course, the Hindu religion in its essence and Vedic origin was not a religion of externalism. From time to time new gods were recognized to meet the wants of the people, superstitions and idolatries abounded, and numerous sects arose. The ethical teaching of the Vedic hymns was pure; it was the inner life of the soul that was of moment: but when this was lost sight of, Buddhism arose as an offshoot of Brahmanism, and degradation of religion followed. A thoroughly equipped Brahman was understood to acquire by heart all the sacred writings; he learned astronomy and mathematics; and he frequently pursued a course of ethical study embracing philosophy, language and science. We can, therefore, recognize in the highest Hindu education, both discipline and culture. The teacher himself was required to have passed through the recognized curriculum and to have fulfilled all the duties of a Brahmanical student before he was allowed to teach. The discipline seems to have been gentle and only in extreme cases was there any severity. Manu says: "Good instruction must be given to the pupils without unpleasant sensations, and the teacher who reverences virtue must use sweet and gentle words."

Throughout the entire history of these people we find quotations without number in which the gods are appealed to as the guardians of moral order, and the hope of immortality and retribution are expressed in terms of the deepest conviction. There is great variety of opinion as to the precise doctrine taught

by Buddha, but two facts are generally admitted: first, "a persistent endeavor on the part of his followers to satisfy the cravings of reason, by holding to the identity of personality and connecting evil with its retribution; secondly, as the philosophy developed into religion, it everywhere embodied in its tenets a belief in future retribution." The wide extent and long duration of Buddhism is a witness to the tendency of human nature to connect the moral law with a sanction outside this earthly existence.

The Persians formed one of the finest types of the family of mankind. When we first meet them in history they are a race of hardy mountaineers, brave in war, rude in manners, simple in their habits, abstaining from wine, and despising all the luxuries of food and dress. The disposition of the Persian was towards equity, mercifulness and mildness of character. They were a kindly and domestic people. Children had to yield absolute obedience to their parents. The fundamental idea of the national religion was that a pure One Spirit, Ormazd, was creator and sustainer of all. Ahriman, the source of evil, was not self-originated, but arose out of the conflict of sources when Ormazd created the world out of nothing. They believed that men are engaged in a warfare and have to fight for light against darkness, good against evil, truth against falsehood, purity against impurity. We see in their religion the highest type of Persian thought which could not fail to react powerfully on the life of the individual. It was, moreover, remarkably ethical and free from idolatry. It gave value to individual personality. Absorption or annihilation of personality in Brahma, was the last idea of perfect bliss to a Persian. Tho supreme virtues were courage and truth. They were required to practice these virtues, and were enjoined to guard their tongues. Herodotus says: "They hold it unlawful to talk of anything it is unlawful to do; the most disgraceful thing in the world is to tell a lie."

There was no definite educational system in Persia. Boys of the higher classes were brought up together under men of gravity and reputation at the court of the great king, where they had an opportunity of learning many a lesson of virtuous conduct, but could see or hear nothing disgraceful. The distinctive characteristic of Persian education was its devotion to physical and ethical training. Moral training was secured by the mingling of the young with the old. Persian education was a combination of a free personality with an intense national feel-

ing. With a sense of personality there comes into existence freedom, which in turn results in many virtues. In the Persian idea there was possibility of progress, and it is difficult to understand why the nation did not advance. Perhaps the imperial organization was too lax to be permanent, for in less than one hundred years from the death of Cyrus the court had developed all the vices generally associated with Oriental despotism. Neither does personal vanity and love of luxury fully explain the degradation of the Persian character. And so, it might be held that it was lack of organized education and of abstract intellectual interest that helped to make their imperial power so short-lived.

By the Greeks first and in the fullest manner individuality was worked out on the thought side. The love of knowledge for the sake of knowledge found here its first devotees. The development of the individual was provided for. The function of the priesthood in Greece was largely liturgical and ceremonial, and very slightly theological and pedogogical. It had little to do with the development of philosophy, literature, science and education, or with the moral growth of the people. With the Greeks, the growth of the abstract formulation of the moral sense came largely with their philosophy; that of the concrete embodiment of moral responsibility, through the city state. In respect to aesthetic development the Greeks have had no equals. From another point of view the work of the Greeks was to determine the things worth living for. Aristotle says that the aim of life is "living happily and beautifully." The best expressions of their civilization indicate to us their realization of this high ideal.

In the Homeric period the ideal of education was the man of action and the man of wisdom. The primary virtue of the man of action was bravery; that of the man of wisdom, good, practical judgment. At the opening of the historic period and through all the subsequent eras of growth, the ideal was service to the state and superiority to the barbarians and the low-born. When we first come in contact with the Hellenic race in history, we at once recognize a lofty and deep spirit, a strong and joyous personality, a free and beautiful development, an enjoyment of life and of moral freedom. In order to understand the Hellenic ideal, it is necessary to remember that the genuine Greek did not make any real distinction between a virtuous life and a beautiful and happy one. The Greek mind was concrete; it included in

the idea of human excellence, the outer aspect and bearing of the individual man.

The highest types of the Hellenic spirit were the Athenians and the Spartans. But the oldest form of Greek life was the Dorian; and among the Dorians, Sparta predominated in matters pertaining to education. The objects of Spartan education were not intellectual acuteness and the accumulation of knowledge, but discipline, endurance, and victory in war. Discipline was taught by the perpetual presence of authority, and by very severe punishments. Many youths endured being whipped to death rather than acknowledge themselves unequal to it before their friends and relations. They were early trained to obey by means of prefects and fagging. But they were not prepared to pay the price at which an education in responsibility can be obtained—the price which lay in the possible ruin of all boys who were not strong enough to be a law to themselves. The Spartans rarely left the boys to themselves without grown men to look after them; and so, when Spartans were sent abroad to govern cities or command armies, having had no practice in responsibility they failed shamefully and ignominiously. The system they adopted had many faults. There was no individual attention for boys. The hardships were excessive and brutalizing. While the boys' bodies were developed and trained almost to perfection, their minds were almost entirely neglected. Reading and reciting formed no necessary part of Spartan education. They were trained to speak in the shortest sentences. Daily hardships, endless physical training, perpetual tests of pluck and endurance were the lot of the Spartan boy. The Spartans believed that the whole duty of man was to be brave, to be indifferent to pain, to be a good soldier, and to be always in perfect physical condition.

On the other hand the gymnasium and dining clubs caused a great deal of quarreling and immorality. The results of national life and severity of discipline were precisely the same as those resulting from an over-severe system of discipline in families and schools of the present day. Once the arbitrary system under which he lived was removed, we are told the Spartan became lax and licentious. This was because his morality was a state-morality imposed by authority and maintained by severity and not a personal and free growth from within; the individual was sunk in the citizen.

The Spartan state possessed a record of military achievement and a stability unequaled by any other Greek state; the Spartan man possessed bravery, power, endurance and self-

control; the Spartan woman, a dignity, scope for activity in life and an ability to meet these opportunities that was denied to woman in other parts of Greece; and the Spartan youth, a reverential and obedient demeanor, a reserve in conduct, a stoicism under pain, and other habits that were possessed in a far less degree by other Greek boys. But with all this there were defects. Mere physical training might develop the body and impart habits of discipline, but it could never engender those higher qualities, courage, endurance, self-control, courtesy, and innumerable other endowments necessary to win the battle of life.

The Athenian's conception of the perfect citizen was much wider and more difficult of attainment than that of the Spartan. Pluck and harmony of physical development did not satisfy him; there must be equal training of mind and imagination. He demanded mental activity and culture, and irreproachable taste. "We love and pursue wisdom, yet avoid bodily sloth," said Pericles, "we love and pursue beauty, yet avoid bad taste and extravagance." Consequently, Athenian education was triple in its aims; its activities were divided between body, mind and taste. Taste and imagination were cultivated in the music and art-schools, but the influence of the theatre, the Acropolis, the temples and public monuments, and the dances which accompanied every festival and religious occasion, were still more potent. This aesthetic aspect of education was particularly important in Attica owing to the prevalent idea that art and music had a strong influence over character; for, the training of character was before all things the object of Hellenic education. So strongly did they believe that virtue could be taught that they held the teacher responsible for any subsequent misdemeanor of his pupils. If those who learned under a certain teacher behaved unjustly, it was clearly because his teaching had been worthless. And since the main object of the schools of Hellas was to train and mould the character of the young, special care and attention was given to the reputation for virtue and conduct of those who were chosen as schoolmasters.

According to the Athenian view, the condition and treatment of the body had a very important effect both upon mental activities and upon character. For this reason physical training formed at least half of every system of education. To the Athenians, man was a whole, and one part of him could not be sound if the other parts were not. They more than half believed that physical beauty was a sign of moral beauty. But the main

object of physical training was to develop strength of character, determination, fortitude, endurance, pluck and energy. This was carefully balanced by artistic and musical training, which in turn, if pursued in excess, would lead to weakness of character, effeminacy, cowardice and sloth. A scientifically arranged symmetry between the two would produce the perfect character. In the literary and aesthetic schools, there were two elements of the subjects taught, both with an ethical effect, matter and form. The literature studied in the schools was expected to be full of improving suggestions and life-histories of heroes worthy of imitation, couched in the form most attractive to young minds, in order that they might appreciate and love its teaching and examples. The music which the boys played or heard, the songs which they sang, the dances which they performed or watched, the art which they copied or observed, must be such as would influence their characters for good—mould them in accordance with the national ideal. Athenian morality was wholly aesthetic; they followed the course which appealed to their imagination and sense of beauty. It was therefore, the object of education to make the children see and feel beauty in virtue, and good art in good ethics, in order that they might find satisfaction for their aesthetic cravings; for the unanimous feeling of Athens based ethics not upon duty, but upon happiness—upon the satisfaction of instincts.

An ideal aim and a moral purpose ran through the whole of Athenian education. Lucian says: "We commit our children first to the care of mothers, nurses, and schoolmasters to instruct them properly in their early years; but as soon as they begin to understand what is right and good, when fear, shame, and emulation spring up in their minds, we then employ them in studies of a different kind, and inure their bodies to labor by exercises that will increase their strength and vigor. We do not rest content with that power of mind and body with which nature has endowed them, but endeaver to improve it by education." From this and numerous other passages, we learn that the moral training of the Athenian boy was never lost sight of. Penetrating and active intelligence, grace of manner, and refinement of speech especially distinguished him.

However, so far as school instruction was concerned, the Athenian boy had an easy time of it up to the middle of the fifth century B. C. With the advent of the new intellectual movement, headed by the Sophists, the orderliness, dignity, gravity and

devotion to the public need which characterized the old Greek life were replaced by frivolity of disposition, and a general tendency to place personal gratification above public service. The new teachers rejected altogether the old basis of morality and many of the traditional standards. It was inevitable then that, under a system of free learning and free teaching, evils should arise.

It does not seem amiss to conclude that the failure of the Greeks to provide adequate sanction for the principles they formulated and for the counsels they gave to youth, was the essential weakness of their moral education. Only where law and duty are supreme, and where truth and reality are preferred to form, can man attain to the fullness of his own personality. Personal truthfulness, personal purity, and a sense of over-awing duty were not to be found in the average Greek citizen; these qualities are direct results of religion; and religious practices exerted but little influence on the formation of the Greek character. By the worship of the family gods, by the civic recognition of the gods in religious festivals, and by singing hymns, religion was inculcated. The Greek gods were numerous and unworthy of imitation; they were not even objects of reverence, for they were endowed with the weaknesses and passions of men, and their worship could not avoid developing immoral characteristics. Moreover, Polytheism by its very nature injures morality, for what was pleasing to one god may have been very hateful to another, and thus the moral standard became doubtful. Sometimes religious rites ended in scenes of profligacy and debauchery. This influence of religion, together with the contempt for labor, the existence of slavery, and a national character disposed to sensual enjoyments and a love of physical beauty, brought morality to a low ebb and opened a way for the conquest of Greece by Roman arms.

[To be concluded in the November MONTHLY]



The Transport Sentinel.

UPON his midnight-watch at sea
There paced a stately sentinel,
While o'er the white sails beauteously
The pearly moonlight fell.

Serene and lonely was the night—
A night for fancy's wildest dreams—
The foaming waters flashing bright
Beneath the moon's enchanting beams.

What were the feelings then that woke
Beneath the influence of that hour,
On that lone watcher to invoke,
A deep, resistless power?

Did early dreams of young romance,
Or thoughts that wait on pleasure's train—
The song, the wine-cup, and the dance,
Come floating thro' his brain?

Or did his kindling spirit glow
With stern ambition's ardent flame,
Or all the restless yearnings know
For earthly pomp and fame?

No thirst for glory or for fame—
No aimless fancies vain and wild—
No yearnings for a deathless name,
His lonely watch beguiled.

But with calm eyes to heaven upturned,
He told his shining Rosary—
While with high thoughts his spirit burned,
Grand as eternity!

His was a true and noble heart,
That from the failing trusts of earth
Had soon indignant turned apart,
To things of loftier worth.

Enduring hopes, serene and bright,
His soul had early sought and found,
That cheered with heaven's own fadeless light,
His lonely midnight round.

S. L. L.

Daylight Robbery?

ON a foggy October day, well after nine A. M., when the Avenue was quiet, every child at school, every business man at his desk, every housewife intent on preparations for luncheon, a crouching figure carefully parted the shrubberry which fronted the Gordon mansion and peered from his distance into every window and around every corner.

The dark apparel of the man (or was he a stripling boy merely?) matched well the ominous and unseasonable darkness surrounding him. Assured by the impressive silence that all was well, he crept from cover and stealthily approached the house.

The morning prowler advanced, and, hesitating for a brief instant, as if to regain his poise, unsteadily mounted the front steps. An unseen watcher might have detected him, had any been near; but there was none.

Warily the figure approached the door, a furtive glance to the north and south satisfying him that he was still unobserved. He set to work on the lock, but thirteen minutes' feverish though careful manipulation failed to bring results.

Chagrined, the intruder turned from the task and sought some other means of ingress. On hands and knees, lest the slightest sound should arouse the occupants of the house, he crept the length of the veranda, climbed to the top of the rail at the end, and in another moment was prostrate on the sloping roof.

For fully a minute he lay prone, not daring to move, lest he had been heard. Now, of all times, must a hitch be avoided, if the job was to be a successful one. Noiselessly he lifted himself to a crouching posture, and, slinking along, in the shadows of the house, gained the central bay of the upper oriel window.

Up to his full height he drew himself. With arms extended their full length, he reached the window casement, and applying a gentle force, tried the window. It yielded! The crack between its sections, that was an inch, gradually grew to three, slowly continuing its inward widening movement.

From somewhere below came a resounding thud! A kitchen door slammed. There was a crunching of hurried feet on the gravel walk.

Before the prowler could scurry to cover, a white-capped head, surmounting a flour-bedecked, gingham-clad figure, appeared in the side garden.

The form in black was brought up to an abrupt halt, just as the sun, breaking through the fog, revealed his fair young face and frail, almost lanky, proportions. He quailed, for he felt he was caught—redhanded.

In faltering tones, quaking with fear, the high, piping voice of sweet sixteen trebled out:

"Don't tell pop, mom—had t' come back f'r muh Greek ex'cise. Prof' N. wouldn't let me in class w'thout it."

MARK P. FLANAGAN, '19.



To One Sitting Idly at the Piano.

IF your fairy-twinkling fingers
Sweet notes from the keys would bring—
Like echoes from elfland wafted—
Soft lyrics of love would I sing

Of valor and hope and of visions
That out of our ecstasy spring—
If only you played the piano
And if I only knew how to sing!

LUKE O'BYRNE.



SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

Our Debut.

THE stream of time in its resistless flowing has carried onward into life's broad estuary the men of tried and proved ability that have piloted the DUQUESNE MONTHLY heretofore in weathers fair and foul. But the good ship Duquesne must still sail the waters of college journalism. A new crew must man it in place of the old. And none so well as they themselves realize how ill prepared they are for the task. Unaccustomed to the responsibilities entailed, unfit for the arduous duties imposed, they feel that they may prove unable to hold true to the course followed by those that went before.

Away, however, with dismal thoughts and dark forebodings! The untried future lies before us winding its labyrinthine way through ten crowded months—ten months that will undoubtedly see the most momentous events of our national life; and yet, with buoyant optimism, the Staff of '17–'18 has resolved to do its utmost to continue the fair name and unsullied reputation of the MONTHLY. We are determined—if it is possible—to make up by industry and diligence whatever we lack in talent and acumen.

Albeit, we do not on the strength of this resolution claim exemption from criticism. We earnestly solicit it: however, let it be constructive; let it be for our enlightment, if not for our edification.

D. J. MULVIHILL, '18.



The Missing.

SEPTEMBER has again ushered in a new school term with its attendant labors and joys. These latter, however, do not offer themselves to that host of Duquesne's undergraduates who are now continuing their courses, not within the

learned halls of *Alma Mater,* but in the various departments of the school of Uncle Sam,—in the army, in the navy, in the officers' training camps. Letters from these young men tell of their added privileges and promotions—advantages accounted for, no doubt, by the training received in last term's "Duquesne Infantry" or "Officers' Training School."

There is scarcely an upper class which has not given its quota to the national service. These young men are sadly missed by those that for a year or two or three enjoyed their valued friendship,—a friendship which now denies forgetfulness. Well may we ponder over the noble and patriotic self-devotion of our college friends. With what eagerness did those, not subject to conscription, volunteer, and how cheerfully have the draftees departed! Our appreciation of their sacrifices is indeed intensified when we meditate upon what they have given up to serve their country. They have renounced, not only home and friends, but, what is of equal importance, the goals of their ambitions. Many had spent years in studious application. They were just within reaching distance of the laurels of success when the nation called for them, and patriotism, the conqueror of love, mastered all other feelings. Democracy demanded the sacrifice. The salvation of the nation was paramount to them. They answered the call.

Brave lads! Duquesne is proud of you. *Alma Mater* anxiously awaits tidings of your activities.

EDWARD N. SOXMAN, '18.

Heroes Too.

WHILE the cheers of a patriotic people are ringing in the ears of the boys and men who have taken up arms for Uncle Sam and gone forth to "make the world safe for democracy," many students who were at college only last June, have cheerfully given up their schooling, temporarily at least, in order to permit an older brother to go into active service. These self-sacrificing students are, by their very example, "doing their bit" for country and for humanity, with an outstanding devotion that needs neither the blare of martial music nor the cheers of frenzied crowds to keep it ablaze.

JUSTIN J. GALLAGHER, '19.

CHRONICLE

College and High School.

New students were examined and classified on the 6th and 7th of September. The Very Reverend President expressed his gratification at the record enrollment. One hundred and fifty-two new students, by many more than in previous years, registered for the high school classes chiefly. Those who did not graduate or volunteer for active service with the National Army, as well as those who were not drafted, resolved "to serve their country by going to college," and came back with renewed ardor to qualify for the manifold opportunities and demands for trained leaders and workers after the war. May not some of them be found among the "*human engineers*—those who can mend broken hearts, enlighten beclouded intellects, restore human friendships, establish ideals, regulate conduct, sterilize society of evil and give it moral health"?

Registration and Reopeniing

The junior boarders are, by way of exception, more numerous than the seniors, so far. However, it is likely that those older loiterers along the flowery path of knowledge will "blow in" about the beginning of October.

The new year was begun under solemn auspices. In the college chapel all congregated to assist at a solemn high Mass and to beg the graces of enlightenment and perseverance during the coming months. Rev. M. S. Retka, C. S. Sp., was celebrant, assisted by Rev. E. N. McGuigan, C. S. Sp., and Rev. J. A. Rossenbach, C. S. Sp.

The officers of administration are practically the same as last year: Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, President; Rev. H. J. McDermott, Vice-President and Prefect of Studies; Rev. J. P. Danner, Treasurer; Rev. J. F. Malloy, Disciplinarian; Rev. L. J. Zindler, Assistant Treasurer; Rev. E. N. McGuigan, Assistant Disciplinarian.

Officers of Administration

The Rev. P. A. McDermott, C. S. Sp., though greatly im-

Faculty

proved since his severe siege of illness during his sojourn in the East this summer, is not yet sufficiently restored to resume his activities in the school room. The seniors and juniors, and his friends both far and near, and they are beyond all counting, wish him a speedy recovery and quick return to his manifold usefulness.

Rev. M. S. Retka, C. S. Sp., has moved up a class and now delights in expounding Tacitus, Horace, Demosthenes and Sophocles, to the Sophomores. He is not less interested in encouraging the Polish youth to get a more cultured knowledge of their ancestral tongue. Lessons in penmanship to the preparatory class round out his day's programme.

Rev. A. B. Mehler, C. S. Sp., presides over the fifth floor, dividing his attention in turn between bookkeeping, English and commercial law. The supervision of the commercial department, for which his many years' experience eminently qualify him, is entrusted to him.

Rev. J. F. Malloy, C. S. Sp., besides being chiefly responsible for the appearance of the MONTHLY on schedule time and freighted with treasures of literary lore, coaches the Freshmen in all the niceties of English prose and verse culled from classic authors, and effectively, when necessary—though fortunately that is rarely—wields the birch as prefect of discipline.

Rev. Leo J. Zindler, C. S. Sp., has his hands full with stenography, the College book store, and the assistant treasurership.

Rev. J. A. Rossenbach, C. S. Sp., with the thoroughness characteristic of his race, delves into the obscurities of philosophy and elucidates them to the satisfaction of the graduating class. Lest the study of this abstruse subject might prove too monotonous, he varies it with the Satires of Horace, *De Officiis* of Cicero, an introduction to the study of the Scriptures, and Turner's History of Philosophy. By way of congenial distraction, he also teaches the second year German.

Rev. E. N. McGuigan, C. S. Sp., teaches the young idea how to shoot in the Fourth High. Gems of classic thought scintillate in 204, accompanied by long peals of thunder that reverberate through the corridor and rumble over the campus till they mingle with the distant noises of throbbing engines and screaming barges. In Christian doctrine classes he enumerates and illustrates by examples the gentler virtues; on the campus he is

the very incarnation of physical force guided and controlled by mental training in all the arts of cunning strategy.

Rev. C. B. Hannigan, C. S. Sp., in the Freshman class indulges in the Odes of Horace, Cicero's *De Amicitia,* Plato's Apology and Euripides' *Alcestis.* Later in the day he disports in the De Coverley Papers, the Merchant of Venice, English and American literature, English history and rhetoric, to the edification of prospective graduates from the Academic department. To diversify his labors he pens sprightly squibs and paragraphs on athletics that introduce the devotees of games on the Bluff to an ever-widening circle of readers.

Rev. F. X. Williams, C. S. Sp., is helping the Third High to a clear understanding and a critical analysis of Cicero's impeachment of Catiline. A class that has developed an excellent prose style in editing the *Duquesne Bingle,* "a magazine that circles the world," will enjoy with him the wanderings of Aeneas, as told by the gentle poet, Virgil. As Newman perfected his English style by turning a sentence into Ciceronian Latin daily, they should quickly become masters of their mother tongue, as their professor sets them several similar sentences as an exercise to be done in their evening hours at home. In the afternoon Father Williams shows would-be musicians how to coax tolerable sounds out of the piano, and, with patient endeavor modifies what might be screams for help into semblances of reproductions of harmonic scales.

Rev. J. A. Dewe, D. Litt., interprets his History of Economics, explains Newman's Grammar of Assent, discourses on Hamlet and Macbeth, glosses Paradise Lost, points out the beauties of Literature and comments on Young's Freshman English, to the Senior, Junior and Sophomore classes.

Professor Cronin, "from morn till dewy eve," runs through the whole gamut of mathematics from factors to calculus and mechanics. He devotes the forenoon to the higher scientific and the Freshman classes, and the afternoon to the Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors.

Professor Connolly has a wide range of subjects for the display of his talents in preparing prospective "limbs of the law," for the examinations prescribed for the registration of law students.

Professor Buckley initiates into the mysteries of stenographic signs, and drills "the rookies" in the elements of algebra.

Professor Burns presides over the Fourth High and the

Second Scientific Mathematics. Algebra, geometry and trigonometry equally claim his attention and have their claims allowed.

Professor Brogan inspires the new registrants of the year with a love of Latin, English and mathematics.

Professor Yunker devotes three hours daily to the First High programme in Latin and English. The afternoons and evenings he consecrates to the intricacies of the law.

Professor Kelly expounds the principles of bookkeeping, commercial arithmetic and English.

Professor Binlein has charge of the typewriters, of English, first German and mathematics.

Professor Szepe has a numerous class in second year Latin and third year mathematics. Like Professor Yunker, he is a member of the graduating class in law.

Professor Brickley teaches mathematics in both branches of Second High. He has entered on the second year of his law studies.

Professor Madden instructs first year students in mathematics and attends the law classes. We congratulate him on his recovery from the illness that obliged him to take a prolonged rest last year.

The professors mentioned hereafter are new accessions to the Faculty.

Scotland, Ireland and America have been laid under contribution to supply us with prefects—Messrs. McMenemy, Brannigan and Sabaniec. They are all six-footers, and should make good assistant disciplinarians as well as commanding teachers.

Mr. William H. Furey teaches chemistry and physics, both of college and high school grade. He graduated in the Catholic University with the degree of B. Sc., having specialized in physics, chemistry and biology.

Mr. Patrick J. Coyle is professor of Latin and English in the Second High. He is a graduate of Letterkenny College, Ireland; he took post-graduate courses in St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, a branch of the Catholic University, and in St. Joseph's Seminary, N. Y. He has had several years' experience in teaching in the public schools of New York City.

Mr. J. A. Moran, B. A., graduate of La Salle College, Philadelphia, has taken post-graduate courses in the University of Pennsylvania and in Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. The Third High and the Third Scientific enjoy the advantage of his several years' experience in teaching higher English.

Mr. L. A. Blake, a graduate of St. Charles College, Baltimore, teaches Preparatory and First High English, for which his pedagogical course with the Brothers of the Christian Schools and his four years' experience in the class-room have pre-eminently fitted him. His talent as a musician will bring him frequently into the limelight.

Mr. Joseph E. Bodow is a graduate of Pio Nono College, Milwaukee. After taking a pedagogical course with the Christian Brothers, he decided that teaching was his vocation. He comes to us with the experience of two years, and teaches mathematics in one of the divisions of the First High.

Improvements

St. John's Hall, the habitat of roomers, has been pointed and painted. It is now the most presentable building on one of the city's prettiest streets with one of the prettiest outlooks.

The floor in the gymnasium, through the wear and tear of years, was beginning to look suspiciously thin in places. As all our basketball games are played upon it, it was thought advisable to put down an entirely new floor. The work has been done, and well done.

E. J. QUINN, '19.

School of Accounts.

The Day School resumed literary operations on the last Thursday of the month. The response to President Wilson's urgent advice to attend colleges and technical schools, that the country may not lack an adequate supply of trained men, was highly gratifying. Among the First Year men were several graduates of the Bluff Street Division; of the Second Year class, Messrs. Beckert, Dobbins, Loxterman, McGraw, Schamberg and Lang, were the first to register.

Prospects for an unusually large enrollment in the Evening School are exceedingly bright. Applications at present are nearing the five-hundred mark, and are expected to exceed eight hundred this year.

Two familiar faces amongst the Faculty will be missing this year: Mr. William B. McFall, Jr., LL. B., who recently received a lieutenant's commission in the National Army, and Mr. Raymond Barth, C. P. A., who is now undergoing a course of intensive training in the officers' camp at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

Increased enrollment and new courses have necessitated the engagement of new professors. Amongst these we may mention Mr. H. E. Winter, A. M., who is to give a course in educational psychology; Mr. Frederick H. Ottman, head of the commercial department of Fifth Avenue High, who will teach one section of first year accounting; Captain Meyers and Colonel Blackstone, military instructors, who will also teach first year law.

The school, this year, will not be cramped for space as formerly. Several additional rooms have been secured on the fourth and sixth floors.

The Hamilton Debating Society has reorganized, and intends to challenge all other debating teams in this vicinity.

To the satisfaction of the class of 1917, the much-talked of Year Book has been issued and circulated. It is a very handsome volume. It will perpetuate the memory, as it illustrates the literary and artistic ability, of the entire class. The associate editors of 1918 are to be congratulated on their substantial contributions to its pages.

J. M. D.

Law School.

The Law School opened on the 24th of September. No time was lost in making speeches or swopping compliments. Work was the order of the day.

Of last year's graduates all are practising at the bar, or have made their application to do so, subsequent to their passing the State Board final examinations, with the exception of M. F. McManus and J. P. Baker, now in the U. S. Army, and Professor J. A. Burns, who has decided to continue teaching for a period in the scientific department.

There are, so far, no changes in the Faculty, and the class hours are as last year,—from 5:30 to 7:30. It is intended to add an extra hour of class each day to the senior schedule after Christmas.

J. P. E.



THE campus was greatly improved during the summer months. More than four hundred loads of sandy loam were scattered over the field, after which it was rolled. We can now boast of having one of the best athletic fields around this district. The bleachers along the first-base line were removed, thus giving a greater playing space. The gymnasium underwent many changes; in fact, work is still progressing, laying a new floor in the gym; this improvement will be noted and appreciated more during the basketball season than at present.

The war, while putting the crimp on the 'Varsity, is not expected to affect the other teams to a great extent, as all the eligibles are well under the age. The loss of our Cheer Leader, Ray Baum, will be greatly felt by all the teams. Baum, who enlisted in the cavalry last June, was the greatest cheer leader the school ever had. His successor will be chosen in the near future, and whoever it may be, the student body is sure to support him. It is expected that the students will show more "pep" than ever this year, because they have come to realize better than ever that they play an important part in the success of the teams.

University High.

The outlook for the University High football team, which is again under the management of Father Rossenbach, is exceptionally bright. Although somewhat heavier than last year, the team will be faster. Answering the call for candidates, about forty reported on the field for the first practice. Many combinations were tried out, as there were many candidates for different positions, who showed up well.

A popular move was made when Brickley, a former Indiana star, was secured as Head Coach. As he is well liked by the

students, he will get the best efforts, not only on the gridiron, but also on the sidelines.

Coach Brickley was well pleased with the work of his players. The squad at the present time includes W. Doyle, Braun, McIntyre, Davies, Ford, and McGrath, of last year's team, together with Paul O'Brien, McCartney, Leopold, Lynam, Boyle, Reagan, McNamara, Bollens, Whyte, Egan, Rooney, Foley, Ferrick, and Finley. Walter Doyle was elected captain for the coming year.

The plan of the Coach is to build his team around the veterans from the team of last year, and it is expected the others from those named above, will be capable of filling the gaps left in last year's team by graduation.

A schedule including games abroad with Parnassus, Union High of Turtle Creek, Monongahela City, Irwin, and Homestead has been arranged. Much credit for the very fine schedule must be given the management.

JUNIORS.

The Juniors, under the management of Father Zindler and coached by Martin, are practising every day, some days even working extra sessions. Four of the last year's Juniors will be seen on the High School team this season. This is but an example of the splendid work being done by the manager and coach towards developing players for the larger teams. Every year, in all branches of athletics, examples of the same kind may be noted.

The Juniors of this year will not be as heavy as in former years, but will be much faster. Caldwell, Hogan, O'Donnell, Kane, Scanlon, Balcerzak, veterans of last year's team, together with J. Doyle, D. Rooney, Schultz, F. Mahoney, J. Mahoney, Wilinski, Coyne, Harry, Aland, Corrado and E. Sullivan will make up the Juniors of 1917. Caldwell was elected captain. Punting by F. and J. Mahoney has been a daily feature of the practices.

As in former years, the Juniors, because of their excellent reputation, will have no little difficulty in getting games. Only the best teams in their class are played, and as usual, it is expected that they will have to go out of their class in order to get enough games to complete their schedule. Look out for the Juniors this year, is the cry.

MINIMS.

The Minims, managed by Father Williams and coached by Davies, are certainly "OUT of Luck." Only one player from the wonderful machine gotten together last year, reported for the initial practice. Fifty-three answered the call sent out for candidates, and the coach has one hard job selecting his team. It is supposed that at the time of this writing he knows his team, but he alone knows it. The Minims are full of "pep" and the manager is free in boasting that this year's team will equal the wonderful record made by his team last season. There are no slackers amongst the Minims as they are most willing workers, and are set on doing great things this year. Tom McLuckie has been elected captain, and we leave it to Tom to carry out the boasts made by his manager.

SMITH AND THE WORLD'S SERIES.

Everyone at Duquesne is pulling for Jimmy Smith, a former 'Varsity player, to be in the Giants' line-up when they meet the White Sox in the World's Series. When Herzog deserted the team several weeks ago, Smith got his chance as a regular. Although not a second-baseman, he has played a classy game at this position. He has fielded and covered as much ground as Herzog, and although rated as a weak batter, he has a better batting average than Herzog.

Smith played for three years on the 'Varsity team at D. U., and went direct from there to the big leagues. We feel sure that if Jimmy gets in the Great Fall Classic he will come up to our expectations. He is not of the scary or nervous nature, and will therefore not be afraid of the crowd which is certain to see these games.

D. U. is proud of Smith, and we all are with him, and wish him the greatest luck.

JIM GARAHAN, '21.

Exchanges.

WITH unfeigned cordiality we greet our contemporaries in the field of college journalism; and we express the sincere hope that the genial spirit which undoubtedly animates all exchange editors at the beginning of the school year will breathe in all their pages through bitter winter, gusty spring and torrid summer.

It is a thing to be lamented that in the past the geniality and tolerance that were everywhere evident in the initial issues of not a few school publications withered and died at the first blast of chilly weather. We understand that even an exchange editor is human, and the physical and mental chilblains of winter, along with the dismal forebodings superinduced by delayed "plugging," will have their depressing influence. He will feel inclined to relieve himself in terms sarcastic and vituperative. Unless he exerts exceptional self-control he will easily slip into a state of chronic faultfinding and intolerance.

However, we are of opinion that our fellow critics, as well as the writers, can, if they wish, exercise the necessary restraint and fairness to be of real use and advantage in their sphere. It is no light responsibility that is theirs; nor is their opportunity an ordinary one. They can do much, very much, toward encouraging the production and the diffusion of good wholesome literature.

Therefore, realizing alike the difficulties that confront the ex-man, and the chances to do good that come his way, we once more take up the duties of this most delicate department of a college magazine. It will be our earnest endeavor to deal with each exchange justly and judiciously, placing praise and stricture where we feel they are due; and we trust that no remark of ours will be set down, either to ill-feeling, or to prejudice, or to party spirit. But if at times we should seem dictatorial and even unjust, remember that we are of those to whom the ever-truthful proverb applies—"To err is human."

And if, in the end, we have done aught to stimulate good, thoughtful work on the part of our fellow journalists, we shall deem our time well spent and our humble efforts fully justified.

WILLIAM F. GALVIN, '18.

Duquesnicula.

HELLO, Dukie Nick! You've been missed quite awhile.
Step up in the light and give us a smile.

Yours very sincerely I'm always, says Nick:
Quite willing to help, if you'll hide that brick.

Yesterday, yester-year, is dead; so forget it:
Don't trouble to-morrow; you haven't yet met it:

To-day is here with you; so use it; employ it;
If a laugh or a quip helps along, why, enjoy it!

For a slight additional cost, feathers will be presented with every edition of the Duquesnicula. The purpose for which they are intended is, either to tickle the person who fails to smile at our humble efforts, or to replace solider articles which he might have in reserve for us.

Speaking of solid articles, the writers of the pages that precede this one think theirs are solid. *So do we.* But perhaps the word should be "impenetrable." Can you get through that?

It's hard to get through the Suez Canal these days. Problem: Do you know whose mouth "Sixty" Kane compares to the Suez Canal, and why? The first part is evident, but here's the answer to the second: It's a direct route for Indian meal, dates, and other spicy combustiles.

Why did somebody call Davies the Mississippi kid? Chubby Doyle wants to know. That's easy—wide at the mouth.

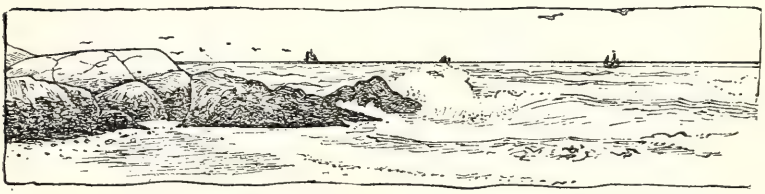
These geographical references sometimes get a little mixed. The other day one of the star boarders was asked in what State Milwaukee is. "In Westconscience," was the information immediately volunteered. Very good, Eddie!

Lots of dogs in Milwaukee—keep thirsty people out of certain big establishments there. Dogs in Youngstown, too. Maturo never seems to finish talking about his watch-dog. While he was discoursing with Nimjacks about its virtues on a recent occasion—these are all fresh ones, you understand—he said: "There's something queer about that dog, Nimmie. I really can't understand it. At night he seems to be bigger than in day-time."

"How's that?" asked Nim. "I don't know—unless—tell you—unless it's because he's let out at night and taken in in the morning." Nimjacks is still looking for the joke. Feather—feather—feather, please!

A propos of plumage, B * * * * * i asked one of the fellows if he could suggest any preparation to keep his hair in. "Why yes," came the reply, "in an ash-can!"

JOSEPH L. MCINTYRE, '18.



Alumni.

AFTER a long vacation immune from cares and worries, we have returned to assume the arduous duties of writing. We have already found that keeping track of the old boys is going to be harder than ever this year. The war is interfering with our business, but we should worry; we expect to get news all the way from Berlin, without being censored, too.

Not a few of our last year's students and many of our alumni have answered their country's call. They are now to be found anywhere from Canada to Mexico, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, preparing as officers or privates for the duties that will devolve upon them when they cross "the herring pond." The services of Father James R. Cox, of the Epiphany, and Father Charles J. Gwyer, of St. Canice's, have been accepted, and they are now with the units to which they have been assigned.

In succeeding issues of the MONTHLY we shall be pleased to insert communications from the various camps.

Glance along the honor roll and see how many of your class are in it. Maybe you should be there, too? If so, let us know; we'll do the rest. It surely is a high tribute to D. U. to see so many of her boys in the service of "Uncle Sam." Take it from us, they'll make themselves known when they arrive on the firing line. The following is an incomplete list of our

"FIGHTING DUKES":

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Leo F. Brennan
Raymond Callahan
Charles Clifford
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John Cooper
John Corrigan
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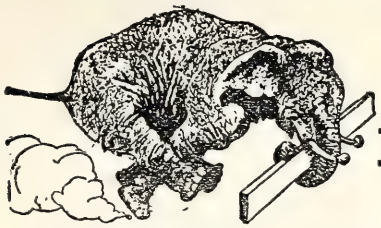
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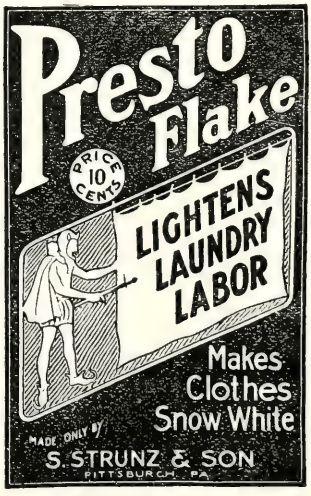
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Duquesne Monthly

A Literary Magazine

Vol. XXV. NOVEMBER, 1917 No. 2

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BY THE STUDENTS OF DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY

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Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXV. NOVEMBER, 1917. Number 2.

With Us Still.

THE dead—their souls are with us,
And they throng around our way,
And the greenness of their memory
In our hearts can ne'er decay.
When round the hearth we gather,
We know that they are there;
With them our spirits worship
In the holy place of prayer.

Around our couch at midnight,
Their forms flit slowly by;
In olden tones they speak to us,
Ere they fade into the sky.
At twilight, when the dew falls,
They walk with us and sing;
Their voice is like the murmuring
Of swallows on the wing.

And when in social circle
We join the merry band,
Or in the hour of sorrow
Sit silent hand in hand,
They come and sit beside us,
And gaze into our eyes;
We listen to their voices
With a calm and mute surprise.

The departed—the departed,
They crowd around me now,
And a sweet and cheerful light of peace
They shed upon my brow.
I know they have not left me,
Tho' no more I see their forms;
And their presence, 'mid the strife of life,
Is like sunshine seen in storms.

"No earthly sorrow blights us,
No chill misfortunes pain;
Then weep not, tho' with you no more
In form we walk again.
Your prayers to Heav'n have raised us:
Some wait a ransom still
From purgatorial fires that burn
To purge out all that's ill.

"And when in twilight musings
Ye think of us as dead,
And o'er our grassy resting place
The sweet spring flowers ye spread,
Remember, for the soul that lives
There can no ending be;
Remember, that the soul once born,
Lives thro' eternity."

P. A. BARBEAU.

Character As Influenced By Morals And Religion.

[Concluded from the October MONTHLY.]

IF the Greek ideal was a beautiful soul in a beautiful body, the Roman ideal was a sound mind in a sound body. Manliness, energy, governing power, personality, and self-conscious worth form the basis of the Roman character.

The education of the Roman boy consisted in learning by heart the "Laws of the Twelve Tables", becoming familiar with the lives of men who made Rome great, and in imitating his father. Cicero says: "The children of the Romans are brought up that they may one day be able to be of service to the fatherland, and one must accordingly instruct them in the customs of the state and in the institutions of their ancestors. The fatherland has produced and brought us up that we may devote to its use the finest capacities of our mind, talent and understanding. Therefore, we must learn those arts whereby we may be of greatest service to the state, for that I hold to be the highest wisdom and virtue." The position and influence of the mother in the home were far superior to those held by the women of Greece. She was not relegated to private life like the Athenian, but occupied the Atrium, surrounded by her servants and children. The Roman matron felt that on her largely depended the honor of the family, and her influence on the character and education of her sons was unquestionably great. The father was responsible for the moral and physical training of the boy. The Roman youth was to become pious, grave, reverential, courageous, manly, prudent and honest by the direct imitation of his father, and of the old Romans of heroic character whose deeds were recorded in legend and history.

The unity of the family was preserved by the worship of the Penates and Lares. The Penates were the gods of the hearth, the Lares were the "lords" of the family—the departed spirits of ancestors who were regarded as still concerned with the well-being of their descendants.

The religion of the Roman state was serious and devout; it was not a matter of feeling and speculation, but of law. The supreme Roman god was Jupiter Optimus Maximus, who not only served to represent an abstract and ideally perfect man, but was the reflection of the life of Rome as a civil life, and as the guardian of the state. He was regarded also as the father of men and source of all blessings and the god of good faith and purity. Thus there was a distinct ethical element in the Roman conception of the gods. However, since religion was regulated by the state, it was reduced to a formalism which hindered the growth of any spiritual piety. Moreover, "the Roman fear of the gods exercised a powerful influence on the mind of the multitude; but it was not the sense of awe in the presence of an all-controlling nature of an Almighty God; it was of a very earthly

character, and scarcely differed in any material respect from the trembling with which the Roman debtor approached his just but very strict and very powerful creditor." (Mommsen).

For twenty years before the conquest of Greece, just after the conquest of Macedonia, the intellectual traffic between Greece and Rome was daily increasing. Following the introduction of Hellenistic culture and philosophy came Greek mythology. The old Roman gods became identified with Greek divinities; and religion, by the immoral conditions of the country from which they were brought, reached the lowest stage of corruption. "The moral influence of religion was almost annihilated. The feeling of reverence was almost extinct. The idea of sanctity was so far removed from the popular divinities that it became a continual complaint that prayers were offered which the most depraved would blush to pronounce aloud." (Lecky).

Wealth, and lust, and luxury ultimately destroyed the distinctively Roman character. In presence of the appetite for self-aggrandizement, civil virtues and public spirit gradually disappeared; the nation was doomed, for it had lost the moral energy that made it. The Romans were more occupied about the administration and enjoyment of the things of this world than about the rewards and punishments of the next. While the ancient religion, with its reverential attitude towards the deity, held its ground, it formed an efficient support of the moral law, but when this support failed, morality became more and more corrupt.

The moral life of the nations just reviewed and especially that of the Greeks and Romans, shows how much and how little human reason can accomplish when it seeks no guidance higher than itself. Hence, no living can be complete which leaves out of consideration the ultimate purpose of life; and no education really prepares, which thwarts that purpose or sets it aside. Unaided by God, human efforts could obtain neither quiet of mind nor peace of heart. Paganism was unable to satisfy the cravings of the human heart, and philosophy was helpless; these two factors in the decline of morals prove beyond any possible contradiction that "man has been made for God and his heart cannot rest until it rests in Him."

The present tendency of moral education is to give the individual control over his own powers. Educational thought and methods of to-day are a summary of the psychological, scientific and sociological tendencies of the past. The scientific

tendency is a revision of liberal education; it urges the introduction of industrial, technical and professional training into every stage of education, with a view to the development of the free man. The sociological tendency is the development of personal ability and character so as to fit the individual for citizenship and for social activities. From the psychological tendency came the idea that education is life; that education is a growth from within; that sense-perception forms the basis of early training and that character is the aim of instruction and may be reached scientifically by the use of method and curriculum. Moreover, the complete secularization of schools has led to the complete exclusion of religious elements in education. Indeed, the problem of the present-day teacher is quite similar to that formulated by the Greek philosophers, "to produce character through an education that is dominantly rational and excludes all recognition of the traditional religious element." The idea seems to be to leave a very important part of the work of education to denominations and the home, neither of which seems to be doing much to meet the demand.

Granted that the basis of moral education is the training of the will in such a manner that it readily distinguishes between actions good and bad, and acts accordingly, the following points will be considered: 1st, The field of the will; 2nd, Directing the instincts of children; 3rd, Training the impulses; 4th, The results of imitation; 5th, The value of suggestions.

In every individual the will is the source of achievement and character. It keeps the intellect at work, or lets it remain idle. It keeps passion and unseemly motion in subjection, or lets them overwhelm us. It realizes the capacity which nature bestows, or wraps it in a napkin, as did the servant in the gospel who received one talent. It improves or fatally neglects the opportunity brought about by environment. It stems the current of adverse circumstances by rising above a failure, or it sinks into indifference.

Commonly, will means deliberation resulting in conscious choice. The part played by deliberation and choice is slight but momentous. A choice may reaffirm a bad habit that shall reduce future life to servitude, or it may support a good impulse, and thus liberate the divine powers resident in man.

Human nature is weak, and does not always respond to the ideas of the right; it is thoughtless, and fails to remember the right; it is inattentive, and lets the right slip out of consciousness;

it is prone to evil, and lets pleasures found in wrongdoing fill the focus of consciousness. So that goodness, or rectitude, is not alone knowledge of the right; it is knowledge plus performance. It is possible to see and approve the better, and follow the worse. In addition to training right ideas, we need a disposition to follow them.

How shall teachers cultivate in pupils the disposition to do as well as they know how? Here the task is indeed difficult. Morals cannot be taught. The disposition to do right cannot be taught, but it can be cultivated. Character is not a gift from teacher to pupil, though it may be achieved by the pupil under the stimulus of the teacher. In cultivating the disposition to do right, three things must be relied upon; right bringing up, the location of responsibility, and reaching the pupil according to his type of decision.

First, children who are reared aright through all the preceding stages of will, have ingrained in their dispositions moral qualities, such as obedience, truthfulness, and self-restraint. It requires no great effort on the part of the teacher to discover the home training pupils have received. The school, with all its environments, soon brings to the surface in what manner children have been brought up. Where the home education has been properly cared for, the children will, as a rule, grow up docile, respectful and studious. They will show a spirit of reverence, gratitude, and obedience toward their teacher. Kindness, generosity and courtesy, will characterize their relations with their schoolmates. On the other hand, an ill-reared student works great harm if allowed his way. He defies his superiors, is discourteous to them, and makes little of their authority. The development of character in the former requires very little effort on the part of the teacher, but in dealing with the pretentious pupil, his prudence is often put to a severe test. Aristotle says: "The man who has had a good moral training, either has already arrived at principles of action, or will easily accept them when pointed out."

Secondly, the disposition to do right may be cultivated by the definite placing of responsibility upon young thinkers and actors. This sobers them and increases their moral stature. Systems of school management that do not trust older pupils to look after themselves, need not be surprised if they are unable to do so when they are left to themselves.

Third, disposition to do right may be cultivated by dealing

with the pupil according to his type of decision. With the rational type, it is only necessary to reason together in private. The drifting type must be attached closely to the teacher that he may feel the sustaining strength of the latter's character.

Instinct is the attempt to do a useful act without a definite end in view. Children are full of play and should be provided with ample recesses and good games. The teacher should regard play as a legitimate phase of education, not as a waste of time. Children obey the group or gang impulse; therefore, proper bands or clubs should be permitted. Children have a curiosity surpassing that of any creature; their question, "Why?" should be patiently answered, and other questions suggested to develop their interest. Children easily fly into a passion. When the fury is past, a boy should be shown some wrong he has inflicted upon the innocent, and his duty to right the wrong should be pointed out. Children are envious of another's fortune. If a man of good character be pointed out as having the best treasure, hero-worship will result. And so on through the list. The teacher who studies the instincts of children, catches them in the act, and then skillfully directs them towards a good object; in other words, he consciously fashions a good will in them.

By an impulsive act we mean one performed at the mere thought of it—on the spur of the moment. "I did it without thinking," pupils sometimes say self-excusingly. The great danger in impulsive action is that the wrong thing is thought and done. This cannot be avoided. There is but one thing to do: the teacher and pupil must recognize such things as wrong, must associate pain in some way with the wrong deed, and thus prevent a repetition. Illustrations of such impulses will occur to you: the impulse to trip up a pupil passing by; to pull the ear of a pupil in front; to step on a match on the floor; in general, to do thoughtlessly everything that pops into consciousness. Sometimes the right thing is done impulsively. Something good to eat is shared; a little fellow is protected from his bullies; a fellow pupil is helped with a difficulty; spontaneous confession of wrong doing is made; admiration of another's success is expressed; and the like. The good thing is to be noted and commended by the teacher. The child thus associates pleasure with the good deed, and is encouraged to repeat it.

Some children are over-impulsive. Such a child quickly responds to all external influence, acts without hesitation, and is

easily led astray. His acts lack thought and provocation. As he passes into the upper grammar grades and the high school, he lords it over his companions is showy in his actions, is immodest beyond his years, and does not know the virtue of patience. How shall such a child be trained? He cannot be controlled directly by commands, threats, or the rod. To command a restless child to sit still, makes him more restless than before. The teacher must get the idea of a complicated act in his mind. This will delay his reactive machinery. If he marks his desk, he should be given something to draw. In any case, he should be given no assistance in his work until the good fruits of discouragement are ripe. Then, too, he may be given the leadership in something in which he is likely to be a failure. The mistakes made in the undertaking should be analyzed, the causes made clear, and the advantages of forethought pointed out to him.

Then, there is the child with the obstructed will. He is passive, inert, contemplative, learns new movements slowly, and is not quick at taking a hint. Often he gets the unearned reputation of being dull. This type of child is more difficult to assist than the impulsive. He does not reveal himself in speech or in action. What he has learned or missed is difficult to determine. The teacher should cultivate self-expression by letting him recite a great deal, or repeat memorized verses. He should be encouraged to ask questions; should be given the active part in games, the speaking part in plays. If left to himself the child with the obstructed will is likely to develop into eccentricity; if brought out he may change to a genius.

What models do children imitate? They imitate the interesting deed, the fascinating, the compelling, the deeds of a supposed superior, the deeds of heroes of all times;—all these catch their attention, appeal to their interest, and solicit action. Children imitate the captivating bad fellow, the play-ground leader, their parents, their teachers, and the characters in their favorite stories. Describe a virtue, like courage, and the children find words; narrate a virtuous deed, as in the story of David, and they get images and ideas. The striking personalities about them, and the heroes of the story, make virtues imitable to children. These are the examples that influence. The deed of another does four things:

First, It stimulates us to do likewise. There is an impulse to perform an action which we see another perform. Actions speak louder than words. They engage the attention. Practicing is

better than preaching, because a deed is more suggestive than a word.

Second, Example provides us with a standard by which we pass judgment on conduct. "Smoking must be all right for me," says the young fellow, "for all the big fellows smoke." An action as a standard of moral judgment is superior to a rule because of its clearness and certainty.

Third, Examples raise or lower our ideals of living; they fill our minds with a certain pattern of life. Young minds are inevitably contaminated by permanent evil social surroundings, and they are purified by constantly breathing a moral atmosphere.

Fourth, Examples reveal to us our own nature. Not a school, perhaps, in which during the year some character does not flash forth to shame the face of evil and to make shine the face of goodness.

These truths demand that the deeds of teachers be worthy of imitation and that recognizing conduct as contagion, their sense of responsible living be sharpened; and this particularly, that through story, biography, fiction, and history, they store young minds with vivid images of heroic characters: for it is the carefully fastened love of good fiction that will in the long run do more to eject the tales of scandal, frivolity, and crime, than telling the pupils a thousand times "Thou shalt not."

Suggestions to children should be indirect and positive. Indirect suggestions are most effective. The good that is hinted at or suggested is more attractive than that which is required. Direct commands are less obeyed; they subject the child's will. An indirect suggestion frees the will, and a spirit of joy characterizes his action. The most desired actions obtained through positive suggestion. A suggestion not to do a certain thing fills the child's mind with the idea of the very act he is told not to do. Suggestions of what to do, rather than of what not to do, work best on young minds. Forbid one young person the company of another, and straightway that other becomes an essential to life's happiness. Forbid the evil as little as possible; fill the mind with good as much as possible.

When we reflect that in this summary of the five principal phases of moral training, is included the inculcation of all the natural virtues; unselfishness, self-control, self-reverence, thankfulness, thrift, cleanliness, courage, endurance, good-will, and many others: when we consider the passions that are forever seek-

ing gratification in the human heart; that human inclinations may be benevolent and malevolent; that benevolent inclinations may develop into passions; that physical self-preservation creates two appetites called hunger and thirst, either of which may result in a surrender to sensual pleasures; that self-esteem developed into a passion becomes vanity; that the love of liberty may degenerate into revolt; that ambition may result in greed, gambling or avarice,—and so through the entire list of natural virtues: when we consider all this, we must acknowledge that if the moral training in schools is to be sound and efficacious, it must inspire reverence for duty, respect for authority, a true appreciation of virtue and a profound conviction of the necessity of living righteously. And how can these be inculcated without tracing duty back to God? Without God, nothing is left to appeal to, except utility and selfishness; and when self-interest, passion and temptation arise, the child will not find much difficulty in persuading himself that the conduct that holds out the most enjoyment to him cannot be wrong.

Neither does a knowledge of evil results place a restraint on vice. Nine times out of ten, the thief, the burglar, and the profligate are thoroughly aware of the outcome of their actions; and knowledge of consequences does certainly not put a restraint upon passion among the educated classes.

To teach morality, to form character on a worthy ideal, to fill the mind with soumd principles and the heart with necessary reverence we must have the sanction of RELIGION; for the very nature and force of all duty come from those special duties which bind man to God, Who commands, forbids and determines what is good and what is evil.

"That only is important which is eternal." Truly, the development and training of the will, and the moulding of a character fit for the all-seeing eye of God, is an important and an eternal work; an occupation worthy of honest souls, brave hearts and strong minds; and this glorious work of Christian education is the proud privilege of the religious communities. There is nothing more beautiful in the world than a life consecrated to the work of the Christian teacher. To train a single child to virtue and right living is the noblest calling to which human energy can devote itself.

"As the mind is the man," says Bishop Spalding, "so the teacher is the school. Give the right man, or the right woman, a log cabin, and divine work shall be done." It is universally

acknowledged that some of the most effective duties of a teacher are performed when he seems to be making the least effort. There is a silent and involuntary power coming from the teacher, flowing, as it were, from the very spirit of his own life, and acting upon and influencing the lives of the pupils. From the teacher goes forth a mighty influence for good or for evil into the souls of innocent, yielding, docile, and responsive children. How important it is, then, that sincerity, truth, and high ideals, humility, piety, and reverence dominate the teacher's life!

There are many things that make a successful teacher, but it is questionable whether any qualification is more important than a deep, spiritual love for the children committed to his care. Beneath wretchedness, sin, wickedness, meanness and selfishness, the teacher must endeavor to see the soul of the child; for unless he loves the soul of the child and the child is conscious of this love, the teacher cannot be successful.

It is unnecessary to add that the teacher should give of his best knowledge and skill for the development of the child's mind; and although a teacher's success is often measured by the progress of his pupils in secular branches, it is well to remember that the greatest success in intellectual training is unworthy of approval, if the moral and religious life of the children is not developed. The true educator strives to draw forth and strengthen the sense of truth and justice, to develop a taste for the purer and nobler pleasures of life, to cherish the aspirations of the children, to inspire them with confidence in themselves, and to make them feel that no labor can be too great or too long if its results be cultivation and enlightment of mind. And since correlation of subject matter is a positive demand to-day, and Religion is the only center around which revolves all human knowledge, then the religious teacher is the only teacher who has at his command all the facilities for developing these admirable qualities.

Christian education begins in the home. Parents are the first teachers of their little ones, and when children arrive at school they are an index of the care with which they have been brought up at home. The home training contributes greatly towards making the future work of the teacher pleasant or burdensome, for the things a child first learns at home, the way he is taught to act, the language he first uses, all tend to become habitual to his character.

Through all the stages of school life, the end and aim of education is the formation of character; character has its basis

in morality; and morality is inseparable from religion. Character is educated will; for we become what we will to be.

The ethical system of character-formation and its weakness have already been shown. The superiority, then, of the religious standard of character formation over the ethical lies in two points—duty and love. The highest attitude of mind with which to imbue children is this: "Such an action is my duty, and the fulfillment of my duty is pleasing to God;" for if we appeal to the sense of duty we must assume belief in God and in the freedom of the will. The child lives in a world which imagination creates; he does not apprehend, logically, the spiritual and moral truths which are to become the very life of his soul. He must feel that he is a child of a God infinitely good and all-powerful. The teacher can accomplish this in no more effective way than by making the teaching career of Christ his model. Christ's example has done more to humanize, ennoble and uplift mankind than all the teachings of philosophers and moralists. Christ could have taught as the philosophers did, by definition and demonstration; but instead of this, He illustrated. He appealed to the people by means of examples chosen to correspond with the daily occupations of the people He taught. He suited His doctrines to the minds of His listeners. People did not need to be philosophers and scientists to understand what was meant when He said: "A man does not light a candle and put it under a bushel," or "Behold the lilies of the field." And so, through His whole teaching career, virtue after virtue was inculcated, and volumes of instruction were conveyed by relating a simple parable. Christ's teaching affords us a method in the imparting of religious and moral truth. Often, He prepared their minds beforehand for doctrines that He was about to teach, when, for example, the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist was preceded by the multiplication of the loaves and fishes. But as an exemplar to religious teachers His divine character shows forth most beautifully in His reverence for children. Blessed are they who can exclaim with Christ: "Permit the little children to come unto me;" thrice blessed will they be if they prove themselves faithful types of the Divine Teacher; and faithful types they will be, if they are closely united to Him by purity of soul, prayer and Holy Communion, for purity of heart and mind is inseparable from culture, character, and noble aspirations.

If the teacher is studious, pious, prayerful, zealous, prudent, patient, and humble, he cannot but direct the mind, heart, and

conscience of his pupils to their final end—God. If he is studious, a lover of books and knowledge, the recitations will be full of life and spirit. If he is pious and prayerful he will unconsciously inspire his pupils with a love for the Sacraments, devotions, self-denial and observance of the Commandments. If he is zealous he will hold fast in the "tug of war", for he realizes that if he lets go his end of the rope his pupils will fall and fall heavily. If he is prudent he will know when to give liberties and when to restrain action. If he is patient he will sympathize with them in their battles with passion. He will not take offence at every show of temper in a child, for many times the victor in temptation is known only to God and himself. He will realize that continual scolding weakens the teacher's influence, and vigilance stamped with distrust weakens the pupil's sense of honor. If he is humble he will not be too readily satisfied with the results of his labors, and should failure come, he will not seek to shift the responsibility for defects.

Finally, a religious teacher will teach the child to live his religion, by instilling into his young soul a living, throbbing love for our Divine Lord. He will encourage frequent confession and Communion, devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, and a tender love for our Blessed Mother, the Guardian Angels and the Suffering Souls. In fine, he will send into the battle of life men of broad intellects, wonderful genius, and sublime thoughts; men whose thinking minds will convince them that they are but finite beings, and that to go beyond the finite they need the help of Him whose moral instruction to all is summed up in these words: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all things else shall be added unto you."

SISTER M. PAULINUS,
Saint Mary's of the Mount.

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Sonnet to Friendship.

FRIENDSHIP! thou best of blessings from above!
Mysterious bond of wedded hearts!—we sing
Thy god-like charm; devotedly we bring
Our ivy-wreath, twin sister of sweet Love!
Queen of the hearth! thy loyal vassals prove
How good it is to dwell beneath thy wing;
From dawn to dusk enphonious joy-bells ring,
While dancing Hours in rhythmic music move.

Thy realm's an oasis of fadeless green,
A garden of delights, enchantment-strewn,
A very vestibule of Paradise,—
Where perfect Trust and Liberty are seen,
Where heart responds to heart in mystic tune,
And eyes hold converse fond with answering eyes!

GEORGE B. BINLEIN.



A Pilgrimage Through School.

[An Allegory]

STAGE FIRST.

AS I (Studious by name) was going on my journey through a place called Grammar School, I came to the desired haven, which is called the town of Some Knowledge, a very large town. Soon after I was got to this place, I began to bewail my lot, because I knew not how to obtain more knowledge.

One day, as I was walking through this town, and feeling very sad, one came to me whose name was Knowledge, and asked me why I was so sad.

STUDIOUS. Sir, I desire to get an increase of knowledge, and to reach the town of More Knowledge.

KNOWLEDGE. But, why are you not satisfied with that knowledge you have?

STUDIOUS. Because I perceive that I could do much better, had I more of it.

KNOWLEDGE. Do you see that star very far off?

STUDIOUS. Yes, I do.

KNOWLEDGE. Then do you go to it, for that star is just

over the town of More Knowledge, and put there to guide all knowledge seekers.

And so I started toward that place, but had not gone very far when I fell into a bog, called the Bog of Discouragement. I wallowed for some time in this bog, but yet I think I would not have got out, but one came to me by the name of Attention, accompanied by one called Study. Attention asked me how I got there, and I answered him thus:

STUDIOUS. I was going to the town of More Knowledge, but, not taking heed to the way, I fell in here.

Then he gave me his hand and helped me out, and, after thanking him, I continued on my way.

And as I went on my journey I soon came to a place where was a man whose name was Vacation, who kept a garden where were all kinds of fruit, of which he incited me to eat. I ate with much relish, and after I had slept for some time in this place I continued on my way much refreshed in mind and body.

So I went on my way and came to a place where was a path that went along in the same direction as the way on which I was journeying, and this path was called Slighting Path. The path on which I was being very rough on my sore and bruised feet, I went on this path, which was soothing to them.

When I had gone some distance I fell into a deep pit, and could by no means get out. Then there came along one whose name was Good Work (but from the way in which I was travelling), and asked me how I got there.

STUDIOUS. I was travelling on my way to the town of More Knowledge, but the way being very rough, and this path very smooth. I came on this way, and fell into the pit.

Then Good Work took my hand and got me out and bade me go back to the straight road which, after I had thanked him very gratefully, I did.

STAGE SECOND.

After I got back to the right way I went on my journey, and soon came up with a man whose name was Weakness, and I asked him whence he came and whither he was going.

WEAKNESS. I was born in the country of No Will, and am going to the town of More Knowledge.

STUDIOUS. But, how do you expect to get in at the gate, for I see that you came not into the way at the town of Some Knowledge.

WEAKNESS. Every man in my country knows that that

town is a good distance from his home, and so all who go into the way come in here.

So we went on together, and came to a hill called Examination, and it was very steep. We, therefore, started up this hill, but, after we had gone some distance Weakness could not go further, and turned and went down again.

Now, on the right side of the hill of Examination is a path called Failure, on which path poor Weakness went and, being persistent in his way, was seen no more. I continued on my way up the hill, and came to an arbor where I sat down to rest for a time, after which I went on up the hill. Now, when I was nearly up the hill, I came to a place where I became very sleepy, and sat down to rest, but my eyes becoming very heavy, I fell asleep.

After a time one came and awoke me from my sleep, and beat me unmercifully. I would most probably have been killed, but one that shone like the sun came and bade him let me go, the which he did, and I went on my way and soon came to the top of the hill.

STAGE THIRD.

Now, when I got to the top of the hill, I went along for some time, and came to a place where a river flowed by the side of the path, and a man by the name of Holiday invited me to rest for a time, and, after I had slept and ate, he gave me a fresh supply of food, and I continued on my journey.

As I went on my way I came to a place where stood a man called Sloth, and he spoke to me thus:

SLOTH. I see that you are going to More Knowledge, but come and look at my wares before you continue on your journey. I have all manner of things, such as to please your senses greatly.

STUDIOUS. I know you, you are the son of a Murderer, and seek to take the life of anyone that comes near you.

So I left this man and went on my way.

As I went on I saw coming toward me one called No Study, and when he came up with me I asked him where he was going (because he was running toward the city of Ignorance).

NO STUDY. I was going to the town of More Knowledge, but I saw before me a very steep descent, at the bottom of which I saw a giant sitting before a cave, with a large stick in his hand.

And, before I could converse with him further he ran away in the direction of Ignorance, with all the speed that he could, so I went on my way.

I started down this hill, but as I got to the bottom, the giant

waved his club and looked at me in a fearful manner, at which I thought very seriously of going back, when one called to me, and I looked before me and saw one whose name was Diligent.

DILIGENT. Sir, do not fear the giant. He will not harm you because he is too old to go after you, and is left there only to try the spirit of all travellers.

So I went by the giant and came up with the other and asked him his name, and whither he was bound.

DILIGENT. My name is Diligent, and I am going to the town of More Knowleyge. I am from the town of Some Knowledge. Then we entered into a brotherly agreement and continued on our way.

STAGE FOURTH.

As we went on our way together, we conversed about the trials we had met on the way, and also told each other to have good faith and we would arrive safely at our journey's end. After a time we came to a well, called the well of Negligence, over which was a sign that read: "Drink of this water and obtain knowledge."

DILIGENT. Come, good Studious, let us drink.

STUDIOUS. Good brother, though we are very thirsty, it is better for us to stay so, for all who drink of this well are killed.

Then I showed him the remains of those who, by drinking of this well, had taken a fit, and thrown themselves over the edge of a great precipice, and were dashed to pieces. Therefore we did not drink, but continued on our way.

And as we went on our journey we hoped and prayed that we would be received when we arrived at the gate. We went on for a time, and came to a very deep and wide precipice, over which was a very frail plank of wood; and we were very sorry, because we had to cross this pit to reach the town of More Knowledge. After a time Diligent went across and got over without any mishap, but when I tried I got nearly across, when I lost my footing, and would have been dashed to pieces but for a miracle; for, when I grasped the board it did not break, but held, and so I got across.

Now, when we were got across we were met by an escort and conducted into the city, and when we got in we walked through the streets, and enjoyed ourselves after our journey, singing all the time with the others in the city,

"Good and just and merciful is the Lord who gives us knowledge and permits us to know great things".

JACK MORAN.



SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

On Account of the War.

THE world that was, is no more. Less than half a decade ago this sphere of ours was the abode of a high civilization which brooked no thought of war, deeming all violence and show of brute strength an abomination. Highbrows were not wanting to demonstrate the absolute impossibility of future wars. The days of savagery and blood-lust were passed forever.

Ours was the era of intellectual growth, the period of rationalism. Therefore it began to dawn upon the Solomons of the time that brute sports so prevalent in American life were out of time and a mark of bad taste. As a result there sprang into being an unnatural prejudice against such wholesome, invigorating pastimes as the great American cool-weather games, football and basketball. They were brutal and savage, all agreed. Like prize-fighting, they ought to be relegated to the heap of past disgraces.

Then came the war—a hideous, ruthless monstrosity, reversing our vaunted progress. Immediately men began to cast about for the means of destroying it. At first they espoused huge machinery and high explosives as the medium of bringing it to a quick termination. But these, once introduced, barely neutralized the efforts of the war-makers.

At length they reached a conclusion which has always been one of the cherished traditions of under-graduates in American colleges. They discovered that robust bodies backed by alert, courageous spirits made for success in any line, but especially in warfare.

Again athletics came into their own. The manly art of self-efense began to boom like a munition plant. Ancient "pugs" ame out of hiding to assume the honored role of invaluable

instructors to our ultra-modern universities, the cantonments. Baseball funds and contributions for football paraphernalia, took on the proportions of the kaiser's war budgets.

Whence, therefore, this wailing and gnashing of teeth anent the athletic prospects this coming year? There will be more sports, more vim and vigor this year than ever before,—all on account of the war.

D. J. MULVIHILL, '18.

A Socialist Speaks.

THIS grand republic of ours is doubtless facing the greatest menace in its varied career. Arrayed in combat against the most powerful organization for destruction ever devised by man, our Government has been shaken to its very foundation by the momentous undertaking before it. Treachery abroad and treason at home on all occasions hamper and frustrate our efforts.

It is for that reason quite agreeable to read the potestation of good faith and fidelity given by prominent citizens in this trying time for the republic. Indeed it is a much-needed lesson in patriotism for us lowly ones to see in print the valiant utterances of a man so distinguished as Charles Edward Russell, erstwhile Socialist, when he rallies bravely to the defense of Democracy.

Still it is permitted to us to appreciate humor when we see it.

In a recent article appearing simultaneously in many newspapers throughout the country, Mr. Russell enlightened the American public about certain conditions in free Russia—which he had discovered on his recent visit as a member of the Root party.

Incidentally Mr. Russell at great length and with considerable vehemence condemned a number of Russians, former sojourners in America, who were ably assisting German intrigue at Petrograd by painting the United States as a land overrun by plutocrats and bosses whose interests were diametrically opposed to those of the working class.

Charles Edward has apparently forgotten that he and his quondam colleagues in the Socialist party are responsible for having instilled this view of America in those same Russo-American Socialists.

D. J. MULVIHILL, '18.

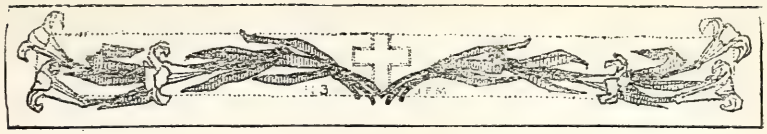
The Fuel Question.

ATTENDANT upon the inauguration of war by the powers of Europe, were many problems and influences which thrust themselves upon the United States, at first imperceptible, but soon growing to be of paramount importance. Chief among these considerations was the increased cost of foodstuffs. At the entrance of United States into the conflict, however, another element—that of fuel—suddenly loomed up before the public eye. The various corporations, controlling the coal and gas industries, with their wonted sagacity notified the consuming public that our natural resources were low and might fail altogether during the winter season. The result was that speculation became rife and prices went skyward.

The federal administration, sensing future trouble and anxious to avoid it, appointed as coal dictator, Dr. Harry A. Garfield. Like the true statesman that he is, Dr. Garfield regulated the distribution in such a manner that those concerns employed in the production of war materials were given preference to the general public; and justly so. To some, this latter statement might seem hard, especially when we read that large sections of our country are entirely destitute of the necessities for warmth and comfort. The fault, however, lies not in the lack of coal underground or in the bins, but in the stupidly inefficient means employed in its production. We hope, then, now that Dr. Garfield has made such a wise adjustment in regard to distribution, that he will direct his energies and employ his powers in composing differences between the miner and the operator, in creating better working conditions, in forcing the coal barons to be content with fair profits,—in a word, to promote efficiency in the production of fuel.

Meanwhile, Dr. Garfield, in a message to the American people, offers a solution for the impending crisis. He maintains that coöperation between the consumers and the Government is highly necessary. How, then, is this coöperation to express itself? Simply by the conservation of the fuel supplies by the family and by the manufacturer, large or small. The family can save fuel by reducing the temperature of the house just a few degrees, by economic firing, by sifting ashes, and by heating only those parts of the house which are actually in use; the manufacturer, by scientific firing and by abolishing the ordinary wastage. The administration will undoubtedly do its best. Let the public do its duty.

EDWARD N. SOXMAN, '18.



IN MEMORIAM.

REV. JOHN BAPTIST DESCOURS, C. S. Sp.

IT is our sad duty to chronicle the death of a former professor, Rev. J. B. Descours, C. S. Sp. Father Descours passed away fortified with all the rites of Holy Church, at Shreveport, La., on Monday, October 9th. For the previous year he had been assisting Father Baumgartner at Isle Brevelle, La. As the summer months were drawing to a close, his health began to fail and the local doctor recommended his removal to the hospital at Shreveport. Here he was treated for nephritis. Medical care prolonged his life slightly but could not effect a cure.

Father Descours rendered many and varied services during the approximately thirty years of his priestly life. Born and educated in France, he taught French in Ireland and helped many a Civil Service student to securing a remunerative position as interpreter under the British government. After his ordination, he was professor of music and director of an orchestra in his native land. In our own hallowed halls and in the Apostolic College of Cornwells, Pa., he taught Latin and French. He served as assistant pastor in St. Joachim's, Detroit; St. Peter Claver's, Philadelphia; Our Lady of Consolation, Mt. Carmel; St. Emma's Industrial and Agricultural School, Belmead, Va., and finally in St. Augustine's, Isle Brevelle, La. It was here amongst the colored people whom he loved so well and amongst whom he had spent perhaps the best years of his life, that death came to him devoid of terrors and as a relief from the sufferings he endured during the final months of his life.

Gifted with a keen sense of humor, a profound scholar and extensive reader, he enjoyed unusual facilities for instructing whilst he entertained. Possessed of a voice of rare beauty and a thorough knowledge of music, he rendered ecclesiastical chant with a positive charm. A master of every instrument, he was especially effective with the cornet; he proved a most successful director of the orchestras in the educational institutions to which his superiors assigned him. Animated with a zeal for souls, he now, we hope, enjoys with those he had been instrumental in saving, the happiness of the blessed.

REV. TIMOTHY F. O'SHEA.

Death, at any age, brings sorrows and regrets; this is especially true when the victim is still in the bloom of his life. The passing away of the subject of this notice brought gloom to an ever-widening circle of friends and admirers, and occasioned profound regret that he was not spared to perfect a work to which, next to God's immediate service, he had given his heart—the establishment of Christian doctrine organizations throughout the diocese to such an extent that no Catholic child would be deprived of his heritage to instruction in the teachings of his ancestors' religion. But, though Father O'Shea died young, he did not by any means go empty-handed into eternity. He had lived a life of good works, and had done his duty in all the spheres in which he had moved. As a student, he was exemplary in his conduct and devoted to his studies, graduating here with honor in 1905, and being ordained priest in St. Vincent Seminary in 1908. He submitted in an edifying degree to the crosses which every young priest must in a greater or less degree encounter in the first years of his ministry, but he found his consolation in the discharge of his duty, and in bringing peace to souls and souls to God. The last year of his life was passed in the congenial office of shedding light on the children that sit in darkness, and in founding centres to perpetuate the work he had begun. Having contracted his last illness in missionary fields and seeing unperturbed his last moments approaching whilst incessant prayers trembled on his fevered lips, what a consolation it was for him to look back upon his year's achievement, and to realize that the organization over which he had presided was educating 10,000 children in the doctrines of the Christian religion, and that 600 young men and women were freely and joyously giving of their time during the week and on Sundays to instructing those children who otherwise would be lost to their Church and to their Creator! His end came gently in the midst of relatives edified by his prayerful union with God up to the last moment of his well-spent life. To his parents and brothers we wish to convey the expression of our most sincere sympathy.

H. J. M.

The Holy Childhood Association.

THE national office of the Holy Childhood at Pittsburgh, Pa., under the direction of our former Prefect of Discipline and Professor, Rev. Edw. J. Knaebel, C. S. Sp., reports that the general bureau of the Association, at Paris, has distributed its receipts for 1916, amounting to $311,778, among 279 missions in various parts of Asia, Africa, Oceania and America. Our own Indian schools were allotted $1,625. The funds of the Holy Childhood, which are collected principally from the Catholic children the world over, are exclusively used for the rescue and maintenance of abandoned heathen children.

Available reports from 210 missions supported by the Holy Childhood show that during the year 1916 363,385 heathen children were baptized; 346,067 waifs rescued from paganism were maintained and educated in 1,181 nurseries and 10,768 schools. Besides, the Association has conducted 3,327 workshops for training in useful trades boys who have finished the elementary schools.

This grand achievement alone should commend the cause of the Holy Childhood—which is the only Children's Foreign Mission Society canonically approved by the Holy See for the redemption of heathen children—to all who have at heart the salvation of souls and the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth.

E. J. K.

Alumni.

DUQUESNE feels justly proud of the number of students it has prepared for the priesthood. Many of its graduates are now laboring effectively in the United States and in foreign lands, including Africa and Australia. The majority of the 1917 college graduates, true to traditions, have entered the seminary. C. J. Deasy, T. A. Drengacz, I. V. Kennedy, J. J. McDonough, F. C. Streiff and J. J. Sullivan have gone to St. Vincent's; F. C. Maley has chosen St. Bernard's, Rochester, N. Y., as he wishes to qualify for the Cleveland diocese; and J. A. Kirkbride, N. J. Koch and N. J. Popow are pursuing their theological studies in the Holy Ghost Seminary, near South Norwalk, Conn.

Rev. James A. Haley, B. A., '13, who was ordained last June, is temporarily stationed at St. Jerome's Church, Charleroi, Pa.

Rev. J. R. McKavney, B. A., '13, has been appointed assistant at the Church of the Resurrection, Brookline.

Rev. Earl McNanamy, B. A., '13, has been assigned to St. Coleman's, Turtle Creek.

Rev. James O'Connell, B. A., '13, is our neighbor in the Epiphany parish.

Rev. John Leger, also of the class of '13, has begun his duties as assistant in St. Peter's Church, S. S.

Rev. Francis Clifford, B. A., '13, has succeeded Rev. C. F. Gwyer, '05, now army chaplain, at St. Canice's Church.

Rev. Anthony Muszynski, another graduate of the '13 class, is assistant at St. Ladislaus's Church, Natrona.

Rev. Cornelius J. Mahony, studied for the diocese of Cleveland, and is now assistant in St. John the Baptist's, Canton, Ohio.

E. M. Seibert was elected president of the Pittsburgh Association of Credit Men at a meeting held on September 18th. The organization has a membership of 798. After Mr. Seibert's graduation in 1887, he entered the employ of the Third National Bank, and five years later became associated with the Merchants and Manufacturers National Bank, which, in 1904, was taken over by the Bank of Pittsburgh. At present, Mr. Seibert is assistant cashier in charge of the credit department.

Vincent P. Walsh, LL. B., '16, announces that he has removed his offices from the Frick to the Berger Building, where he will continue the general practice of law.

Thomas P. Nee, B. A., '16, our former football star and coach, will enter D. U. as a law student this fall.

Edward J. Sullivan, H. S., '15, of Dubois, Pa., has received the appointment from his district to West Point Military Academy.

We congratulate the following students on their success in the Preliminary Law State Board Examinations: Chauncey Schwer, Bruno Taszarek, Benjamin Trotzky, Frank Pireous, Leo Styslinger and Charles Murphy.

REV. LAWRENCE RAUSCH, in religion Father Michael, was ordained for the Passionist Order in St. Michael's Monastery, West Hoboken, on May 30th.

GIRARD V. BUCHELE is to make his profession in the Passionist Monastery, Pittsburgh, on Monday, October 22nd.

MR. and MRS. JAMES V. WALSH celebrated the silver jubilee of their wedding, with solemn high Mass, in St. Canice's Church, on Saturday, August 18th. Rev. H. J. McDermott represented the Faculty on the happy occasion.

LOUIS B. LITOT is assistant to the works engineer, in the Pittsburgh Model Engineering Co.

RAYMOND L. MCVEAN is the Philadelphia representative of the Corporation Guarantee & Trust Co., with offices in the Land Title Building.

MR. and MRS. C. B. BRIGGS announce the happy arrival, to cheer their home, of Charles Bernard, Jr., on August 20th, at 411 Oakland Street., San Antonio, Texas.

WILLIAM S. HAWKINS, who had to discontinue his studies because the climate of Pittsburgh did not agree with him, after a prolonged sojourn at Atlantic City, entered the University of Valparaiso, and graduated this year with the degree LL. B.

ROBERT J. MCGUIGAN, who has been testing ores for the Crucible Steel since he dropped out of the Fourth High last May, is about to take up a course in Chemistry in Carnegie Tech.

E. H. KEMPF gave us a call lately. He has always been actively and enthusiastically interested in the doings of his *Alma Mater.* At present, he is the Pittsburgh manager of the Pelican Mutual Life Insurance Co. of Philadelphia. His headquarters are in the Apollo Building, 233 Fourth Avenue.

WE rejoice to learn that the song, "The American Red Cross Nurse," has achieved a wide popularity. The words have been written by PROFESSOR M. F. MCMANUS, Law '17, and the music has been composed by his friend, JOHN BRODERICK.

JAMES F. DONNELLY, '17, has started in the banking business with the Washington Trust Co.

RUDOLPH G. HENNE, '17, has been taken into partnership in the jewelry business by his father. Henne has a good chance

to shine now. He will also continue his studies in the Evening School.

ROBERT C. MERKEL, '17, is with the Latshaw & Fuerst Co. He ought to be well supplied with cheese and butter for the winter. That's more than most of us can say. From the look of things "Butter will be King", and Bob ought to shine at his court.

LOUIS H. MOSURAK, '17, has a bright future in the banking world before him. He is at present working diligently for the First–Second National Bank.

LOUIS H. SWETERLIS, '17, has his time well occupied as assistant chief clerk for the P. & L. E. R. R., at Montour.

FRANCIS T. ZAMARIA, '17, is starting in the electric world, with the Union Switch & Signal Co., at Swissvale.

VICTOR BUTCH, '17, is in the purchasing agent's office of the same Company.

CHAS. S. HAENDLER, '17, is a stenographer for the Jones & Laughlin Steel Co., at 28th and Carson Streets. Wonder if Charley has a left-handed typewriter.

JACOB B. MOSTI, '17, who performed so brilliantly for the Academics, has started in business with his father. We wish you success, Jake.

EDWARD F. O'CONNELL, '17, likes his position with the Bell Telephone Co. very well. Of course, there are some attractions.

MICHAEL F. OBRUBA, '17, one of the best all-round athletes ever turned out at D. U., is in the U. S. mail department at the Liberty Avenue station. He is following the evening classes, preparing for law.

VICTOR M. SCHORR, '16, another of D. U's potential steel kings, is with the Carnegie Steel Co., at Duquesne.

EDWARD T. MOONEY, '15, paid us one of his welcome visits recently. He is assistant chief clerk for the Jones & Laughlin Steel Co., at the Woodlawn plant. With him are ANTHONY GUNKLE, '16, HARRY BERNY, '15, GILBERT O'BRIEN, '15, and ADRIAN BRIGGS, '13. We miss our guess if they don't make things hum.

JOSEPH LACKNER, '15, now a stenographer for Jones & Laughlin at 28th Street., S. S., says that the Pittsburgh mills have never before in their history equalled their present output.

SYLVESTER HOHMAN, '17, is with the Equitable Meter Co. Get him to put you wise to your meter; gas is going to be pretty scarce this year.

RICHARD MURTHA, '15, has been connected with the National Steel Car Co., of Ontario, for the past two years. He expects to get a commission in the army in the near future.

ANDREW MARSULA, '15, the star twirler two years ago, is with the National Fireproofing Co.

EUGENE J. BOYLE, '15, dropped in on us while we were hard at work composing the present issue. He told us how much he appreciated our humble efforts, so we have rewarded him by publishing his name in our paper. 'Gene is now employed by the American Bridge Co., whose offices are in the Union Arcade.

REGIS MALONE, '16, is now situated with the Bernard Gloekler Co. Rege expects to know the refrigerator business from A to Z in a few years.

THOMAS FORD, '17, is now in the employ of the Pennsylvania R. R. Company, being stationed at the Irwin Avenue freight depot, North Side.

ROBERT MURRAY, '13, since entering the employ of the Duquesne Light Company, has steadily advanced until he now holds a responsible position in the Insurance department. We wish him success, and hope that he may continue to move forward.

DURING the recent mayoralty campaign, the public had the pleasure of hearing JEROME D. HANNAN, B. A., '16, expressing his opinion of the various candidates. The people showed their appreciation of his remarks by applauding heartily.

DUDLEY J. NEE, '18.
M. NOON GLYNN, '21.

CHRONICLE

College and High School.

In very few educational institutions in the country will be found a member of the staff who has survived the storms and the vicissitudes of a quarter of a century. Yet we can point with pride to one who has uninterruptedly swayed the baton for the record-breaking period of thirty-five years. Professor C. B. Weis is that happy mortal. We cordially congratulate him on his long and faithful service as teacher of instrumental music and director of the orchestra. Week after week he is punctual at his post, and Sunday after Sunday he favors us with choice orchestral numbers admirably rendered. In his time he has seen many generations of students come and go and he has contributed in a marked degree to the success that many have achieved along musical lines. Perhaps the most noted of his pupils is the distinguished New York composer, Mr. Joseph Breil, favorably known to the music world from coast to coast.

A Notable Record

Professor Weis's material is often raw and undeveloped, but he quickly runs it through the purifying crucible of painstaking practice, and gradually turns it out pure metal. No matter how weak may be the aggregation at the beginning of the year, it never fails to elicit spontaneous outbursts of applause and heartiest commendations when, in the final months, it enhances the programmes of our public entertainments and commencement exercises. Past successes have given him confidence, and time-tried experience with youthful musicians enables him to build up a trustworthy and charming little organization during the winter and early spring.

As years in their course have dealt gently with Director Weis, we hope to see him continue his much appreciated labors until he happily celebrates the golden jubilee of his professorship.

The elections of presidents for the various classes were held on October 4th: results seem to give general satisfaction. The deservedly popular Dudley J. Nee is "the man behind the gun" in the Senior class. In the Junior, the supreme honor fell to the cheery and versatile Mark P. Flanagan. That Pat Diranna should be the representative of the sedate Sophs, is no surprise to anyone even slightly acquainted with that talented body of young men. The Freshmen were lucky in their choice of the genial James Garahan, and no less so were the Pre-Medics in their selection of Thomas S. McCormick. Frank Maturo, the man from Youngstown, heads the "Budding Barristers." Coming to the High School Department, we find quite naturally P. C. Lauinger, the mirth-maker, heading the famous Fourth, while Pat McGrath is spokesman for the bashful Third High. The Second High A are committed to the fatherly care of Howard Sherer, their companions of the B Division being under protection of the capable Eugene Dawes. First High A, B and C are represented, respectively, by Frank Vilsack, George Absalom and Aloysius Gallagher.

Class Officers

The Fourth Scientific is presided over by William McCarthy. The Third Scientific put forward as their chief spokesman Stanley Balcerzak, the Duquesne Demosthenes. No harm can befall Second or First Scientific, while Gerard McNally and Dorsey McQuade are their protectors.

Going to the Commercial, we find Walter F. Lyman heading the business men of Third Commereial; Aloysius Adams presiding over Second Commercial; and George Harvey chief in command of the First Commercial.

The Juvenile members, too, insist upon their rights as citizens of Duquesne, and so James Murphy stands forth before the world as president of the Preps.

Although the "Red Masquers" lost some of their best talent when the war fever was abroad and claiming volunteers, devotees of the stage, familiar with the footlights and the recipients of marked applause in previous appearances, are still abundantly evident. The following are the officers for the year: President, Joseph L. McIntyre; Vice-President, William F. Galvin; Secretary, Kenneth A. Leopold; Treasurer, Edward J. Quinn; Publicity Man, Thomas C. Brown; Stage Manager, William J. Turley; Property Men, James J.

Red Masquers

Murphy and M. A. Wolak. Plans are under way for staging a play early in November.

C. T. A. U.

On Wednesday, October 10th, Rev. John F. Malloy, C. S. Sp., addressed the Union regarding the good the Society has done, and the better results which are expected in the future. An election of officers for the coming year resulted as follows: President, J. L. McIntyre; First Vice-President, M. P. Flanagan; Secretary, A. J. King; Treasurer, G. D. Foley; Librarian, J. S. Connelly; Marshal, J. F. Murphy. J. S. Garahan, W. F. Galvin and J. J. Gallagher were elected Delegates to the Diocesan Union.

Students' Senate

The Students' Senate, which aims to maintain a high standard in all student activities, and through its officers outlines and executes plans for intercollegiate contests, will be represented by D. J. Mulvihill, President; T. C. Brown, Vice-President; J. S. Garahan, Secretary; A. J. King, Marshal.

Bereavements

Stephen Fischer, a member of last year's Third High, and this year's Prep. Law class, died on September 29th, after a short illness, of pneumonia. His funeral was held from St. George's Church, on October 2nd, and was attended by the Fourth High. Father McGuigan assisted in the Sanctuary.

A High Mass of Requiem, asked by the Fourth High, was offered for his soul on October 10. Father Danner was celebrant. We heartily condole with the bereaved family.

To Raymond A. Etzel we offer our sincerest sympathy, on the death of his father, as the result of an automobile accident. The members of his class showed how keenly they felt his bereavement, by calling at his home, and attending the funeral services. Rev. H. J. McDermott represented the Faculty on the sad occasion.

School of Law.

The editor of the MONTHLY experiences, each issue, the same trouble in securing from the budding barristers copy for the Chronicle. Either they keep along the even tenor of their way, or they are so busy

> "Mastering the lawless science of our law,—
> That codeless myriad of precedent,
> That wilderness of single instances,"

that they have no time to commemorate passing events of interest. In the hope that we may sting them into activity, we will indulge in a story at their expense. The French have a proverb, "Unless hell is full, never will a lawyer be saved," and the English seem to entertain the same belief. On the death of a lawyer, to whom he had been appointed executor, Samuel Foote was asked by the relatives of the deceased what directions should be given respecting the funeral. To which the wag replied: "What may be your practice in the country, I do not exactly know; but in London, when a lawyer dies, his body is disposed of in a very cheap and simple manner. We lock it up in a room over-night, and by the next morning it has always totally disappeared. Whither it has been conveyed we cannot tell to a certainty; but there is invariably such a strong smell of brimstone in the chamber that we can form a shrewd guess at the character of the conveyancer."

Francis A. Wolf, LL. B., '14, has been taken into the law firm of Watson & Freeman. His fortune is made. Congratulations.

H. J.

School of Accounts.

School is now assuming that studious atmosphere which satisfies both teachers and pupils. The pupils, while quite numerous, do not have any trouble in finding their class-rooms as was the case on opening night. Classes open and close with a precision that pleases professors.

Referring to precision, perhaps such is partly due to the military training that so many have had in the Duquesne University Infantry, now reorganizing.

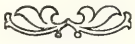
For squad and company drills at noon-time, the Exposition Hall has been rented. By the time this news item is published, the first dust and rust of some of our rookies shall be brushed off under the tutelage of the Company commanders. The names of the officers shall be published in the next issue of the MONTHLY.

The Evening School Association—the organization that makes students better acquainted and more jovial—is contemplating a series of social events that will make everybody happy. Parenthetically, we may say for the benefit of the instructors, that the Association shall not interfere with studies. With the exception of one or two, all of last year's officers are registered this year: their experience augurs well for a successful season.

The Day School pupils are getting better acquainted, and the discussions of class-rooms are frequently continued in corridors. The boys are interested. The Debating Society has held two debates wherein the shackles of backwardness were removed. Quite likely material—such as strong debating teams are made of—is found among this year's classes.

Messrs. Collins and Barnes intend giving their classes extended lectures on Income Tax procedures. Do your friends need any information? Let them seek these authorities.

J. M. D.



Echoes From The Camps.

"Mike" Morrissey writes from Eagle Pass, Texas, that he has a busy time drilling and marching. "The warmer the weather, the more the work. From 1:00 o'clock to-day until 5:30 we were chasing imaginary Germans over the hills and deserts of Texas. After a run of 50 to 100 yards, we used to lie flat for a while, then up and at them again with a weight of 30 lbs. on our backs. It is more fatiguing than shadow boxing."

Desmond Snyder is in training with the engineers of Camp Meade, Md. He gave the Fourth High an idea of what real work is like. Up at 6:00, he answers the roll-call at 6:10, breakfasts at 6:15, drills until 11:45, when dinner is served. He drills again from 1:00 to 4:30, enjoys his supper at 5:00, and salutes the lowering flag at 6:00. He expects a call to France about the beginning of next month.

Ray Baum, of Troop H, 25th Cavalry, Wyoming, enjoyed a furlough of ten days in the beginning of October. Of course, he came to see us. He looks the pink of perfection, and is delighted with his work and treatment. He thinks that young officers need considerably more training before they are put in charge of drills; they jeopardize their authority when ignorance of technique exposes them to unfavorable criticism. Ray is now instrument sergeant: his duty is to determine ranges for batteries in action.

Leonard Kane writes from the Wissahickon Barracks, Cape May, N. J., where he is training for a commission in the Navy. He writes in a very cheerful, optimistic vein, and says he never felt better. This he attributes to regular hours, nourishing food,

and plenty of exercise. "I find navy life," he says, "extremely interesting. The mathematics I learned are a great help to me now. I have been appointed temporary company commander, being placed over men twice my age; that I might not be regarded as a beardless boy, I attempted, and with some success, to raise a moustache. It will give me a world of pleasure to get the scores and write-ups during the football season. Were it not for the war, I'd be up in the campus, running the Academics through any of the sets from A to Z, and fighting for old Duquesne."

HARRY GELM was in charge of the drafted men from Braddock to Camp Lee, Petersburg, Va. He is well and happy, and likes his new life very much; it is so different from the din and contention of the courts and poring over mouldy volumes of law.

WE read with interest in the *Pittsburgh Dispatch* a letter from LIEUTENANT DR. HARRY L. MURPHY, M. O. R. C. It was mostly descriptive of the sea voyage and the changes effected in England by a due appreciation of the sacrifices the war has imposed.

DR. JAMES DWYER has arrived safe in France. He ranks as first lieutenant: his services as surgeon will apparently soon be in demand.

RALPH CRISTE has enlisted in the 25th Regiment of Engineers. DAN MCCARTHY is with the Naval Reserve. J. P. MCATEER is with J. J. MCLEAN in the Officers' Camp in Georgia. JOE KREUER is a member of the 18th Regiment. L. A. MCGEE, R. MAHONEY, C. R. HOLOHAN, CARL HAFERMANN, PAUL O'DONNELL, HAROLD GREENE and A. P. ENNIS are amongst the latest to join the colors.

ATHLETICS.

UNIVERSITY HIGH.

THE University High opened its football season on an ideal football day, and there was a large crowd on the Bluff to witness the game. "Mugsy" McGraw was Referee, Watson of Canonsburg was Umpire, and Maturo of Rayen H. S. was head linesman.

The game was well played as the teams were evenly matched. Canonsburg made three first downs in the first quarter,

and it looked as if the Dukes were unable to stop them. But shortly after the Dukes came to life and started playing their best brand of football. In the second quarter, J. Quinn got hold of a forward pass and went for a touchdown, Davies following with a goal. In the latter part of the second quarter, E. Quinn forwarded to Rooney, who took it over for a touchdown; goal was missed.

University High, 13		Canonsburg, 0
Whyte	Right End	Richards
Leopold	Right Tackle	Taylor
Braun	Right Guard	Palmer
Doyle	Center	Morgan
Finley	Left Guard	Marple
McNamara	Left Tackle	Sheoff
J. Quinn	Left End	Hardie
Davies	Qurterback	Brown
Rooney	Right Half	Campbell
E. Quinn	Left Half	Forester
McGrath	Fullback	Leach

Substitutions: Egan for Davies; Davies for Egan; Malwuney for Marple. Touchdowns: J. Quinn, Rooney. Goal, Davies. Time of periods, 12 minutes.

UNIVERSITY HIGH, 12—PARNASSUS HIGH, 15.

The game with Parnassus High School, at Parnassus, was fast and interesting from start to finish, but the Dukelets were greatly outweighed and were defeated 15 to 12. The Dukelets scored one touchdown in the first five minutes of play and were not able to score again until the fourth quarter. Parnassus High scored a safety in the first quarter, a touchdown in the second and another in the third.

Substitutions: McIntyre for Leopold, Leopold for McIntyre, Reagan for Doyle, Doyle for McNamara, Ferrick for Davies, Simpson for Lindsay, Pratt for Graham. Referee, Cox. Umpire, McVey. Head linesman, Wolak. Timer, Wajert of Pitt. Time of quarters, 12 minutes. Touchdowns, Whyte, Davies, Cooper, Lindsay. Safety, Rooney.

UNIVERSITY HIGH, 14—MUNHALL HIGH, 0.

In a thrilling contest replete with spectacular plays and gripping uncertainty, the Duquesne University High School team defeated the Munhall High on the Bluff campus, 14 to 0.

A 15-yard aerial toss of Egan to Donaghue, who raced

48 yards, netted the first touchdown of the Bluffites. In the second and third quarters a stubborn battle was staged, the ball see-sawing back and forth in midfield. Both sides made frequent Zeppelin raids, the Bluffites doing more damage through the instrumentality of Whyte, Egan and McGrath. McGrath intercepted a forward on the 40-yard line, and on the next play "Art" Rooney squirmed, serpentined and rolled over the chalk-line for the second and final touchdown.

Substitutions: Foley for Braun, O'Brien for McNamara, Leopold for Foley, Ferrick for Whyte, McIntyre for Reagan, Martin for Leopold, Letzesky for Thomas, Lincoln for Artman. Touchdowns, Donaghue and Rooney. Goals from touchdown, Rooney 2. Referee, Wolak. Umpire, Mike Obruba. Linesmen, J. Mahoney, Corrado and Aland. Timers, Maturo and Patterson.

N. B.—The management has promised to compensate us in the next number for having trespassed on our allotted space. Regretfully we hold over accounts of games played by the Junior and Minim Football Teams.

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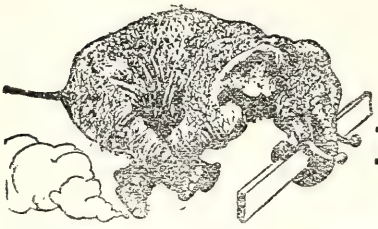
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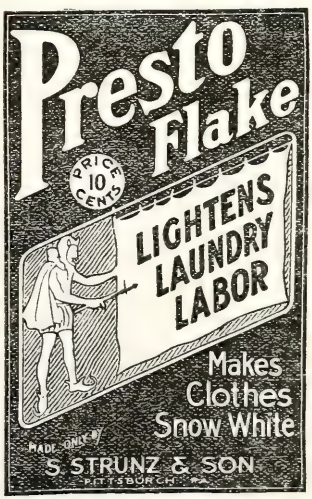
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Duquesne Monthly

A Literary Magazine

Vol. XXV. DECEMBER, 1917 No. 3

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR
BY THE STUDENTS OF DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY

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Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXV. DECEMBER, 1917 Number 3.

Christmas of Long Ago.

THE ground was white, and the days were bright,
And the hearth-fire spread its glow;—
The table sank 'neath the health we drank
In the Christmas of long ago!

Then laughter rang, and the songs we sang
Played fast as the fiddler's bow,—
For hearts were light, and each man a knight,
In the Christmas of long ago!

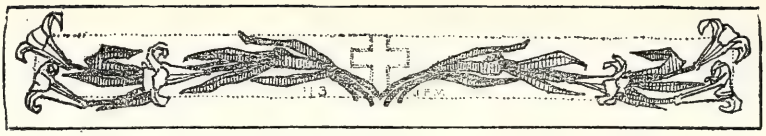
Now the shadows play in silence,
And the ground is dark and cold;
I look on a scene deserted,
For I'm lonely, poor and old!

Instead of the old-time laughter,
The thrill of the song and dance,
There comes but the wind's wild wailing,
And a cold moon's colder glance.

But I feel the Christmas spirit,
And the gloom fades fast away—
I smile through a score of wrinkles,
I'm glad though my head be gray.

Then we'll have once more as we had of yore
The laughter, the song and the bow;
For my heart to-night wants the old delight
Of the Christmas of long ago!

JACK MORAN.



Catholics in the Army.

IN an address to the students early in the month, Rt. Rev. William Russell, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of Charleston, brought out a very interesting and illuminating point in connection with the army. The Secretary of War has officially stated that perhaps 35 per cent. of the soldiers in the American army are Catholics. Some have claimed that 40 per cent. are Catholics. It is safe at any rate to assert that at least one-third of the men in the army at the present time are Catholics. In view of the fact that Catholics are about one-sixth of the whole population of the United States, the question arises: How is it that Catholics are one-third of the army? How is it that the proportion of Catholics in the army is twice as large as we would expect from their proportion to the whole population? Are we to suppose that Catholics have volunteered to this extent more rapidly than others? Is the patriotism of Catholics so much more enthusiastic than that of others? We believe not. The explanation must come from another cause. Shall we suppose that in drawing lots, Catholics happened to be selected in such disproportion? A small disproportion either way might be explained as the result of chance; but will mere chance explain how twice as many Catholics were chosen?

Nor may we suspect for a moment that the United States Government was so grossly unfair in its method of drafting. How then explain this singular fact? If we examine the lists of those who were originally drawn by lot we do not find this extraordinary disproportion. We are forced then to have recourse to the physical examinations to discover an explanation. Again we cannot suppose that the physicians could be partial to such an extent even if they wished to be so.

What then? The conclusion that seems to force itself upon us is that our Catholic men were freer than others from those diseases that disqualify men for military service. It is no secret what these diseases are, which, in greatest measure, make men unfit for virile occupations. Shall we conclude that Catholics are more patriotic because they lead cleaner lives?

Life's December.

OH! let the soul in slumber break,
Arouse its senses and awake,
To see how soon
Life with its glories glides away,
And the stern foot-steps of decay
Come stealing on:

How pleasure, like the passing wind,
Blows by, and leaves us nought behind
But grief at last;
How still our present happiness
Seems, to the wayward fancy, less
Than what is past.

And, while we eye the rolling tide
Down which our flying minutes glide
Away so fast,
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream of joy
Already past.

Let no vain hopes deceive the mind,
Nor happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day.
Our gilded dreams of yore were bright;
Like them the present shall delight,
Like them decay.

Our lives like lasting streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall—
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
The sea of death whose waves roll on,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble riv'lets glide
To that sad wave;
Death levels property and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting-place;
Life is the running of the race;
And death the goal;

There all our steps at last are brought;
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

Long ere the damps of death can blight,
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
Hath pass'd away;
Youth smiled, and all was heavenly fair;
Age came and laid his finger there,—
And where are they?

Where is the strength that mock'd decay,
That step that rose so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
That strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows weariness and woe,
When age comes on.

Say, then, how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here;
O dreams of sleep that death must break,
Alas! before it bids us wake,
Ye disappear.

G. J. JEROME.



Modern Methods of Marketing.

MARKETING, although recognized to-day as one of the greatest of the world's industries, is one of the youngest of the great businesses. Indeed, until the early sixteenth century, Marketing as an international business was practically unknown. It is true that there was a small bartering in spices between the Occident and the Orient before this date; but so small was the traffic, and so trivial the amount and character of the commodities involved, that such operations may be ignored.

With the final overthrow of the Manorial System in the sixteenth century, Marketing had its conception. This despotic

system, tying humanity to the estates as chattel possessions, killing and systematically crushing all of man's attempts to free himself from subjugation and bondage to the overlord, was undoubtedly the greatest obstruction man has encountered in his rough journey from barbarism to civilization. A system wherein every unit was utterly self-dependent could not but hinder progress. A system wherein every man must be his own weaver, baker, carpenter, farmer and laborer; a system wherein the only assistance he could expect was that of his immediate family, could not but reflect negatively in the glass of Progress.

During the entire period in which these conditions prevailed, barter, the ancestor of Marketing as now known, was virtually non-existent. Such trade as there was, if in our optimism we may call it trade, existed only between neighboring individuals. It consisted at the most of the exchange of a square of cloth for a measure of grain, or a day of labor for a planting of seed. Yet it can be seen, even in this black age, that man still retained his dream of advancement, although in the vaguest of visions; that, amid all the chaff and truck of repression, there lurked somewhere the seed which was to blossom out in radiant foliage and grow to a luxuriant harvest.

The change came in 1600, with the final overthrow of the old despotic rule of Manor aristocracy and the installation of the Guild System. The serfs and villeins, outraged at the tyranny of the overlords, threw off their shackles and declared their emancipation from bondage, not without Herculean struggles and excessive bloodshed. Those of the commoners who desired to leave the farm, flocked to the towns to engage in the manufacture of the rude implements of the time, or to follow the work for which they were best adapted. The armorer, the blacksmith, the weaver, and the goldsmith sprang into existence, and through these the seed sent up its first shoot which was to bear the fruit. No longer was the blacksmith also his own baker and weaver; for, with the surplus of his product, he bartered with the baker for his surplus bread; with the weaver, for his surplus cloth, receiving in exchange for his iron the necessary food to feed himself, and the needed cloth to clothe himself. And so passes the period of absolute self-dependence, and in its place appears the newer, brighter and better era.

Closely following in the footsteps of the artisans came the travelling merchant. It was he who travelled to the miner and the farmer, to secure the raw materials for the smith and the

weaver; it was he who took the finished goods of the blacksmith and the weaver back to the farmer and the miner in payment for their products. In compensation for his services, a certain percentage of the goods was given to him.

It is apparent that the cartage of such heavy goods back and forth would be very cumbersome; also that barter in this primitive method must necessarily be limited in volume and local in character. To remedy these defects became the preponderant issue. Clearly this could be accomplished only by the creation and introduction of some medium having a general acceptance throughout the land—a medium which would not only remedy existing defects, but would retain all the old and introduce many new advantages. Thus was the general use of money inaugurated.

And now there have sprung into existence the three basic functions of Economic Activity: Production of Raw Materials, by the farmer and miner; Manufacture, by the weaver and smith; Exchange, by the merchant.

To-day, although three hundred years have elapsed since the renaissance of business had its inception, the basic principles remain the same. True, the petty manufacturer has been replaced by huge corporations with thousands of employees. True, the miner no longer works in solitary independence, and has given place to mechanical giants. True, the little merchant no longer carries his wares about by means of mules, but has yielded to far greater and much vaster methods of accomplishing the same duties. Innovations, such as aggregation and integration, have seemingly changed conditions. But such changes are superficial. An intimate study will show that though the line of demarcation between the three functions may be more vague and less discernible than at first, still the same functions exist and maintain as in the earliest years of the period.

Production, which consists of the creation of utilities, may be divided into two great classes: first, Manufacturing, which consists of the preparation of commodities for the market, and to this class belongs the creation of form utility; secondly, Marketing, which takes the commodity in hand where manufacturing relinquishes it. To Marketing can be attributed the creation of the remaining forms of utility: Time Utility, consisting of hoarding the commodity against the time of its necessity; Place Utility, consisting of transporting the commodities from place to place;

Possession Utility, created by the exchange of commodities between individuals.

A study of this huge engine of Marketing, of the workings of which the greatest portion of humanity is dependent; a study of its inner cogs and wheels, to see how the one dovetails with the other, to produce that enormous existence which, in its ramifications, touches every shore and every sea traversed by man, cannot but prove intensely interesting.

Commercial methods are divided into two distinct classifications: first, the methods existing in the marketing of agricultural products; and, secondly, the methods involved in the marketing of manufactured goods. Consideration will be given only to the first division.

THE MARKETING OF AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.—For the farmer there exist five distinct channels through which he may market his surplus: Direct sale to consumers; selling to local stores; shipping to large city dealers; selling to local buyers; co-operative shipping and selling associations.

SELLING DIRECT TO THE CONSUMER.—But a small amount of the total product can be marketed in this manner. In following it, the farmer can make a house to house canvass; but in order to sell by this method, he must live near cities and towns. He can also sell his wares by carrying them to city markets and disposing of them to buyers as a retailer. Again he may utilize the parcel post or the express companies. Fourthly, he may sell to local manufacturers in his locality. Only a small percentage of the total farm products can be marketed directly to the consumer.

SELLING TO LOCAL STORES.—The second course open to the farmer is the marketing of his wares through the agency of the local country stores. To these stores are brought the goods of the surrounding farms. In exchange, the grower is allowed a certain amount of credit. Money is seldom involved in the transaction, as the storekeeper fears that, were he to give money in payment, the customer would carry his trade to other regions, and thus the loss of a customer would be entailed. The farmer, in utilizing the credit allotted to him, is more apt to base his purchases upon the amount of credit allotted him than upon his necessities. This condition is to be deplored, as goods are purchased for which there is no necessity. Such action cannot but occasion a waste as far as the farmer is involved.

The merchant now proceeds to send his surplus exchange

stock to the central markets. It is sent in the original package as brought to him. It is neither separated nor sorted as to quality or condition. Good stock and poor stock are packed together, and the result is a low price at the central markets.

This condition cannot but cause enormous losses. Storekeepers in the last few years have perceived the disadvantages they are laboring under, and are demanding that the growers be more careful in grading and packing their goods. By placing a premium on good stock, and by inaugurating the feature of brand marks, a change in methods is being rapidly consummated, which is most beneficial and profitable to all parties concerned.

Although a large amount of produce is marketed through the agencies of local stores in comparison with the entire crop, the amount so distributed is relatively small.

SHIPPING TO LARGE CITY DEALERS.—The third method open to the grower is in shipping goods directly to the large city dealers. A very large percentage of the producers of the agricultural districts dispose of their products in this manner. There are two methods pursued under this head: first, selling to the dealer at a stipulated price; and, secondly, sending the goods to the dealer, who disposes of them and retains a commission in return for his services.

THE COMMISSION SYSTEM.—Until the last half decade, the major portion of city shipments were sent on the commission basis. Goods were forwarded to the city representatives, who disposed of them at the best price possible, and returned the proceeds to the farmer after deducting commission, freight, demurrage, storage and drayage charges. The shipper had perforce to place the greatest confidence in the agent. The agents would only too often rob him scandalously by betraying trust. Goods would be sold at high prices, and low returns would be made to the shipper; or, if the receipt of a shipment threatened to glut the market, shipments would be held on track to maintain prices. This detention meant high demurrage charges and deterioration in quality, for the goods deteriorated quickly under delay. Thus, it would frequently occur that the shipper, instead of receiving a draft from the commission man for his products, would receive a notification that the sales price was so low that, after the charges had been deducted, not only was there no profit, but he even owed money to the railroad company for freight charges.

Such scandalous methods could not long prevail. The shipper became wary of such questionable practices, and demanded of the agents that at least a fair profit be assured him. The agent, dependent upon the shipper for his stock in trade, acquiesced to the demands of the shipper. Although these conditions have steadily declined, even now they are sometimes encountered. The business, however, is at present transacted as fairly and honestly as any other form wherein mutual trust must be reposed by and in different individuals.

In perusing the above statement of conditions, it must be remembered that the middlemen were not the only ones who resorted to dishonest dealings. Only too frequently would the shipper take advantage of others by covering up defects in his goods. It was a common practice, for instance, in barrel apples to "face" the package with extra fancy stock which would insure a high price. But when the deluded purchaser delved into the heart of the matter, only too often would he discover that he had purchased a barrel of culls and worm-eaten stock, covered with a veneer of high quality goods. This is not offered in extenuation of the middleman, but to show that the shipper was not always the innocent victim he has been represented.

The commission merchant, in the agricultural trades, especially in the produce end of the business, is rapidly passing out of existence. In his place is rising the middleman, who buys directly from the grower and takes his chance at a profit on the open market. It is the practice for the town dealer to send representatives through the country districts to purchase the crops even before the harvest, so that the grower need not even worry over weather conditions, and the ultimate success or failure of his plantings. Even this risk has been taken over by the town merchant.

Selling to Local Buyers.—The fourth method open to the grower is that of selling directly to local buyers. These buyers are usually representatives of large firms, who at the time of harvest appear in the country districts and barter with the grower for his crop. This is especially true of the great wheat sections of our country, where most of the wheat crop is sold outright to the local representatives of the huge milling corporations. Concerning the ultimate disposition of his crop, he knows nothing and cares less. His worries cease with delivery to the elevator. Of late, farmers in the wheat belt have banded together to cooperate in the storing and selling of their wheat. This new

principle of co-operative bargaining will be explained later in detail.

Co-operative Marketing and Shipping Associations.—The farmer has long felt that by bargaining individually he has been working under a great handicap, since, on account of the distance of his markets, he is unable to keep an accurate account of the price scales which may fluctuate sharply from day to day. To remedy this defect became the earnest endeavor of those shrewd growers who realized that farming was a business and was most profitable when conducted in a businesslike manner.

The result of investigations as to the best method of remedying these defects was the formation of co-operative marketing associations. These associations are organized in the form of corporations, chartered under the laws of the state wherein the members are situated. The greatest number of these associations is found in the western states, and they seem to center and have gained their greatest success in Southern California. They are, however, encountered throughout the United States; in the apple-growing regions of the Wenatchee Valley in Washington, the Ozarks and Virginia; in the wheat belt of the Middle West; in the potato lands of Michigan and New England, New Jersey and Delaware; and in the early vegetable states of Florida, Texas and Louisiana.

Perhaps the best example of these associations is the California Fruit Growers' Association, chartered under the laws of California and centered in Pasadena. It is a huge stock corporation of the citrus fruit growers of the southern part of that state. The crops of the different members are turned over to the Association upon maturity, and the marketing of the goods lies entirely in the hands of the company. Packing houses are scattered throughout the territory. Here the crops are hauled in bulk. They are then sorted and packed and branded as to quality, size and condition by Association employees. The marketing is carried on through well-defined channels, the company maintaining representatives in all the large central markets of the country. The officials keep an accurate tab upon the daily market fluctuations, and thus, by controlling the supply rolling into eastern markets, wield almost autocratic power in fixing prices for citrus fruits. By a nationwide advertising campaign, their brands have been made household terms throughout the land, and so great a demand has been created by this work that eastern dealers are forced to handle the corporation's products even though it means a higher price and a smaller profit to them.

It is owing to the great work of this Association that California is able to compete with fhe Florida citrus fruit, notwithstanding the superior quality of Florida fruit and the proximity of Florida to the great eastern markets.

True, the overhead expenses of such an organization are very high, owing to extensive advertising and elaborate management. But the extra profits accruing to the members on account of bigger sales and better prices from this scientific business, not only offset these large overhead charges, but assure a very handsome profit to stockholders.

These associations are daily becoming more numerous. It is a surety that in the future they will wield an influence in prices by controlling the supply that will be disquieting unless some counteracting influence appears to offset their growth. What this influence will be, time only can tell. Notwithstanding the fears we may feel for the future, it must be admitted that the advantages accruing to the public, by insuring the quality of the goods, and to the shipper by giving him a very fair profit, have been exceedingly great.

Perhaps the best reforms carried on through the Associations are the branding of stock, and the rigid tests demanded in grading and sorting the products. Now all goods shipped under association rules are both graded and branded according to size and quality. There are three distinct grades and at least fifteen different sized packages to the orange package alone. In the Wenatchee Valley, apples are graded as choice, fancy and extra fancy. Prices are fixed by grade, and the ratio between the grade prices remains constant regardless of the market fluctuations.

JOSEPH E. MONTEVERDE, B. S. C., '17.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH].

Year's End.

CHRISTIAN, work out thy salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear;
Think that Jesus died to win thee:
Think what Father's smiles are thine;

Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Child of heav'n, canst thou repine?
Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

W. J. GILL.



From the Camps.

Father Dewe, Catholic chaplain at Camp Bowie, Texas, found the first few days, days of damp depression. The air was cold and the supply of gas inadequate to the demand. However, on the first Sunday morning, things assumed a more cheering aspect. A large congregation of soldiers attended his Mass and encouraged him in his voluntary undertaking. He has two French classes a week—one for the officers, and the other for the men. He has inaugurated a debating society, and only awaits the arrival of a piano to organize an orchestra. Already he is identified with the Fort Worth Symphony orchestra of thirty pieces, and contributes on Sunday afternoons to the entertainment of the soldiers.

The town presented to him an unusually interesting aspect on Hallow E'en—the great White Way, the throngs of soldiers, the swarthy Mexicans, the swaggering cowboys, the boisterous darkies, and the tireless organ-grinders, with, high above all, a tranquil silvery moon set in a mother-of-pearl sky. To do justice to the scene were needed the combined pens of a Mark Twain and an Albert Samain.

Company G, 3rd U. S. Infantry.
Camp Eagle Pass, Texas, November 2, 1917.

Dear Reverend Fathers:—

As a dutiful son of Duquesne, I think it behooves me to

drop you a line to let you all know how I am progressing as a soldier; I also want to thank you very much for the MONTHLY, and I assure you that I appreciate it very much.

I think that I was cut out to be a soldier, considering the way everything seems to come to me; I was in the service only three months when I was made Corporal, and I don't think that it will be very long until I go still higher. I could have transferred to the National army as a 1st Sergeant, but I preferred to stay with the Regulars on account of the superior training I shall obtain.

I have submitted my name and application for the Third Officers' Training Camp to the Department Commander for his approval, and I hope to receive a favorable reply. I think I stand an excellent chance compared to most men of this Company, because most of them have never been to a high school and some of them have never been to any; at least so it seems to me when I hear some of them talk. I have a good chance because I have been doing most of the paper work since I have been in the Company, and they tell me that the paper work is half the battle. In the list of schools that I mentioned in my application I did not forget my three years at Duquesne; the fact of the matter is I can't forget it; and furthermore, I don't want to.

I presume that everything is in full bloom on the Bluff by this time, and I see by the MONTHLY that the Dukes are holding their own on the campus; I am more than anxious to see how they come through their basketball season; I hope to get home through the holidays, and if I do, I want to see a game on the Bluff before I go to Greenville.

Well, my dear friends, I must stop now and get very busy on the pay rolls. I must have them ready to sign by to-morrow night. Kindly convey my best regards and wishes to all the professors and students, and tell them that they are not forgotten. I remain

Very respectfully,

WILLIAM K. MORRISSEY.

The long expected call has come and I am now at Camp Dix, New Jersey, with the 26th Engineers.

Judging from indications, and giving credit to about twenty-five per cent. of the rumors, we shall be on our way across the pond in a week or less.

This regiment is to lay waterlines in France. I was put down on the records as a tracer and draftsman, so perhaps the

mechanical drawing for which I used to have such a cordial dislike, will be of some advantage to me after all.

We are having "intensive" training. We are drilled for eight hours a day.

Contrary to all expectations, and reports that I had heard, I found the food here very good; better, in fact, than is served in a good many restaurants, and much cleaner.

I have no complaint to make of the treatment here, and indeed am quite glad to get into this branch of the service. I think the training is the best possible thing for the physical development of a man.

Give my regards to all the priests and any of my acquaintances who remain among the students of D. U. With best wishes to all at Duquesne,

Yours sincerely,

HAROLD D. GREENE,
Camp Dix, N. J.

Wissahickon Barracks,
Cape May, N. J.

Life here is most enjoyable; the work, both pleasant and interesting. We are out of doors except during class hours. Since my arrival I have gained eighteen pounds.

Last week fifty cadets were picked to take a course of intensive training until February the first. I was one of the lucky fifty, and now am over head and ears in Navigation, Navy Regulations, Seamanship, Ordnance, Infantry and First Aid. Commissions will be awarded to successful candidates.

At present I am Company commander, in charge of one hundred and three men. The oldest amongst them—those up in the fifties—give me most trouble, as they are slow to learn.

From the pages of the DUQUESNE MONTHLY I learned, and with much satisfaction, that the High School team is rivalling the record of the famous Minims. Next to fighting for the U. S., I would enjoy defending the good old Red and Blue. Had I been able to spare the time, I would have gone out for our football team. However, I have helped to coach it, and, if you happen to see it play in Pittsburgh, you will recognize many of its formations as those of the Academics.

Remember me to all the boys of old Duquesne.

Your sincere friend,

"TOWIE" KANE.

Camp Travis, Texas.

I have already assumed some of the duties of a soldier in the army of Uncle Sam. What he has already accomplished fills me with admiration. I could form but a very faint idea of the magnitude of his undertaking, until I had arrived on the camping ground and reflected on the happenings of the last few months. To arrange the schedule of training, to properly enlist the men, to examine them physically and mentally, to erect quarters, to supply equipment, and to feed thirty thousand, causing no more fuss than if an ordinary automobile had passed through the camp gates,—all this inspired me with admiration for army efficiency. Men qualified for certain positions are rapidly placed to the best advantage. The health of all is a matter of constant attention. With eight hours drill a day, the draftees are fast rounding into a perfect working machine.

What different types of men are found in a camp! We have an osteopath, a Chinese engineer, school teachers, clerks, expert farmers, oil men, laborers, druggists, farmhands and ordinary roughnecks. All look alike in khaki, eat side by side, sleep side by side, drill and play side by side; it is almost as efficient a class eradicator as grim death itself.

I attend the Quartermaster's School for Supply Sergeants, and hope to get my appointment soon. We study all the methods of handling materials and supplies from Companies in the field and barracks up to Quartermasters at camps or stations. We have drill in the forenoon and school in the afternoon.

The Knights of Columbus have an auditorium here, in which two Masses are celebrated every Sunday. They contemplate building recreation halls on a scale similar to that of the Y. M. C. A.

Sincerely,

GEO. P. O'LEARY,
357th Infantry.

Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga.

I am now a Corporal combining the responsibilities of a policeman, hotel-keeper, pedagogue and nurse. With the other non-commissioned officers, I have class from 7 to 8:30 in the evening. You will be pleased to hear that Captain Griffin, who, by the way, wishes to be remembered to the Fathers and boys and to be mentioned in their prayers, has placed my name in orders for Sergeant's stripes.

I am rapidly acquiring skill in handling a machine gun, and, like the rest, am getting used to the killing idea, aiming and firing at imaginary "boches" or thrusting bayonets into Germans improvised from condemned breeches and coats stuffed with straw.

Up to date I have had one missionary experience. I prevailed upon two of our men to clean and scour a very dirty skittle of some eight and ten years' standing. I took them straight to the priest, having previously arranged with him for confidential interviews. Others I gather up on Sundays, and march them to the K. of C. building. It is encouraging to note that so many of our faith are proud to discharge the duties it imposes.

As ever,

ALBERT A. MOUNTAIN,
Co. L, 110th U. S. Infantry.

Paris Island, S. C.

With the consent of my parents I enlisted in the Marines, to serve my country in the crisis through which it is passing. I shall be pleased to have you include my name in the annals of Duquesne University amongst those who have responded promptly and cheerfully to the call of duty.

Whilst here I have every facility for attending Mass and receiving the Sacraments.

Best wishes to the President, Faculty and boys.

WRAY J. CRANDALL,
49th Company, Marine Barracks.

Hq., Ambulance Train.

I have been down here seven weeks, and am connected with the Headquarters of the Ambulance Train, under the direction of Major F. A. Hartung. I feel very fortunate to be under his personal direction. Besides J. A. Burkley and W. J. Weir, who are associated with me in Headquarters, I recognize many D. U. men and am always glad to meet them.

The number of Catholics amongst the troops astonishes me. The churches in town are crowded at every Mass, and the Holy

Sacrifice celebrated in the woods on Sundays at 9 o'clock for artillery and infantry is a most impressive sight.

Sincerely,

CHARLES F. MCCRORY,
Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga.

Vancouver, Washington.

I have done quite a little travelling since I joined the army. I have been stationed in turn at Columbus, San Antonio, Yuma and California; now we are drilling hard at Vancouver with the prospect of being sent to France early in spring. Lately, since I was made a Sergeant, I have been busy instructing recruits. My shorthand has served me well in my capacity of Company clerk and occasionally as instructor when the regular teacher of the Gregg system failed to take his classes.

Many of the old faces must be missing from the school-rooms and the campus on the Bluff: I understand that the boys are more than doing their duty by their country. It would give me great pleasure to run across them here or in France.

With best wishes.

ELMER HAYE
Co. B, 46th U. S. Infantry.

Camp Greenleaf, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

My thoughts fly back to other days when we upheld the D. U. banner on the diamond and the gridiron. We are about to organize a football team, in preparation for crossing the German line; later we'll strike out the Kaiser.

LEO J. ZITZMAN,
3rd Co., M. O. T. C.

Raymond A. Siedle qualified for the Aviation service on November 3 and 5. The test was severe, but his mental and physical training fitted him for the ordeal. On Sunday, November 18, he left for the training camp in Long Island.

Camp Lee, Petersburg, Va.

Though we are well taken care of, and have a variety of

amusements to while away the lingering hour, sometimes I long for the day when I can get back to Pittsburgh and resume my studies in the dear old building on the Bluff.

THEOPHILE SKORUPSKI,
Co. E, 319th Infantry.

Glad to hear from dear old Duquesne. Am well and happy and like my new life very much. Regards to all.

H. J. GELM,
Co. 26, 7th Battalion,
Camp Lee, Petersburg.

"It's a great life if you don't weaken."

JOHN DONNELLY,
Co. E, 110th Penna. Infantry,
Camp Hancock, Ga.

We congratulate one of our old boys, Colonel Edward L. Kearns, on his successful fight against the dismemberment of Pittsburgh's well known and justly esteemed 18th Regiment, now the 111th Penna. Infantry. Colonel Kearns ambitions to take it across the pond and lead it over the trenches to victory.

William J. Snyder was one of seven recently examined for the Aviation service and was accepted. Will ought to make a good birdman.

The following clippings have their interest for readers of the MONTHLY:—

Valentine J. Oldshue has been awarded one of the highest honors conferred upon foreigners by the French government, the "Medaille d' Honneur des Epidinis," according to news received here. Mr. Oldshue is secretary to G. W. Lopp, director of the American Red Cross in Bordeaux, and the medal was conferred because of distinguished service among the poor of that city.

Local friends are expecting Mr. Oldshue to return home in a short time. He went to France about two years ago as a member of the American Ambulance Corps.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

Two Pittsburgh boys who made good on the gridiron at home, but who have not yet turned out are Curly Wolk, former Shadyside star, and "Towie" Kane, the former peppery captain of

the Duquesne University eleven. These two lads have worked their way into the berth of company commanders, a big honor in itself, and because of the studies that go with this position have not found the spare time to devote to football.

The training the boys are getting here is putting them in perfect physical condition. Three hours of drilling in the morning in the great weather here makes a fellow feel like a Samson and it certainly looks as though the teams that go up against this outfit will certainly have a battle on their hands worth remembering.—*Pittsburgh Leader.*

The number of the "Fighting Dukes" is increasing. Amongst the latest to join the Colors are

Alexis Szabo, M. D.	William Scanlon
Dennis Szabo	James O'Donnell
Gabriel Gurley, D. D. S.	Neal Sweeney
Alex McMurdo	Philip Fitzgibbons
Eugene Vey	James McMorris
Daniel McCarthy	Joseph Burkley
David Ford	William Weir
Thomas Brislin	Gilbert McGreevy, D. D. S.

We hope soon to publish a complete list of commissioned officers.



Desiderium Collium Aeternorum.

REJOICE, rejoice, eternal hills!
For in the mighty days of old
Ye heard the prophets of the Lord
Their messages of hope unfold.

Rejoice still more, eternal hills!
For in the latter days again
Ye heard the joyous canticle
Of white-souled Virgin Mary's strain.

But now rejoice with greatest joy,
For on this solemn night appear
Angelic bands proclaiming loud
That Christ, the long-desired, is here.

PETREL STORM.



SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

December.

IT is peculiar that the most significant month of the year has the least expressive name. In its etymology December means nothing more than the tenth division of the Roman calendar, and yet it has for us Christians a subtle influence and all-pervading joy.

In ancient Rome it was pregnant with evil as the time of licensed disorder and misrule characterising the Saturnalian festival. To-day it diffuses a spirit of hallowed enjoyment inclining every heart to the love of God and the love of its kind. No longer is it a time of mad carousing and vile turpidity; it is a season of preparation for Christmas, the holiest, happiest day in the Church's calendar.

Yet, if we turn our eyes to Europe, we may imagine that the horrors of the ancient Saturnalia will be produced in an accentuated and blood-thirsty form. Preparatory plans for the great American offensive will have been completed and battalion will battle against battalion unto death or victory. What an exhibition of hatred and the world's worst passions will belie the Angels' chorus proclaiming peace on earth to men of good will! What a paradox is presented to the view of the conscientious pacifist! He perceives men engaged in the occupation of slaughtering one another; he perceives them at the same time animated by the sentiment the holy season inspires. He cannot harmonize the two. He cannot realize that, according to their lights, they are warring for an ideal.

DENNIS J. MULVIHILL, '18.

Which?

UPON man God has bestowed a gift which distinguishes him from every other creature, the gift of free will. At every turn throughout the day, he is called upon to exercise it. The wisdom or folly of his choice will assuredly be evidenced, for good or ill, in the subsequent happenings of his life.

Now, as scarcely ever before, the college man has a most momentous choice to make; a stern duty confronts him. Shall he or shall he not relinquish his studies and respond to his country's call to arms? The probability is that he will be obsessed by the spirit of patriotism, calling on him to avenge outraged humanity, to preserve it, and to cherish it. On the other hand, the voice of authority urges him to continue his academic career, and assures him that by so doing he will serve his country more effectively than by shouldering a gun. To which of these two calls should he respond? Which course should he choose? The choice is being made daily, and sentiments of the purest patriotism inspire the choice. May God prosper him in whatever field of activity he elects for the exercise of his prowess!

EDWARD N. SOXMAN, '18.

Inter-Allied War Council.

THE proposed Inter-Allied War Council is the best thing that could possibly have been thought of. If the war is unnecessarily prolonged on account of lack of efficiency or want of co-operation, the delay may well mean the continuation of the war for several more years, with its losses of billions of money and hundreds of thousands of lives. The delay of months, weeks, days, or even hours, must be paid for with money and with lives. This is a fact that the chief nations now engaged are beginning to realize. They know they must sacrifice petty national wants, vain glory and display, to the one great end—the winning of the war, and that quickly.

No one is in the least pessimistic about the outcome of the conflict. Everyone believes that the cause of democracy and right shall triumph, and that the loyal spirit of the allied nations shall cheerfully and ungrudgingly bring about this desired result of unselfish co-operation for the common good. If this result is

attained, we shall see a closer union in the cause of humanity and world brotherhood. By clearly understanding one another, and consequent co-operation, speedy victory will perch on the Allied banners, and peace will be brought to a war-torn world.

JUSTIN J. GALLAGHER, '19.

In Memoriam.

ON Thursday morning, October 25, a solemn high Mass of Requiem was offered up in the University chapel for the repose of the soul of the late Very Rev. Anthony J. Zielenbach, C. S. Sp. The Mass was sung by the Very Reverend Father Hehir, assisted by Rev. S. Rydlewski and Rev. J. Rossenbach. In addition to the Fathers of the community and the student body, there were also present Reverends John Otten, George Lee, Theophile Meyer, Edward Knaebel, Francis Schabel, Joseph Jaworski, Francis Roehrig, Theodore Maniecki and John Dekowski.

Father Zielenbach was born in Solseifen, near Cologne, Germany, in 1855. He joined the Holy Ghost Order at Marienstadt in 1867. When Bismarck's May Laws went into effect, the Holy Ghost Fathers and all the aspirants to their Order were forced into exile, and the subject of this notice found a refuge in Ireland. On the completion of his scholastic studies, he went to France for his theology, and was ordained priest in 1879. During the next 27 years he filled various offices in the United States—pastor in Arkansas, professor, treasurer and director of Brothers in Duquesne University; pastor of St. Anthony's Millvale, and finally the highest office he could hold in the States, that of Provincial. In 1906, he was elected Consultor General of the Order, and resided in Paris until the outbreak of the war. His nationality determined a change of residence; after brief stays in Belgium and Holland, where the Holy Ghost Fathers have educational institutions, he took up his abode with other members of his Order in Knechsteden, Germany. Here he spent the last three years of his life, and died on October 4th. The announcement of his death reached Pittsburgh by way of Switzerland.

Father Zielenbach was noted for piety and zeal, devotion to missionary work, and tactful organization; during his administration the province developed along spiritual and material lines.

CHRONICLE

College and High Schools.

The College Faculty has been strengthened by the arrival of a new professor, the Very Rev. Canon Viscount Verheijen, J. U. D., LL. D. Dr. Verheijen is a native of Holland, and in addition to his own language speaks fluently English, French, and German. Having finished his classics in the Jesuit College of Amsterdam, he entered the State Law University, and graduated LL. B. and LL. D. after a four years' course. He chose a diplomatic career, and was appointed Assistant Secretary to the Netherlands Legation in Buenos Aires. After two years' service he yielded to a long-felt desire to study for the priesthood, and entered, first, the Seminary at Rysenburg, and then, after one year, the University of Freiburg, where he finished his course, specialized in Canon Law, and graduated Doctor Utriusque Juris. Subsequent to his ordination he was employed in diplomatic missions to the East Indies and Mexico; in recognition of his successful accomplishment of the delicate missions confided to him, he was rewarded by Queen Wilhelmina with the decoration of Officer of the Order of Orange-Nassau. An additional honor was conferred upon him by the Cathedral Chapter of Utrecht, which made him an Honorary Canon as a token of their high esteem of his contributions to the ecclesiastical literature of his mother tongue.

New Professors

To replace Professor Norris of happy memory now on the staff of St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, a substitute had to be found. We were fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Dudley D. Zuver, a young man of exceptional ability, thoroughly enamoured of the sciences. Mr. Zuver is a graduate (B. Sc.) of Allegheny College, Pa. He has had experience in teaching the sciences, theoretically and practically, and inspires his students with confidence in his ability. We trust that he will instill into them as great a love of the sciences as that by which himself is actuated.

As may be seen from the article entitled "From the Camps", Father Dewe is no longer a member of the Faculty. The dire

Father Dewe Chaplain

need of priests to attend to the spiritual interests of soldiers during their period of training and especially when they have crossed the Atlantic for service in a country where their language is not spoken, impressed him profoundly, and he generously renounced the comparatively tranquil life of a professor for the din of camps and the danger of shot and shell. His is a species of missionary life that allows little time for repose and exacts all that is best in God's representative, whether he administers the Sacraments, listens to complaints, smoothes away difficulties, cheers dropping spirits, or communicates to stricken homes the sad news of an untimely and painful death. But we feel confident that Father Dewe will prove equal to every demand upon his vitality, his devotion, his tact, his charity and sense of duty. In the class room, in the lecture hall, and in the orchestra, he will be greatly missed. Possessed of a wide range of knowledge and a variety of accomplishments, he enjoyed a supreme facility for communicating instruction and enlivening a topic or an assembly. We hope and pray that he will come unscathed through the dangers that will beset him as chaplain of the troops under fire.

First Term Examinations

The first term examinations were held early in November. These examinations were written in all subjects, and oral in classics, modern languages, book-keeping, commercial law, and, in the scientific classes, in mathematics. On the afternoon of November 13, the results were announced in the Assembly hall. Never were awarded so many honor certificates—two hundred and twenty. This goes to show more than usual application and all-round study.

The following students obtained first place in their respective classes: (College Department) D. J. Nee, S. M. Zaborowski, F. J. Ligday, C. J. Kronz; (Pre-Medical) F. V. Bielski; (Prep. Law) F. J. Maturo; (Commeecial) E. F. Brett, J. L. McMahon, G. J. McGarry; (Academic) A. J. King, E. P. Kearney, J. B. Walsh, J. Rozenas, R. C. Guthrie, W. Jacko, C. Jarusinski; (Scientific) W. J. McCarthy, S. P. Balcerzak, J. M. Brown, G. J. McNally, J. E. Diemer; (Preparatory) V. Owczarzak, F. M. Gunde.

Duquesne Represented

The Very Rev. President, Father Hehir, attended the silver jubilee celebration of the founding of the Drexel Institute, Philadelphia. Educators from all parts of the States and Canada were present. They seized the opportunity to discuss at length the services which colleges may render their country in the crisis through which we are passing.

He also attended the Fourth Annual Meeting of the Association of Urban Universities held chiefly in the Mellon Auditorium on November 15, 16 and 17. Extension services, in their various aspects, were discussed in the several papers.

Congratulations

Through the columns of the MONTHLY, Duquesne University conveys its most cordial congratulations to the Right Rev. John Mark Gannon, D. D., D. C. L., Auxiliary Bishop-elect of the Erie diocese. Four years ago the Faculty recognized his services to the Church and education by conferring on him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

Sympathy

We desire to express our sympathy to Rev. John M. Kilgallen on the death of his father, whose obsequies took place from St. John the Baptist's on November 20th, Father H. McDermott representing the University on the occasion; and to Michael N. Schmidt on the loss of his brother, November 17.

Annual Memorial Mass

The annual Memorial Mass of Requiem for deceased alumni, benefactors and teachers was celebrated in the University chapel on Tuesday morning, November 20, at ten o'clock. Rev. J. D. Hagan was celebrant; Rev. G. J. Bullion, deacon; Rev. F. P. Shields, sub-deacon, and Rev. J. J. O'Connell, master of ceremonies. Rev. Herman J. Killmeyer preached the sermon on the occasion. In addition to the Faculty and student body, alumni and other friends of the University assisted at the services.

Visitors

Amongst recent visitors welcomed to the University were Alfred W. McCann, Rev. John T. Durward, Rev. William P. Curtin, Rev. Eugene Regan, and Rev. Joseph J. Callahan.

Mr. McCann has made for himself a nation-wide name as an authority on pure food. He lectures on the subject from Boston to Washington, and can always rely on a large and sympathetic audience. We are proud to hear that he

is the second best paid journalist in the city of New York. He contributes daily to the *New York Globe* and the *Chicago Daily News.*

It was quite an intellectual treat to listen to the missioner, traveller and scholar from Baraboo, Wis., Rev. J. T. Durward. He has seen America and Europe extensively, and has paid gracious and acceptable homage to the muses of poetry and prose. It is, however, by his incomparable work on the Holy Land that his name will be best known to posterity.

Father Curtin, pastor of Sewickley, and Father Regan, of the Buffalo Missionary Band, spent a few hours with us in the middle of the month. This is by no means the first occasion when Father Curtin showed his interest in Duquesne; we have still very pleasant memories, and many amongst us I hope are still actuated by the impressions, of the spiritual retreat he conducted for us some three years ago. Father Regan is a hard-working member of a successful body of missioners; at the time of his visit, he was giving a three weeks' retreat to the people of Sewickley.

Since the time of his graduation Father Callahan had few opportunities for visiting his *Alma Mater.* His life has been an active one whether he was engaged at his theological studies in Rome, his teaching at the Holy Ghost Seminary, Conn., or exercising the responsible duties of pastor at Chippewa Falls, Wis. His latest appointment to the Presidency and Superiorship of the Holy Ghost Apostolic College connotes confidence in his mental and spiritual qualifications of constant and sterling worth.

Entertainments

Sunday evening concerts began on October 7 and are scheduled to run until the middle of April. Each of the higher classes takes its turn and supplies the debate which rounds out the programme. It was not until the Fourth High appeared that any enthusiasm was manifested, the offerings of the previous nights being poor in quality and meagre in number. Now, we are happy to say, the representatives of the various classes seem to have struck their stride and seem likely to maintain it. Fourth High night drew an unusually large number of visitors to our hall and entertained them with increasing magnetic force from the rising of the curtain until the last echo of the debate had died away in the emptying hall. The interesting and imaginative King-Pachel class prophecy was admirably interpreted by

Kenneth Leopold. Hugh Kelly was cordially applauded for his tenor solo. The Junior boarders displayed skill and nerve in executing a series of pretty pyramids on vaulting horses. The speakers manifested none of that crudeness and stage fright that usually accompany first efforts, and the orchestra under Professor Weis maintained its high reputation as an entertainer.

Attempted illustrated lectures twice failed owing to the fact that the operator could not succeed in getting the stereopticon to illustrate, but a charm attended the third trial and Father Malloy treated the audience to an inexpensive though instructive and entertaining trip through the Western States.

Freshman night was true to its best traditions. As speakers and entertainers the Freshies outclassed their previous efforts. M. Noon Glynn furnished the surprise of the evening, singing and interpreting comic songs, including one of his own composition, in which the idiosyncrasies of his class-mates were portrayed with the touch of a master caricaturist.

The class songs directed by Rev. F. X. Williams, C. S. Sp., always furnish a most enjoyable feature of every programme.

E. J. QUINN, '18.

School of Accounts.

The Duquesne University Infantry, Company A, has recently reorganized with the following officers: William M. Justice, president; E. J. Duggan, vice-president; P. O'Kane, secretary and treasurer. These gentlemen, with Messrs. Duffy and Zurbuck, constitute the executive committee.

Squads are drilled Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, from 12:30 to 1:30; and on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 6:30 to 7:30 o'clock, in the basement of the Union Arcade, by Colonel Blackstone or Captain Meyer. Uniforms and equipments are to be secured for the Company shortly.

Mr. W. H. Lacey, the versatile and learned instructor of the C. P. A. class, was the guest of the class at a supper at the William Penn on the last Monday of October. As the class was to take the examination for the C. P. A. degree next week, the members showed their appreciation of his unselfish interest in their behalf by holding a class and a supper at the same time. We look forward to success for this year's candidates.

Mr. Lewis F. Collins, C. P. A., is giving a course of lectures

and problems on partnership accounting to the members of the Advanced Accounting class; Mr. E. A. Ford Barnes, C. P. A., is dtscussing phases of bank accounting to his class. The large number of pupils in fundamental accounting necessitated four sections and the same number of instructors, Messrs. Deviny, Breitenstein, Ottman and Miller.

Dr. Walker, dean of the school, was called to Washington, D. C., early in November, to attend a meeting of the Fosdic Commission, of which the Doctor is local chairman. The function of this commission is to raise funds throughout the country to be spent in improving the tone of the amusements in cities near the sites of the cantonments.

The Accounting Faculty held its regular monthly meeting last Tuesday evening, discussed the topics taken up by the different sections of the first year class, and arranged the schedule for the forthcoming six weeks.

The Hamilton Debating Society held a very enthusiastic meeting on the second Wednesday of the month, and debated the question as to whether the U. S. should place an embargo on foodstuffs to neutral countries. Mr. McGraw was chairman; Messrs. Rush and Lang upheld the affirmative, whilst Messrs. Beckert and Loxterman defended the negative.

The class in Credit and Collections on Fridays at six o'clock is one of the most practical courses given this year. Two well-known local credit men are the alternating instructors, Messrs. Luther M. Robinson and Elliott Fredericks.

J. M. D.

School of Law.

The School of Law keeps on the even tenor of its way. Professors and students alike, are unsparing in their efforts to make the year a success.

It is stated that courses in Roman Law and Jurisprudence will be scheduled after Christmas.

The re-election of the Dean, Hon. J. M. Swearingen, LL. D., to the Bench of Allegheny County, was the occasion of much rejoicing and many congratulations.

H. J.

Alumni.

A MONTH'S Mind High Mass was celebrated in St. Mary's of the Mount, on November 12, for the repose of the soul of the Rev. T. F. O'Shea. Rev. H. J. McDermott represented Duquesne on the occasion.

FRANK W. JOYCE is finishing the last year of his medical course in the George Washington University, Washington, D. C. Sigismund Monkiewicz is a senior in the medical department of Temple University.

REV. S. J. RYDLEWSKI, C. S. Sp., celebrated the silver jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood on November 4th. He was the recipient of many cordial congratulations, as well as substantial tokens of the esteem in which he is held by the Polish clergy and people of Pittsburgh.

GERARD V. BUCHELE had the happiness of making his profession in the Passionist monastery on October 22. Next day he left for the Passionist house of studies in Boston.

THE present war is claiming many victims from the ranks of the clergy. The Holy Ghost Order is represented by 400 of its members on the French and German fronts. Not a few have fallen. The American branch is at present represented by Rev. Joseph Jaworski, who lately crossed the Atlantic with the first contingent of Polish troops, and by Rev. John Dekowski, assigned to the chaplaincy of the troops now in training at Niagara-on-the Lake. Both these reverend clergymen, from their education, physique, courage and devotion, should make ideal chaplains where shot and shell deal havoc to friend and foe alike.

FATHER FRANK A. SCHWAB, C. S. Sp., is now chaplain of the Industrial School at Rock Castle, Belmead, Va., with jurisdiction over all the whites and darkies within the limits of the horizon.

P. H. MCGUIRE, Esq., has been voted burgess of Homestead, Pa.

NINE aspirants to the Holy Ghost Order were ordained priests on November 14, at St. Mary's, Ferndale, Conn. Right Rev. J. J. Nilan, D. D., Bishop of Hartford, officiated, and over fifty priests of the diocese, together with more than one hundred and sixty other visitors were present. Rev. Joseph Sonnefeld and Rev. Eugene Fisher were amongst the happy levites.

Rev. Lawrence O'Connell, '92, whose earnest efforts in parish work in the past have made him one of the best known priests in the diocese, recently had an additional honor bestowed on him. He has been made director of charities. His new office will entail much labor and many difficulties, but we feel sure that he will make it a noteworthy success.

Rev. John R. McKavney. '13, assistant at the Church of the Resurrection, Brookline, met with a serious accident a few weeks ago, when a machine in which he was riding, on his way to bring children to school, skidded and threw him against a telegraph pole. He was very seriously and painfully injured. For a time his recovery seemed doubtful, but now his condition is improving, thanks to the expert care he receives from the doctors and nurses of St. Joseph's hospital.

We take this occasion to extend our heartiest congratulations to Satolli S. Smith and Miss Stella McMahon, who were joined in holy matrimony a short while ago.

Peter Duffy, of Butler, Pa., has been appointed fuel controller in his native county.

Dudley J. Nee, '18.

The Plea of Thousands.

(RONDEL)

AH, blessed Babe, we pray
Bring war to speedy end.
As Christmas gifts, oh send
Our boys home from the fray!
Grant on that joyous day
All wounds may heal and mend.
Ah, blessed Babe, we pray
Bring war to speedy end.

Forbid men to contend
In brutal, futile way.
Where threatens fell dismay
Let gentle peace descend.
Ah, blessed Babe, we pray
Bring war to speedy end.

M. Noon Glynn, '21.

The Thanksgiving Play.

FUN—pure, wholesome and unadulterated—was enjoyed by the audience that thronged the University Auditorium on the night of November 23, when the RED MASQUERS produced that delightful dramatic concoction, "All a Mistake". That such a rapid succession of ridiculous blunders could hardly occur in real life did not in the least detract from the plausibility of the farce as presented. The dialogue was so animated, the action so rapid, that there was no time to think between laughs. A house-ful of Nellies, an asylum next door, an amorous chappie, a husband distraught, red-fire, shotguns and a baker's dozen of other elements, made the mirth fast and furious.

As the leading man, Lieutenant Richmond, Walter Lynam was very soldierly and capable. His uncle, Captain Obadiah Skinner, was done to the life by Francis Ligday, voice, appearance, action all contributing to the illusion of robust middle age. Edward Quinn and George Foley as the English chappie and the country gentleman, were in hot water most of the time. Four young men essayed female roles with remarkable verisimilitude. In voice, makeup and carriage, Charles S. Donnelly, in the part of Nellie Richmond, left naught to be desired. Another maiden fair and sprightly was Nellie Huntington, in private life, yours truly, Kenneth A. Leopold. Character parts that might have been caricatures (but were not), were those assumed by Cornelius Becker and Leo McIntyre—respectively Cornelia Skinner, just forty-six, and Nellie McIntyre, housemaid by profession.

Thanks to Frank & Seder, Kaufmann's, Whittingtons and Book's, the costuming was done in the best possible taste; and the two stage settings made backgrounds for the action than which it would be hard to imagine prettier ones. For these artistic effects the following are largely responsible: Brother Ammon, Messrs. Caldwell, Fahey, Gallagher, Molyneaux and Van Cise. Father Malloy directed and staged the production with an attention to details that was everywhere evident.

The Students' orchestra enlivened the proceedings with choice and varied selections. Professor Weis is to be complimented on their fine showing. Charles Donnelly, M. Noon Glynn and Michael Murtha contributed songs that delighted the audience in the intervals between the acts. They were accompanied on the piano by their instructor, Father Williams.

Congratulations all around!

F. X. R.



UNIVERSITY HIGH FOOTBALL.

THE University High, Coach Brickley's squad, have suffered but one reverse this season, and that by a 15 to 12 score at Parnassus. The Parnassus game being but the second of the year and the men being new to Brickley, we have reason to believe, considering the form displayed by the team since, that if the Parnassus game had been later in the year the Duke team would have a clean record. If the experts who pick the All-Scholastic teams of the Pittsburgh district consider the University High team, we feel confident that several Duke players will find places upon it. "Art" Rooney by his wonderful playing has proven himself to be one of the greatest halfbacks in High School circles. This is all the more remarkable when we consider that it is his first year on the team. Another player who measures up to the best is Captain Walt Doyle. He has completely outplayed any center that has opposed him this year, and a glance over the Dukes' record will show that he has earned a right to be on the first team of any "All Scholastic Eleven". McIntyre, Leopold, Ligday, O'Brien, Egan and Ferrick will be missing when the call for next year's team is made, as they will graduate this year. Their loss will be felt as they have been big factors in the team's success.

Finley, McGrath, Reagan, Whyte, McNamara, Kelly, Brown and Martin will be back next year and promise to improve on this year's showing. Record:

University High, 13—Cannonsburg High, 0;
University High, 12—Parnassus High, 15;
University High, 14—Munhall High, 0;
University High, 6—Homestead High, 0;
University High, 6—Beaver High, 0;
University High, 6—Monaca High, 0;
University High, 12—Irwin High, 7;
University High, 6—Union High, Turtle Creek, 6.

This article would be incomplete without an account of the

Homestead game. The Homestead game was the biggest of the year for the University High team. For several years there has been great rivalry between the two teams. Last year relations were broken off, but things were patched up and a game was arranged this year. The day before the game was scheduled the feeling was at a high point among the Dukes, and great sorrow reigned when the game was postponed on account of wet grounds. A later date was fixed and the postponement only caused the feeling to rise to its highest tension. A large crowd of students accompanied the team to Homestead, and under the leadership of Noon Glynn won a rooting duel from the Homestead followers.

The game was one of the best seen in Homestead in many a day. Neither team was able to make a touchdown, but Rooney exhibited his skill in drop-kicking by booting the ball from the 35 and the 30-yard line for a total of six points.

The Dukes outplayed their opponents in all departments; their interference was better, and they showed better teamwork, and more aggressiveness.

Field goals: Rooney 2. Referee, Comfort, Fifth Avenue High. Umpire, Wolak, Duquesne. Head linesman, H. Lebea. Timers, Maturo and Milton. Time of quarters, 12 and 10 minutes.

JUNIORS.

JUNIORS, 111—LEETSDALE H. S., 0.

The Junior football season on the Bluff was opened with an easy victory over the Leetsdale High School team. The Juniors scored in the first few minutes of play. Hogan received the ball on the kickoff and dodged through the Leetsdale line for a touchdown. The visitors were clearly outclassed, and could not stop the well-coached Juniors. Rooney, Caldwell, Hogan and Mahoney starred for the Juniors. Mohn and Stacel played best for Leetsdale.

Juniors, 111.		Leetsdale, 0.
Scanlon	Left End	Smelas
Balcerzak	L. T.	Stacel
Sullivan	L. G.	Brennan
Doyle	Center	Springer
Coyne	R. G.	Smith
Caesar	R. T.	Mohn
Caldwell	R. E.	Moore
Harry	Quarter	McQuade
Rooney	R. H.	O'Connell

Hogan	L. H.	McCullough
Schultz	Fullback	Stacey

Substitutions: Joyce for Harry, F. Mahoney for Scanlon, J. Mahoney for Caldwell. Referee, Davies. Umpire, Wolak. Head linesman, A. Rooney. Timekeepers, McIntyre and Maxwell. Halves, 20 minutes.

JUNIORS, 24—ST. MARY'S, 0.

The Juniors defeated the St. Mary's H. S. team on the Bluff campus, 24–0. The Juniors scored at the end of the first quarter; the Mt. Washington team had the ball on their own ten-yard line when Mashank broke through, blocked a kick, Hogan securing the ball and going over for a touchdown. Caldwell scored the second touchdown in the third quarter. J. Doyle and Joyce starred for the Juniors, while Daly and Gallagher led the Mount team in playing.

Touchdowns, Caldwell 2, Hogan 2. Referee, Wolak. Umpire, O'Brien. Linesman, Smith.

JUNIORS, 28—SACRED HEART HIGH SCHOOL, 0.

The Juniors next defeated the Sacred Heart High School in a game that was good to see. Through the terrific plunging of Mashank and the dashing charges of Hogan, the Dukes made two touchdowns in the first quarter. The visitors outplayed the Juniors in the second quarter, but this only caused the Juniors to come back stronger in the third and fourth quarters. Caesar and Balcerzak showed up well on the defense.

Touchdowns, Mashank 3, Hogan 2. Goals from touch downs, Harry, Rooney, Joyce. Referee, Wolak. Umpire, Doyle. Linesmen, Giegerich and Farrel. Timekeepers, Maturo and J. Galvin. Time of quarters, 12 and 10 minutes.

The Juniors have closed another season without having their goal line crossed. This makes the third successive season the Juniors have gone through without a defeat, and two without having their goal crossed. This is a record to be proud of, and the management deserves much credit. Very few expected the present Junior team to equal the record of last year's Juniors, but this they have done and there are many who believe them to be the best Junior team that ever represented the school.

Because of their "rep", the Juniors were forced to go out of their class for games. This was a big undertaking but records speak for themselves. Below is a list of the Juniors' victims.

Balcerzak and Caesar have by their work this season proven themselves to be the best guards in the Juniors' ranks. Mashank, fullback, and Caldwell, end, have outclassed their opponents in all games. Harry and Doyle have played consistently through the entire season. These with Joyce and Hogan will fill the vacancies caused by graduation on next year's High team. Record:

Juniors, 111—Leetsdale High, 0;
Juniors, 33—Sacred Heart High, 0;
Juniors, 24—St. Mary's High, 0;
Juniors, 28—Holy Rosary High, 0;
Juniors, 26—South Hills High, 0.

Minims.

The Minims have closed a very successful season of "hard luck." In the first place the manager found it a difficult matter to get games; then J. Doyle, captain of the team, and of whom much was expected, met with an accident.

During the year seven games were played without a reverse. This is a fine record for the best of them.

Cassidy, Cherdini, Carl and Buckley have done much to keep up the Minims' reputation.

The most recent victory for the Minims was over St. Stephen's, 18 to 0.

Touchdowns: Buckley, Hurley, Carl, Conley. Referee, Doyle, University High. Umpire, Kane, St. Stephen's. Head linesman, Davies, University High. Time of quarters, 10 and 12 minutes.

Basketball.

Some time ago a call for 'Varsity and High School basketball candidates was issued. The response was gratifying, and the outlook for a successful season is bright.

J. J. McCloskey, the 'Varsity manager, has been hard at work, and promises a surprise for all when he publishes the schedule.

W. J. Power, manager of the High team, has about completed his schedule; he acknowledges that it is a very hard one, but he claims that his men will be equal to the task.

In former years Coach Bernard devoted his entire attention to the 'Varsity; this year he will be able to coach the High team in addition.

The Junior basketball team will be seen in action again under the capable direction of Father Zindler aided by student manager

Robert Sullivan. Professor Moran's hints and suggestions will be of great help to the Duke Juniors.

J. S. GARAHAN, '21.



Exchanges.

THE *De Paul Minerval* comes to us again a welcome visitor. The initial number contains three lengthy essays varying in subject and style. "The Dream of Democracy" presents in very thorough fashion the various interpretations and significances of the term democracy, tinctured now by anti-Emersonianism, now by Woman Suffrage, and again by the spiritualistic conception of history, and Republicanism in Politics. Of Philosophy the *Minerval's* gentle reader is assured a plenty in this issue. Through "Essence and Existence" once more it wends its labored way. "Religion and Literature" are disposed of in rather off-hand fashion in a series of philosophical and near-philosophical epigrams. Change the title, and your work will bear all criticism. Reid and Ruth in "The Broken Idols" surely were apt in selecting Byron and George Eliot as authors from whom to complete the "dastardly" work of that "atrocious" Aunt Lucia Delmon. This short story is developed with special skill; while on the other hand, "All for Old Glory" is as far fetched as the ship that cast John David Pritchard overboard with his water-soaked "honorable discharge" into his ever trusting mother's arms. Timely editorials together with "The Rambler" complete the bulk of this well-balanced exchange.

The Viatorian, also from the near west, contains a good essay, "Shakespeare's Ideal of Manhood", in which the author's statements are vouched for by the introduction of appropriate extracts from the immortal bard. "Is Man Free?" a philosophical treatise, is praiseworthy for its simplicity of style and expositorial clarity. "Circumstantial Evidence", the lone short story, is interesting enough, but we submit that the plot is capable of fuller development. The editorials are reasonable and well-written, and the various departments are well edited.

From Mt. St. Joseph's College, Baltimore, hails the always commendable *Collegian.* The essay, "Why We Should Read Poetry", shows a real insight into the subject. The author explains persuasively why the student should more frequently dip

into the muse-inspired volumes of the poets, for the intellectual training it affords, as well as for the aesthetic pleasure it gives. "Genius" another well-written essay, is somewhat lacking in logical connection. The readjustment of these well-expressed thoughts into their logical position would make this essay easier reading. "The Freedom of the Trail" is a rather lengthy piece of fiction but well worked out. The characterization is distinctive and the descriptive parts are vital to the story. "The Goal" and "Old Uncle Sam", two praiseworthy bits of verse, together with an essay manifesting a thorough study of "Shakespeare's Richard III", round out the first number of this welcome exchange.

Within the neat cover of the *Villa Sancta Scholastica* we find numerous short essays, one comparatively long article and many gems of verse by the anonymous "Ruth". "The Education of Backward Children in the United States", which is the leading article in the Fall number, does not confine itself to the United States, as we are led to believe from the title. Copious references are made to the experiments of French scientists, who, before the war, were endeavoring to devise a scale whereby a child's mental development could be gauged with mathematical precision. The shorter essays deal with such subjects as "Friendship", "Kindness" and "Words Once Spoken Can Never Be Recalled". The facetious title "How to Cure a Toothache" is disappointing because it captions nothing more than a recital of the many home-made remedies by which suffering mortals strive to lull an aching tooth to sleep.

WILLIAM F. GALVIN, '18.

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A Literary Magazine

Vol. XXV. JANUARY, 1918 No. 4

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Business Managers

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New Year's Promises.

(RONDEAU)

ON New Year's Day, our hopes are high,
Our resolutions touch the sky,
A thousand things we say we'll do,
Our promise keep the whole year through.

To hardships rude our wills we tie,
To do great deeds we all will try,
And, first, our lives we'll start anew
On New Year's Day.

But as the months go drifting by,
The year it ends; then comes a sigh;
We find that we have been untrue
To promise made, and so feel blue.
Then what does promise signify
On New Year's Day?

M. NOON GLYNN, '21.



Modern Methods of Marketing.

[CONCLUDED].

The Middleman in Marketing Agricultural Products.

FUNCTIONS OF WHOLESALE MIDDLEMEN.—There has been in the last few years a great deal of political and public agitation against the middlemen in marketing foodstuffs, but a careful and unbiased study of the situation will induce any sane investigator to believe that the great benefits accruing from the existence of middlemen far outweigh the few disadvantages which may be directly attributed to them.

The functions of the middlemen are far-reaching and of primary importance. Indeed, their share in the creation of utility is fully as important as that of the grower, for without their assistance the grower would be buried under the multitude of tasks assumed by the middleman. To list and classify the services he performs is well nigh impossible; but a few of the most important, as listed by Professor Weld in his comprehensive work, "The Marketing of Farm Products," are given:

1. To establish connections with country shippers.
2. To furnish facilities for handling and storing goods which arrive in large quantities, and to deal them out according to the desires of the public. This involves the principle of storage, both for short periods to regulate the daily flow of commodities, and for long periods to preserve from periods of flush production to seasons of scant production.
3. To sort, repack and prepare for market miscellaneous goods according to size, quality and package.
4. To study the needs of the retail trade and to arrange to supply each store with the kind, quantity and style of package of each commodity required.
5. To deliver to retail stores from day to day small units of the commodity required at the time required.
6. To finance both shippers and retailers by allowing the former to draw drafts at the time of shipments, and by extending the latter long credit.
7. To regulate the flow of commodities throughout

the markets, and thus reduce to a minimum the danger of dearths and gluts.

8. To furnish the business machinery which is essential to proper accounting, for huge quantities of goods of great aggregate value.

From this it can be seen that the elimination of the middleman is an impossibility. "The wholesale markets can be aptly compared," says Weld, "to an enormous reservoir into which pour the supplies of the whole country through huge mains. And these supplies are redirected to the retailer and the ultimate consumer through an innumerable number and series of small supply pipes directed and controlled by a master hand."

It is impossible for the retailer to deal directly with the shipper. The reasons are apparent. The retailer must carry a very large number of commodities, but, owing to the limitations of his clientele, and to the small sales, he cannot carry large amounts of each commodity. So he must be in a position to secure new supplies in small amounts at frequent intervals. It would be impossible for the shipper to fill such demands, as he must be allowed to ship in large quantities to secure favorable rates. Especially is this true of the retailer and the shipper of perishable goods, such as green vegetables or summer fruits.

The retailer would furthermore have to form different connections with every shipper for a supply of every commodity he might handle. Study the grocer you patronize. Even go so far as to limit yourself to the vegetables and fruit he has displayed in one portion of his store. The sweet potatoes are from New Jersey; the new potatoes from Bermuda or Florida; the lettuce from Texas, New York or Florida; the celery from New York, Michigan, Florida or even California; the carrots and beets are from Louisiana, the oranges from California, and the apples from Washington. Here to secure a half dozen commodities the whole country has been covered and even foreign states called upon. Nor is this all, for while in December to March the retailer secures his strawberries from Florida, in May they will be sent from Louisiana, in June from Georgia and Kentucky and Tennessee, and in July from Maryland and Ohio. It is so with all commodities of this nature. Supply districts change with the seasons. For a retail merchant to secure his commodities from the producer, it would be necessary for him to establish anywhere from one to five connections with different shippers for every

commodity. Such a state of affairs is not only improbable, but well nigh impossible.

These facts justify the existence of the middleman. It now appears advisable to discover who and what the middleman is. The term "middleman" includes any agency through which a commodity travels in its journey from the grower to the retailer. Thus, in this definition are included the transportation companies, the commission man, the wholesaler, the jobber, the warehouseman, the speculator, the broker, and the shipper or exporter. These terms are used interchangeably in different markets, but a broad general definition can be given for each which can be used for all ordinary purposes.

The Wholesaler is one who buys his goods outright from the producer in the country districts.

The Jobber is one who buys outright from the wholesaler and sells in small quantities to the retailer.

The Warehouseman is one who stores goods against ultimate requirements. He may or may not own the goods stored. Usually he does not.

The Commission Man is the agent of the grower or shipper. His possession of goods is simply in the form of a bailment wherein both the shipper as bailor and the commission man as bailee hope to benefit.

The Broker is very similar to the wholesaler, save that he buys in larger quantities of one commodity.

The Shipper or Exporter is one who buys in one market and sends his goods to another.

The Speculator is one who buys and sells in the same market. He is the only factor whose entrance into the field is not accompanied by production. All the others are of more or less importance in the creation of different forms of utility. The speculator, however, adds no material value whatsoever to the commodities he handles. He is engaged in the business solely for the most selfish and personal motives. It is through his actions that the term middleman has come into disrepute, but how he is to be eliminated is a problem as yet unsolved.

From a careful perusal of these statements one should not form the conclusion that these classifications are distinct in actual business conditions. In fact, it is often hard to decide whether a middleman is a commission man, a wholesaler, a jobber or a broker. A firm which possesses all the requisites to be classed as any one of the four units named above has even been known to

act on occasions in the capacity of a warehouseman. The conditions were as follows:

A large part of its stock was secured by straight purchase, but still another part of its goods was handled on a commission basis. Again, if orders were received for goods it did not have, these goods were purchased from other firms and resold to the customers. Furthermore, perceiving a future scarcity of a commodity, the company has been known to purchase that stock and to store it away against that shortage. Under such conditions this one firm could be considered as a wholesaler, a commission house, a jobber and a warehouseman.

The Retail Merchant and the Marketing of Agricultural Products.

The farm product has now been traced from the soil through the devious channels of marketing to the last middleman. It is now in the last hands it will pass through before it is in the possession of the ultimate consumer—he who purchases it for the purpose of consumption, the final and greatest and most important use of utility. But even here complications are encountered almost as puzzling as those observed with the middleman. Retail shops are as varied as any other form of marketing; and retail methods, as diversified as wholesale practices.

Although innovations have been introduced into the retail end of the business, as well as in the other branches, the "corner" store still remains the main distributing agent.

The retail merchant has been severely censured time after time by investigators, the public, notoriety-seeking politicians and self-styled Economic Betterment Experts. Claims have even been advanced by certain of these irresponsible parties that a tacit understanding is maintained between retailers in fixing prices for their goods. A little consideration on the part of each housewife will prove beyond contravention the foolishness of such a statement. How could the hundreds of merchants ever come together to affix price rates? And even if they could, how could they do it without the public being immediately aware of the fact? Or who could fix a price that would satisfy the large store owner, whose profit comes after an enormous overhead has been paid, and the pushcart merchant whose only overhead charges are a five dollar license fee and a cart, and whose profits and wages are merely different names for the same amount of money?

It is true that the percentage added to the sales price by the

retailer is higher than that of the middleman. But such a course is entirely justified by circumstances. A comparison of the two branches will most quickly substantiate this statement. The main overhead charges of most establishments, wholesale and retail, may be classified under the following main headings: (1) Rent, (2) Heat and Light, (3) Wages, (4) Equipment, (5) Delivery or Service.

RENT.—Wholesale houses are usually found clustered in one locality near the terminal of yards of some transportation company. The Pittsburgh market, one of the largest in the Eastern United States, is a very good example. This district is situated in one of the poorest sections of the city. It is bounded by the Pennsylvania Railroad produce yards on the north, 19th Street on the west, Liberty Avenue on the south, and 22nd Street on the east. Yet in this restricted area it frequently happens that more money changes hands than on Fourth Avenue, the Wall Street of Pittsburgh. The rent, owing to the environment, is notoriously low. The retail stores, however, are scattered throughout the city. They must be centrally located in business districts to secure trade. Central locations entail high rentals. The differential here alone is very great.

HEAT AND LIGHT.—It is a fact that in the salesrooms of the biggest wholesale houses in Pittsburgh, heat is supplied in the winter months solely by one coal stove set up in the middle of each room. Customers and salesmen, needless to say, place more reliance on top coats and mittens than upon the stoves. The lighting system in most of these stores is absolutely shameful. The lights are few and far between and frequently missing. Compare these conditions to the high-priced radiator systems and bright arc lights found in many of the retail shops.

WAGES.—A clerk, no matter how efficient he may be, can wait upon but a limited number of customers. The number of customers entering a retail shop is much larger than the number entering a wholesale establishment. Also the clerk in a retail store must wrap almost every article sold. This is not the case, however, with the wholesaler. His packages are almost invariably sold in the original form in which they were received. The value of a retailer's individual sales will not average ten per cent. of that of the wholesaler's. Retail customers demand immediate attention. Wholesale customers are willing to wait. All of these conditions make it imperative that the retailers have large sales forces; and large sales forces spell high salary accounts.

EQUIPMENT.—Equipment in a wholesale produce house is an unknown word. The vast majority of such houses do not even contain counters. The most one can find is a couple of scales and a cellar full of huge wooden bins in which are stored root products. When such a negligible condition is contrasted with the high-priced furnishings of the retail shops—glass cases, marble counters, spring and electric scales, sanitary fixtures, glass ornamentation, etc., the contrast becomes laughable.

DELIVERY.—Perhaps one of the greatest expenses of the retailer is the extravagant and entirely unnecessary delivery system he has been forced to provide to satisfy the exacting housewife. It is an accepted fact that many large stores are forced to carry daily orders not entailing more than a fifty cent value, a distance of five or six miles in order to secure a Saturday order of three or four dollars. The housewife can blame only herself for such conditions. The shopkeeper, in self-protection, must charge enough against his goods to cover this expense. The wholesale methods are different. Deliveries are made once daily and in large lots. The retailer often covers the same route three times daily with light loads. It is demanded of him, and he must yield to retain his trade. If the purchasing public could be educated to this fact, and could be induced to carry home their marketing, a noticeable decrease in prices would be the immediate result. But instead of such conditions coming into existence, present practices are becoming more and more severe.

After an honest consideration of conditions as they actually exist, one is forced to admit, no matter how unwillingly, that to the public, and to the public alone, is due a large portion of the censure and blame laid at the door of the retailer in helping to boost up the cost of living.

Necessary Reforms.

A resume of prevailing conditions seems to suggest several vital reforms.

FOR the GROWER:

1. Standard methods of sorting, packing and shipping.
2. Co-operative bargaining in transporting products.
3. Encouragement of brand names.

FOR THE TRANSPORTATION COMPANIES:

1. Better icing service for perishable goods.
2. Equitable freight charges.

3. Satisfactory car service for heavy shipping seasons.
4. Rapid transit provisions for perishable shipments.

FOR THE WHOLESALER:

1. Promotion of honest relations with producer.
2. Inspection of receipts as to quality.
3. Installation of sanitary business methods.

FOR THE RETAILER:

1. Inspection of food stocks.
2. Sanitation in poor residential districts.
3. Restriction of expensive delivery systems.
4. Restriction of too extensive credit.

Although the reforms, as outlined above, seem very important and far-reaching, which indeed they are, yet, when it is considered how relatively young the business is in comparison with many others, it is striking how rapidly the industry has grown, not only in size, but also in methods, results, efficiency and betterment. Already steps have been taken and much has been accomplished in securing the most essential of the reforms just outlined; and, basing future conditions upon past accomplishments, we can safely state that another decade will see the business of Marketing Farm Products as highly standardized and as efficiently managed as any other of our many great national industries.

JOSEPH E. MONTEVERDE, B. C. Sc., '17.

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MUSIC, the voice of the angels,
The sweetest of melodies,
Steals soft from the northern tempests
To calmest of southern seas!

The voice of the true soul's yearning,
It stirs from the depths of man
Resolves that are born undying—
A part of th' eternal plan!

'Tis ever the sad soul's comfort
From youth till life's decline,
Dispelling the clouds of sorrow,
And cheering with light divine.

JACK MORAN.

A Bit of Business.

H. C RANDON, sales-manager of the Standard Steel Company, savagely flung the neatly-typed contract onto his desk, whirled his swivel chair, and kicked viciously at a harmless rose woven artistically into the rich, varicolored rug that covered his office floor. Having failed to dislodge the innocent design, Randon planted his foot firmly on it and glared.

His steely grey eyes unconsciously singled out from the numerous windows across the court the three distinguishingly large apertures through which the mellow sun entered to frolic about the gorgeous sanctum of the general manager.

The sight did anything but soothe Randon; his thoughts became as pleasant as the essence of gall. Here he had secured the unhoped-for contract from the Harley Corporation, representing a net profit of thousands, and the general manager had hardly complimented him. In justice he ought to have been recommended to Grey, the president.

But, Randon commiserated himself, Haskill was getting old, and the business was growing away from him. Naturally a man does everything in his power to retain his position when a better man is pushing him to the wall.

Still, he thought with an inward vehemence, how absurd it was for a big business to have big, strong, enduring wheels subservient to an old, time-worn gear, cast and tempered for lighter strains. A chain is as strong as its weakest link; a machine is as reliable as its weakest gear; but especially is this true when the doubtful gear controls the propellers. Obviously the present incumbent across the way ought to be removed. But there seemed no prospect of it in the near future. Therefore, H. C. was annoyed, for H. C. was ambitious.

Moreover, Randon was in love,—had been in love for some time. However, the aspiring sales-manager had an ingrown conviction that no one lower than a G. M. ought to marry. Hence, the impotent peevishness and the murderous assault on the inoffensive rose.

The clerical working day was drawing to a close and the weary force in the large outer office of the sales department were rushing their work with an eye to the clock. None had left their desks, for the boss had not yet emerged from his private office, and word had gone around that he was in a bad humor. Still, as the clock hand evidenced the hour of quitting and the high chief

had not appeared, many reckless Beau Brummels and rouged typists glided off to their evening one-step.

A diffident head clerk essayed to beard the lion who sulked in his den, clenching an unlighted cigar between his teeth, and was greeted with a surly "Good Night."

Randon had by this time developed a very miserable grouch. He had brooded, argued, thought himself into a pronounced attack of the blues. He didn't care, he told himself. He didn't even want to advance. What was the use? More work, more labor, more responsibility.

Time after time Randon repeated this stereotyped balm for failures. Somehow it failed to ease his own bruised conceit. No panacea was there for him. He no longer had ambition nor ambition's pangs, but the blackest coma obsessed his soul. Gone was the natural optimism which had made him an ideal salesman; gone the buoyoncy of spirit which had made him an ideal sales-manager. The world was dark and dreary. The deepest melancholy hung over him like a pall.

Changed as he was at heart, Randon's outward appearance gave evidence of the fact. His wonted poise of the smart, alert man of business, which had taken much time and conscientious labor to acquire, had fled. His head hung forward as if bowed to a conqueror.

In such a stupor Randon sat limp at his desk oblivious of the passing of day. The night came on but only added to his gloom and depression. It gave him nothing to hope for, nothing to strive for.

Finally, the very darkness produced a reaction in him. He was not able to bear it any longer. He would seek light and gayety.

Before he could put this resolution into effect, however, Randon's unutterable gloom was dissipated by the phosphorescent glow of a most diabolical idea. He discovered how he might hasten the end of the weak gear.

That same night Randon had a secret meeting with a notorious industrial warrior and worker who was easily persuaded for a certain sum to scatter agitators throughout the Standard Steel plant to foment discontent among the men. That they would fail did not enter the mind of H. C., for even he knew that conditions in the works admitted of more than one—if not unjust, at least for the time irremediable—grievance.

Having thus started his plot, Randon delved into the business

of sales-managing with unwonted energy and zeal. He personally supervised the negotiating of several large deals and secured better than market prices by promising to rush the orders. He travelled to New York, and with the greatest difficulty convinced a British purchasing agent that the Standard Steel was the ideal place in which to fill war orders.

He returned from Gotham in time to find trouble brewing at home. The men in righteous indignation had demanded a reform in working conditions, an increase in wages proportionate to the increased cost of living, recognition of the union, and the rehiring of men discharged on account of organizing activities.

Mr. Haskill, the veteran general manager, bristling with anger, invited the men to go to Hades. Instead, they went on strike.

Immediately Haskill discovered that he had made a bonehead play; he should have temporized. Those British war contracts had to be filled at all hazards; a time limit and bond forfeiture were incidental to those contracts. Normally, they could very easily have been filled in the allotted period with a little over-time work. Now there was grave danger of their not being satisfied at all.

The pompous directors of the Company met in conference and uttered peremptory remarks anent the situation, but could not hear of the reduced dividends entailed in a concession to the men. In the end they put the burden of settlement upon the officials.

This latter body convened and deliberated upon the crisis and its cure. They decided that the men could be beaten and broken inside of three weeks. But those war contracts—there was the difficulty. Three weeks could not be lost, not even a week.

They then sought to fasten the blame, for each seemed determined not to have the onus. The consensus of opinion appeared to be that Randon was responsible for having made rash contracts; but when it was shown that he had first consulted the general manager he was absolved from guilt.

At this point in the deliberation, President Grey who had been maintaining a grim, white silence remarked causticly that the fault seemed to lie in debilitated imagination as a requisite of executives; whereupon he glanced contemptuously about him.

Randon—shrewd, cunning, inscrutable—suffered no embarrassment at the chief executive's cutting comment, as did his

fellow-officials. On the contrary, he tingled with vanity, for he appreciated the fact that his companions were old, staid, unimaginative, while he alone was young, fresh, far-seeing. He began to discern in the frowsy president a hitherto unsuspected vein of astuteness.

The confab ended after a prolonged discussion of many things, a discussion as verbose as it was sterile in results. Toward the end, the talk had developed a weary repetition of matters that had come up early in the session, and Randon, from sheer ennui, sighed perceptibly when the president called an adjournment.

However, the conference had not been without its benefit, thought the ambitious sales-manager. Two things he had noted particularly. First, Haskill presented a very wearied and self-accusative oppearance during the meeting, as if he blamed himself for the whole affair. Secondly, Grey, the president, if perplexed was externally calm and his resolute chin and compressed lips manifested determination not easily shaken.

Grey's first observation greatly pleased him, but the second was not so pleasing. Randon would rather have had Grey display worry and doubt. Instead, his mien had radiated unswerving confidence, a confidence which to Randon implied a fixed decision.

Fearing that the executive intended to call in outside help and thus complicate—if not frustrate—his plans, the sales-manager unostentatiously remained behind after the rest had taken their departure.

"Mr. Grey, I believe I can compose this difficulty with the men," Randon announced boldly.

"You do? Then why did you not speak up in the conference?"

"Because, sir, my plan is only tentative, and requires your co-operation and the greatest secrecy."

"Let's have it," Grey snapped succinctly, his steely gaze searching Randon suspiciously.

So disconcerting did he find those cold, calculating eyes peering unnaturally from the depth of his even countenance, that Randon was momentarily confused, but his innate egotism came to his rescue and he briefly outlined his scheme.

"But if you fail, Randon, won't that be a victory for the men?"

"A moral victory, perhaps, without material gain. Besides, Mr. Grey, I am positive that I will not fail. Professional agitators

for personal ends have gotten into our works, and by taking advantage of the natural prejudice of the masses against their employers, have stirred up the men to see injustice where none exists. Remove the appearance, therefore, and I will bring the men to their senses."

"But do you not consider it impugning one's honor to buy off such scoundrels."

"Decidedly not. You must remember that those men are undoubtedly in the employ of the Orkney Company which, as you know, was a strong competitor for those war orders."

"I guess it's the only way," conceded Grey, "but I hate to see those villains profit by it."

Much elated Randon left President Grey. He had succeeded beyond his highest hopes. He had even persuaded the firm to pay the price that he had promised the I. W. W. for creating the opportunity for him to advance. He would now break the strike, and thereby prove his ability to handle a general manager's position. They surely could not deny him the place after Haskill had demonstrated such glaring inability and lack of finesse.

The strike was off. The men—crushed, beaten, ashamed—surrendered unconditionally. Their inspiring leaders had ignominiously fled with the organization's slender funds. The men bemoaned their innocence, and gratefully accepted the Company's magnanimous permission to return to work.

Indeed, they worked. The war orders were filled in record time at a minimum of cost to the Company in labor.

Proudly H. C. Randon, sales-manager *pro tem.*, general manager-to-be, swaggered into President Grey's private rendezvous in answer to that official's request for Mr. Randon to kindly come to his office when convenient.

Mr. Randon had noted the phrasing of the request, and did not rush to the interview like a groveling menial. He presented himself an hour later, as became one of some import.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Randon. Have a chair," Grey invited courteously. Then to his private secretary, whom he was dismissing, "You may take that matter up to-morrow with the new general manager."

Randon ensconsed himself in one of the easy chairs reserved for bank executives and the like, and waited nonchalantly for the promotion that he knew was forthcoming. He wondered idly how Grey would make such an important announcement; would Grey congratulate him immediately or proceed by detailing his past services to the Company.

Grey did neither. He seated himself deliberately and remarked off-handedly. "You know, Mr. Randon, ever since your remarkable settlement of that—eh—labor trouble, I, that is we, have been contemplating a move that will materially affect your future. Mr. Haskill, owing to ill-health, has been for a long time desirous of resigning his responsible position, but realizing our predicament in not having found a competent man to assume the arduous duties of general manager, he kindly consented to stay until I had unearthed one. I am sure I have that man now."

Mr. Grey paused as if doubtful how to proceed, but Randon smiled knowingly and encouragingly.

"That man," continued President Grey evenly, "is Mr. Wilson of the engineering department, a man who —"

"But, but—I say, Grey, what does this mean?" Randon sputtered gaspingly.

"Oh, as for you, Mr. Randon, we have other plans. We have decided to dispense with your services."

"What, what is the meaning of this farce?" Randon blazed vehemently, jumping to his feet. "Who saved the plant, the business, when it was foundering?"

"The very man who was scuttling it. You, Mr. Randon."

"Why, why—," began Randon.

"No explanations needed, sir. I know all about it. You are pretty cute, I'll admit, but you double-crossed yourself in dealing with that Industrial Worker. He tried to sell me information regarding treachery in a trusted official. I threatened to turn him over to the men. He confessed."

Randon was stupefied. His sleek, dark face was livid. He strove to speak, but his tongue would not.

Grey was still talking. "Now, Mr. Wilson, who is competent, honest and efficient, has suggested some slope reform which will—"

But Randon did not stay to hear what Wilson was about to say.

D. J. Mulvihill, '18.

The Knight of the Skates.

A GENTLE stroke, the puck departs with easy grace and slow;
The gallant Knight with eagle eye hath seen it from below;
He grasps his club and manfully prepares him for the fray:
The puck the while in graceful curve continues on its way.

And now it rests within the reach of that full valiant Knight,
The club is raised and through the air it swoops with awful might;
But ere, alas! it reach the ice a dreadful thing, I ween,
Hath come to pass, for that strong Knight in agony is seen.

At first it seemed as if the Knight were bending towards the rear,
But soon, instead, the steel-clad feet unto the front draw near.
Next did the Knight perform a bow which all might well dismay—
It was indeed a Grecian bend, but done the other way.

The Knight no longer now doth deign upon the ice to stay,
And towards the heavens with both his feet he swiftly wends his way.
Arises then a fearful cry which every heart doth rend—
The Knight is back upon the ice, but on his nether end.

And round his head in gorgeous sheen the glorious stars do fly
And wink at him as is their wont at night-time in the sky,
And from his lungs proceed such sounds of superhuman woe
As almost melt the ice around and cause its tears to flow.

But now behold! the ill-famed puck, the cause of all his woe,
Hath disappeared, and where it is, no human there doth know,
And all around the lists in haste the combatants do scan,
The puck howe'er cannot be seen by any mortal man.

At last, with lamentations loud, the goodly Knight doth rise,
For sure the ice is passing cold, as all in truth surmise;
And as he stands a cry bursts forth that well might thrill a stone—
The puck had been the resting place of yonder Knight's backbone.

PETREL STORM, '19.

Bank Protections.

A YOUNG man with whom I was not acquainted approached the desk where I was at work and courteously inquired if I would give a minute of my time to explain how money is safeguarded in our banks from robbers, check forgers and covetous bank clerks. I answered him in the affirmative, and set out to impart to him the little I know in that regard.

Now, my friend, I said, let us first consider how it is protected from robbers. You see that big iron vault over in the northeast corner; well, that vault is encircled between its inner and outer walls with a copper plate, and this copper plate is charged to about 25,000 volts of electricity. When the vault is locked, the time-lock is set, so that the door cannot be opened until a certain time has elapsed. Moreover, a big, wooden door is closed in front of the vault, which takes on the appearance of a wardrobe; small pieces of copper from the outer wall of the vault come in contact with copper plates fastened to this wooden door, thus communicating a current of electricity. If you should open or even bump that wooden door, a signal would be given to a local protection company, the county detectives and city police would hurry to the spot. In case you should get to the iron door before the arrival of protectors, one turn of the combination would prove absolutely fatal.

But you may ask, how does the cashier get it open? Well, here is the answer. As soon as he opens the wooden door, a big bell (unseen) sounds a warning; then he pushes a little button on the inner side of the wooden door, just so many times, as a signal to the protective company, which answers back O. K. Thereupon he proceeds to open the vault. During daylight an armed guard protects it. From these precautions it is clear that a robber could not get into a vault of any of these downtown banks. Furthermore, inside the vault is another immense safe which not even the biggest gun of the Kaiser could burst; herein lies "the cash."

Check forgers are taken care of also, but they are far more to be dreaded than robbers. The American Bankers' Association, the wealthiest financial institution in the world, takes good care of all forgers through their protective branch. Let us take an example. You forge a check on the First National Bank of New York. Have it cashed at a bank in Pittsburgh. Of course, to do this, you must be identified, and the person who

identifies you has also to endorse the check, and he must be known to the bank officials. After you get it cashed, it goes out by mail from the Pittsburgh bank direct to New York; then it goes through the Clearing House to the First National Bank of New York. The book-keeper of this bank discovers the forgery, and returns the check through the Clearing House. If the check amounts to $500 or over, the Clearing House bank wires the Pittsburgh bank, "Check $500, endorsed by you, depositor John Doe, forged." The check then comes back by mail to the Pittsburgh bank which calls up the man who indentified you and holds him to account for the $500. If he fails to locate you, he has to reimburse the bank for the entire sum. Of course, he calls upon the bank officials to come to his aid; they wire the American Bankers' Association, who, in turn, flash it throughout this country and Canada. The announcement of the forgery is printed in the Journal of the A. B. A. and read by all bank clerks, brokers and financial men, not forgetting the police superintendents of every city large and small. If you, the forger, are still alive, they will get you, even if you go to Africa or Australia, because the London Imperial Bankers' Association has branches in Africa, and the American Bankers' Association is represented throughout the world.

Now that we have considered robbery and forgery, let us say a few words about the covetous bank clerk. The tellers are the clerks who handle most of the cash. They must balance their cash at the close of the day's work, and see that it tallies with the totals of the proof clerk. If they can't do that, they stay in the bank until the error is discovered, for the hours of work for a bank clerk are 8:30 in the morning until he balances, even if he has to stay an entire week.

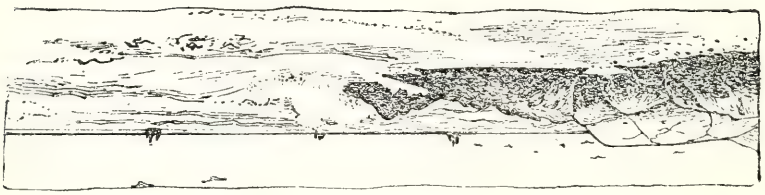
In our large banks we have auditors and assistant auditors who check back all cash whether tellers balance or not. The vault-keeper receives the cash, and puts it in the burglar-proof vault. Furthermore, if a clerk should get away with some money, he would not get away very far. Many clerks fail to remember that they are under a heavy bond, and that even their private life is the subject of careful enquiry on the part of the bank officials. Sometimes they take a chance and appropriate larger or smaller sums, but they soon learn to their cost that they have to make ample restitution, even with the loss of their reputation for honesty, and with little hope of ever re-establishing it.

Should a robber go to the teller's window and flash a big

gun, the teller may throw up his hands, but by means of his feet he sends an alarm by wire to the man at the door and the police department; though no bells ring, and though everything is quiet, the nobber will be unable to get out, even if he killed every man in the bank.

Now, my friend, since I have given you the information you desired, is there anything else I may do for you? Suddenly he turned and said, "Yes, where is your new-accounts department?" I directed him to it, and he opened a ten-thousand dollar savings account.

A. W. FORNEY, '19.



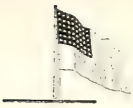
That West Wind.

I LIKE that West Wind so robust and gay,
A merry old fellow is he,
As he sweeps on unchecked in his whimsical way,
And lustily carols his glee.

Across the bare hill-tops he swoops in his might,
While the leaves whirl around in his train;
The cloud armies scurry away in affright,
And loudly he laughs in disdain.

The grown-ups all cower when his menace they hear,
But the children laugh loud in their play;
They join in his revels and pranks without fear,
For they know he is childlike as they.

STORM PETREL, '19.



From the Camps.

Base Hospital Unit 27,
A. E. F. via New York.

Somewhere in France,
October 30, 1917.

VERY REV. M. A. HEHIR, C. S., Sp.:

Dear Father,

This letter is written from a city in the most beautiful section of "La Belle France", where we arrived two weeks ago, after a most delightful voyage across the Atlantic, but a most distressing Channel trip. We did not even get a glimpse of a submarine during any part of our voyage, although we were prepared at all times for an attack, and the captain and crew were ever on the alert. We were ordered to carry our life-belts at all times and everywhere, and the last few nights on board no one was supposed to undress during his sleeping hours. At two P. M. each day we had life-boat drill; every one was given a place on a boat, and this place assigned was not to be taken by another; If an attack had been made upon us, and anyone had attempted to get into another's boat, he or she would have been shot immediately. My boat was a collapsible, and was located upon the hurricane deck. We were not to attempt to launch into the deep until the boat had sunk to our level, and then we were to allow the waves to carry us off. It was interesting to take part in all these preparations, and no one seemed to take the matter seriously. All were prepared for whatever was in store for them, and had no fear.

I said Mass on board the ship every morning. About 400 men and a great number of nurses went to Confession and Communion on the way over.

Our Base is in an old monastery, which was taken over by the Government in 1907, and re-opened only recently for hospital purposes. The chapel is a very beautiful example of a monastic church. It seats about 500. It has three marble altars which stand out beautifully since they were cleaned by our soldier boys. I said Mass on Sunday, October 28. Every one, not only in our own troop but even in the town, was delighted to know that an old church was restored to the service of God.

I am the only priest in a whole division of U. S. troops.

They are scattered everywhere, but I suppose they will be located within striking distance of one another, so that I can visit all parts of the division and attend to the needs of our brave, moral and patriotic boys. These army men are not what some pessimists paint them. I regard them as unusually moral and high principled. Best wishes to all my dear friends.

Yours in Christ.

CHAPLAIN JAMES R. COX.

Owing to a typographical error in our December issue the Holy Ghost Order was credited with only four hundred of its members in active service. It should have been five hundred.

We extend our most cordial congratulations to the following successful candidates for commissions in the army:

Captain T. F. Ryan, Esq.;
First Lieutenant, Frank Brady;
" " J. J. McCarthy;
Second Lieutenant, R. E. Barth, C. P. A.;
" " Leo Collins;
" " H. S. Dunn, Esq.;
" " P. J. Friday, Esq.;
" " J. W. Kress;
" " J. P. McAteer;
" " Duncan McCarter;
" " W. B. McFall, Esq.;
" " John McLean;
" " John Matthews.

Captain J. O. Corbett, our efficient drill master in spring and early summer, now under fire in France with the 15th U. S. Engineers, sends a postal, with the following information. "I am quite well. Letter follows at first opportunity." In the hands of an enterprising New York reporter, this brief communication would be expanded into one or two columns. Being but a Pittsburgher we must be satisfied to chronicle the facts and to leave the rest to the imaginative reader. We are glad that he is well, and we look forward with pleasant anticipations to the receipt of the letter.

Lieutenant R. E. Barth has had a strenuous time working for his commission at Fort Oglethorpe. Usually he was kept on the

jump from 5 in the morning until 10 at night. The programme was varied with a 16-mile march to the rifle range, or three days and nights on a stretch spent in the trenches regardless of weather.

Lieutenant W. B. McFall wrote from Camp Meade that he and other advance opponents of *Kultur* were receiving the attentions of vigorous and too friendly Maryland flies. The camp, he says, is in the form of a horseshoe, about two miles long and a mile wide; when completed, it will accommodate from thirty to fifty thousand men.

Howard Murphy, one of the best little football players that ever tripped it gayly on our gridiron, is now with the Gas and Flame Service in a training camp at Washington, D. C.

" T. F. Ryan, junior partner of the legal firm of Bialas, Irons & Ryan, has been commissioned as a captain in the Coast Artillery and is now stationed at Fortress Monroe Va. Moreover, he has received a commission as a benedict, which office he assumed early this week at the fortress.

"Captain Ryan is one of the most popular and most promising of the younger members of the bar. He received his training at Fort Oglethorpe during the period just closing and he absorbed military tactics and strategy and displayed ability in such a high degree that he was recommended for supreme rank."

—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

When home on furlough early in December, Captain Ryan looked every inch a soldier and in the pink of condition too. He was, when seen by the writer, expecting to leave for Newport in a few days. He expects to be in France in three months. As the heavy artillery to which he is attached is usually seven miles behind the lines, there is little danger of any mishap unless he is spotted by an aeroplane. A battery seen is a battery destroyed.

Albert E. Mamaux has been admitted on examination to the Aviation Service. N. B.—This is not the pitcher.

William Jackson writes that he is doing well in the 111th Infantry, and expects soon to be a general. We'll keep our eye on him.

Not every family has sent three boys to the colors. The Clair family, of Hazelwood, is represented by three of our boys: Charles, Edward and Tom.

Paul O'Donnell, also hailing from Hazelwood, is another of three boys from the same family doing their bit.

Peter Patrick (!) Tolusciak is training with the Polish contingent at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Charles Clifford is a mounted orderly with the 111th Infantry (Augusta, Ga.).

James P. Bradley and John Mamaux have applied for entrance into the Aviation Service. They were birds when here: it is a long flight to Berlin.

Cosmopolitan experience is what John D. Scully is after, and he is likely to get it. Since he joined the 23rd Engineers stationed at Camp Meade, Md., he finds that the day starts too early in the morning. "The early bird catches the worm;" if Scully were a worm, he would not be caught.

From Camp Sheridan, Chillicothe, O., Will E. Phelan writes that there is only one thing wrong with him; he has developed such an appetite that it is hard to satisfy it. As a member of the Supply Co., 329th Infantry, he should have access to the larder.

James R. Gribbon, Co. F, 320th Infantry, finds in Camp Lee all the comforts of home. James was scooped in in the first draft.

"Proud to find my name on the Duquesne honor roll," writes John ("Terry") Donnelly. "Terry" thought that army discipline was just the thing needed to complete his training for life's possibilities, and so he made the plunge. We are confident that Terry's education will be completely rounded out, and we know that "he will come back with his shield or upon it." "Terry" will do honor to his *Alma Mater.* He writes to us from Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga.

"Ray Miller, the North Side baseball player, who for a brief time last season, was first-baseman for the Pirates, enlisted as an apprentice seaman, and left yesterday for Newport, R. I.

"Miller started last season with the Cleveland Americans.

"Cleveland sent him to Los Angeles and the Bucs got him from there when in need of a first-sacker. Then, when the Pirates got Mollwitz to play first base, Miller was released to the Kansas City American Association club."—*Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Baseball enthusiasts will remember that Ray Miller and Harry Murphy, now in France, were the two most successful

pitchers in our history. With them on the mound, we won all of seventeen games against college teams and three against professionals—Erie, Wheeling and McKeesport.

"Jake" Mosti, one of the original famous Minim team, has volunteered his services. When it comes to throwing bombs, Jake should be there with the goods.

John J. Mamaux and Aegidius C. Bechtold have applied for admission into the U. S. Aviation Service.

John F. McGraw has been for some months identified with Field Hospital 109, Camp Hancock.

We are represented in the Forestry Regiment, Camp American University, Washington, D. C., by Ralph J. Christi. He thinks that his regiment bids fair to be the largest in the world. It will comprise ten battalions of lumbermen and probably half a dozen service battalions to help with the heavier work across the ocean where the American woodsmen are to-day cutting timber for the use of the Allies. Some of the most prominent lumbermen from the Pacific Coast and the South are enrolled in its ranks, and the rank and file hail from every State in the Union.

Our former professor of chemistry and biology, Herbert H. Sullivan, ranked as Sergeant in the medical corps of the 18th regiment. Last spring he applied for entrance into the officers' training camp at Fort Oglethorpe. His request was granted, and, needless to say, he made good, receiving the commission of first lieutenant and being appointed to the Field Artillery stationed at Camp Pike, Arkansas. Of course, when home on furlough, he dropped in upon us, to show the interest he continnes to take in our studies and progress. We were pleased to see him especially as he looked well and even more vigorous than ever.

From far-off Texas, "Mike" Morrissey blew in upon us fresh as a breeze from the lakes. He is now corporal, and expects to rise to the limit before the war is over. He is justly proud of the badge subscribed "Expert Rifleman" pinned on his breast and won with the aid of that unerring eye in locating a basket and that steady hand in caging a field goal in the gym. All the boys rejoiced to see the hero of many a game, and hope that he will come unscathed through the dangers he will encounter in the near future. His furlough extends over Christmas.

Our list of "Fighting Dukes" is not nearly exhausted. We are constrained to hold over to future issues the mention of many more whom we include in our prayers for protection, light, safety, and a happy return.

H. J.



SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

The Kind That Count.

THE beginning of the new year—and that is to say the month of January—has been given over to the making of good resolutions. This is a custom sanctioned by age, encouraged by good sense, aided and abetted by man's incurable penchant for the dramatic. So every new year witnesses a host of resolves, good, bad and indifferent, well made—and well shattered.

It is not of these, however, that we choose to speak. It is those rare resolves made at this time with thought and deliberation as well as with earnestness and sincerity that we would glorify. These are not trivial and vain. They mean something.

That something is what interests us. Vague, though the word be, it is pregnant with meaning. By it is veiled many a heroic beginning in the way of virtue and good conduct. Hopeless topers, despairing prodigals, disgraceful deserters have found this spirit of reform, which is the atmosphere of the new year, to be the sign post directing wayfarers to the straight and narrow path.

But we would not limit the taking of New Year's vows to casehardened sinners. Delinquent students, neglectful alumni, haphazard workers for the MONTHLY have been known to profit by a good, strong resolution at this period. What say you, fellow students, gray-beard alumni, members of the staff?

D. J. MULVIHILL, '18.

Capital and Labor.

WHEN that sprightly child 1918 will make its debut on the world's stage next month, it will find conditions greatly altered from what the now aged 1917 found them. The demon Mars has extended the scope of his activities, and has intensified the gloom and misery that hung like a pall over the nations of Europe. America has entered into the fray, and she may well pause to consider the prospects that confront her. Will 1918 bring in its train sufferings and bereavements, or the blessings of peace and family reunions? Time alone can tell. In the meantime we must be up and doing, contributing our share to the fighting forces, equipping them with all the panoply of war, and attending incessantly to their material wants. We have confidence in the courage and initiative of the American soldier; we are proud of the inventive skill of the American workman; and we can rely on the industry of the American farmer, but we have to fear a clash between the opposing interests of Capital and Labor—a clash that would jeopardize, if it did not mar, our achievements in other fields. These two forces prior to April, 1917, had for decades been waging a conflict in this fair land, but it was hoped that they would speedily adjust their difficulties. The present crisis demands an immediate, if not permanent, arrangement between the two factors. The workshops of America must be kept running, and Capital and Labor must spontaneously, or per force, come to amicable terms. For this end some favor State Socialism to set a fair wage for the laboring man and a fair profit for the manufacturer; others would have Capital and Labor declare a truce for the duration of the war. No matter which plan is adopted, sacrifices will be entailed, but no sacrifice is too great to achieve the purpose for which we unsheathed a stainless sword.

E. N. SOXMAN, '18.

Russian Upheaval.

PITIFUL, indeed, is the present condition of Russia. Only a short time ago what is now a shapeless, disintegrating mass, seemed destined to bud forth into the fairest flower of democracy. The world awaited the glad news of its redemption and salvation. But, alas! internal strife and discord,

political jobbing and plotting, all contributed to thwart the growth of the infant republic. The light of that new Dawn is denied to the poor, forsaken people of Russia, while the night of treachery and intrigue has again encircled them with the gloom of oppression and lawlessness. Russia is once again cloaked in the garb of desolating confusion; masked in the hood of surging discord. The torch of rebellion has transformed Russia into a state of abject poverty and utter dejection, but let us hope that, notwithstanding the cynical methods of its known and detested enemies, Russia, by her indomitable spirit of courage and tenacity of purpose, will again ascend the mount of her ambitions, and there be enlivened by the sun of that brighter day—the Day of Democracy.

JUSTIN J. GALLAGHER, '19.



Reviews of the Season.

UNIVERSITY HIGH.

BY defeating Connellsville High, at Connellsville, the University High closed its season with a remarkable scholastic record. A slight glance at the various scores proves conclusively that Coach Brickley's men did have some "real opposition" in their scholastic contests. Of the nine games played, one was a tie, another a three-point defeat, and all the others were narrow-margined victories. The latter almost invariably were gained by a lone touchdown, and once by only one point.

This coupled with the fact that in all their games, with a single exception, the Dukes were completely outweighed, brings out in bold relief that, after all is said and done, skill and not brawn makes the real gridiron warriors.

Despite many handicaps, Coach Brickley turned out a first-class squad. Unless the quarterback job or the man who dishes

out the signals, is a reliable and heady player, no team can trot out on the field and play the grand old game of football as it should be played. With excellent judgment and a thorough knowledge of the game in theory and practice, Coach Brickley selected the very best men for the team, and put each man in the position in which he could most effectively promote team work. Unfortunately, Davies and Egan, the victims of accidents, were eliminated early in the season. With these two out of the game, Captain Doyle, a center of all scholastic caliber, was turned into a quarterback, and made good with a vengeance.

With only a two-game experience from last year, "Red" Egan proved a star. The latter joined Davies, and Doyle ran the last three games. Just at this juncture the light Regan developed wonderful latent ability and filled in the gap at center. In measuring ability, Halfback Rooney stands head and shoulders above his companions. Broken-field running is his chief forte. His wriggling, squirming and serpentine runs netted at least one-half of the Dukes' touchdowns.

Donaghue also had an ineffable weakness for scoring, procured mostly by open-field running with both teams at his back. Brown, with his long, swift aerial tosses deftly gathered in by Donaghue, O'Brien, Whyte and Ferrick, was the mainspring of the Bricklean attack. With their backs to the wall of their own goal line, Finley, McGrath, Foley and McIntyre fought like veritable Tartars. Their adamant defense saved the day on many occasions. Ligday, McNamara, Martin and Leopold were the surest tacklers on the squad.

With such a record, Coach Brickley's Dukes claim the city and suburban high school championship, and are ready to defend their claim.

Juniors.

Aided in no small degree by the scrimmaging with the Bricklean contingent, the Duke Juniors, the second team of the high school, developed rapidly. Coach Martin had four regulars around whom he built up a wonderful combination. Martin's varied experience with college teams has given him a vast amount of gridiron lore. Ever attentive to the whispered instructions of his coach, Quarterback Joyce, the only irremovable man on the squad, by his rapid and judicious assortment of trick plays, completely baffled his opponents. The irrepressible Joyce worked every game from whistle to whistle.

Captain Caldwell and Harry, the ends, proved strong defensive men. Mashank, Hogan and J. Doyle were the principal ground-gainers. Kettl showed remarkable accuracy in successfully negotiating the cross-bar after touchdowns. Of the linesmen, E. Sullivan, Balcerzak, Wilinski and Molinari were the most conspicuous.

The goal-line of the Juniors was crossed only once this season, and that happened when the entire second half was played in darkness. In fact, Coach Martin's men have not been defeated for three seasons, and only twice have opponents succeeded in scoring on them in the aforesaid period of time.

Considering such an excellent record, the Duke Juniors have earned for themselves the undisputed Junior high school championship.

Six or seven of the Martinian proteges will be advanced to the University High next season. This augurs well for the Senior High squad the coming fall.

MINIMS.

The Minims, the third team of the Bluff institution, just closed a very successful season. Of the nine games played, seven were clean-cut victories, one a tie and another a reverse. The only defeat, and an overwhelming one at that, was administered the Little Dukes when they played a contest at Duquesne with a non-school aggregation. No school team, however, defeated the Minims for the last two years. Notwithstanding many mishaps, the Minim crew sailed serenely along until it reached the haven of success. Coach Davies, a student of the Fourth High, piloted the Duke craft until he met with an accident. For a short time no one was at the helm, and the Minim ship was floundering helplessly not far from the shoals of distress and the rocks of destruction. Receiving the hurried S. O. S., Dudley Nee, a college senior and formerly manager of the famous Academics, rushed to the rescue. Nee saved the day and the ship, but not until McLuckie and Doyle, the two captains, were "hors de combat". Neither leader was able to get into another fray, and Carl, of Brookline, was selected captain. Under the new pilot and a new captain, the Minim crew took the offensive and sailed along the three rivers of Pittsburgh, conquering everything in their path. All the grade schools met in mortal combat succumbed to the versatile attack of Carl, Cassidy, Buckley and Dempsey. Sweeney, Hurley and Egan excelled at the forward

pass, while O'Neil and Murphy repeatedly intercepted the aerial tosses of their opponents. Cherdini, Nellis and Bullion were strong in breaking through and blocking punts which the alert Nee or the wily Haney either scooped up or fell upon immediately. The two Gallaghers were the best men on the defensive. With gridiron warriors of this calibre, Professor Brannigan's Minims justly lay claim to the grade-school championship of Pitttsburgh and vicinity. The following record justifies their claims:

Minims, 32—Leetsdale High, 0;
Minims, 31—Holy Rosary, 6;
Minims, 0—Harvard Seconds, 36;
Minims, 6—St. Peter's, 6;
Minims, 31—Swissvale High, 0;
Minims, 13—St. Mary's of the Mount, 0;
Minims, 18—St. Stephen's, 6;
Minims, 56—St. Mary's, Lawrenceville, 0;
Minims, 51—Sacred Heart, 0.

Totals—Minims, 238; opposing teams, 54.

J. S. GARAHAN, '21.

BASKETBALL.

Now that the football season is practically closed for extra-mural contests, the attention of the students is gradually turning towards basketball. The lack of avoirdupois among the upper class men did not permit a 'Varsity football team. However, it is quite certain that Duquesne will have a 'Varsity floor team. The Dukes invariably put up a good team on the floor. In fact, last year the Bluffites did not lose a collegiate contest. "Mike" Morrissey, Zitzman, Shortley, Pierotti, and a host of other men who have gained renown in athletic circles, have joined the "Fighting Dukes" and are under the capable tutelage of Coach Uncle Sam either in the camps or "Somewhere in France". The following are candidates for the 'Varsity, viz.: Flanagan, Finley, Finnerty, Topping, Kronz, Ligday, Brown, Gorski, Obruba, Wolak, Cumbert, Stanley, and Donoghue. This is the smallest number of candidates the Red and Blue has ever had. However, Duquesne does not begrudge the large quota of athletic men turned over to the Red, White and Blue battalions, to the aeroplane stations or to the naval reserves.

Father Rossenbach, a quiet but efficient worker, will act as 'Varsity and High manager; with the help of Messrs. McCloskey and Powers, the Red and Blue is again sure of a good schedule.

The 'Varsity prospective college games are Muskingum, Franklin, Niagara, St. Canisius, of Buffalo; St. John's, of Toledo; St. Ignatius, of Cleveland; Juniata, Washington & Jefferson, Waynesburgh, etc. The University High will play the following high schools: McDonald, Monaca, Munhall (2), Casino Tech (2), Steubenville, Kittanning, Bellevue, etc. The writer will have some interesting dope about the juvenile quintets—Father Zindler's Juniors and Father Williams's Minims—in the near future. The latter will probably be coached by a Freshman. The other three teams will be trained by Professors Bernard, Carl and Moran, respectively. Father McGuigan, with his usual foresight, started the interclass games long ago. The primary principles he inculcates considerably help the energetic managers and anxious coaches who watch these daily noonday contests closely to get "a line" on their candidates. Every now and then "a dark-horse" bobs up, which the trainers immediately coral for the intercollegiate, interscholastic and interparochial races.

J. S. GARAHAN, '21.

Annual Euchre and Reception.

THE TIME—Wednesday, January Thirtieth, Nineteen Hundred and Eighteen.

THE PLACE—Seventeenth floor, William Penn Hotel, the finest ballroom in the State.

THE EVENT—Annual Euchre and Reception given by the Athletic Association of Duquesne University.

THE GUESTS—Students, Alumni, and friends of Duquesne

The evening of January 30, 1918, has been decided upon as the date of our Annual Reception.

Last year's affair at the Moose Temple proved that a wise move was made in engaging a hall in the downtown district. The crowd was the largest that had ever attended a D. U. affair, and it more than taxed the capacity of the hall. Therefore this year a larger place was necessary and the WILLIAM PENN was the only place that could be considered.

This affair is for the students of D. U.—those on the Bluff, those attending the downtown school, those going to Night School,—the Law students, their friends; the Alumni and their

friends. The more friends you cause to be interested or bring, the better satisfied we are, and the better time for all.

For those who do not dance, there will be a Euchre, and there are over one hundred prizes for the winners. This Euchre is one of the best held any place in the city throughout the entire year.

For those who do not care to play euchre, there will be dancing, and it is a well-known fact that the William Penn has the finest ballroom in the district. An orchestra that will be in keeping with the rest of the programme will be on hand.

For those who neither dance nor care to play cards, there will be plenty of "doings". A committee will see that all are enjoying themselves and have a good time.

All students, past and present, of D. U., should get busy. This affair is for the Athletic Fund, and, as we have a reputation to uphold, we need the financial backing. D. U.'s teams are recognized as being among the best in the State.

COMMITTEES:

EXECUTIVE: D. J. Mulvihill, chairman; J. S. Garahan, D. J. Nee, W. F. Galvin, J. Murphy, T. F. Brown, A. J. King.

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EUCHRE: J. Murphy, chairman; W. F. Turley, T. R. Mulvihill, E. N. Soxman, P. McGrath, J. C. Davies, S. Gawronski, C. Donnelly, E. Quinn, W. McCarthy, G. Walton, J. Kettl, L. Brandl, W. Doyle, E. Brett, K. Leopold, L. Garrigan.

REFRESHMENTS: A. J. King, chairman.

PROGRAMME: W. F. Galvin, chairman.

DOOR: T. C. Brown, chairman; C. Bott, A. Forney, V. Rieland, J. McCloskey, A. Rooney.

PRIZE: D. J. Nee, chairman; M. N. Glynn, J. Gallagher, J. A. Hague, L. S. Watterson, W. Turley, P. Diranna, R. Cunningham, H. Sherer, P. O'Donnell, W. Lynam, W. Power.

J. S. GARAHAN, '21.

CHRONICLE

College and High School.

Sermons

On Sundays, during the course of the year, a series of sermons is preached by the Fathers, each in turn. So far, the following subjects have been treated: Institution of Penance, Examination of Conscience, Contrition, Purpose of Amendment, Confession, Satisfaction and Indulgences, The Rosary, Souls in Purgatory, Advent and the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

Eighth of December

The Feast of the Immaculate Conception was celebrated with befitting pomp and ceremonies. The Very Rev. Canon Verheijen, LL. D., J. U. D., sang the Mass, assisted by Rev. J. A. Rossenbach, deacon, and Rev. L. J. Zindler, subdeacon. E. J. Quinn was master of ceremonies; J. J. Murphy, thuriferarius; J. F. Nimiec and C. J. Martin were acolytes. Father Rossenbach preached a most appropriate sermon for the occasion.

Entertainments

As entertainers, the students of the Commercial Department have for years been most successful. They present an attractive programme, render it with all the skill resulting from careful training, and invariably draw an audience of unusually large proportions. All this was especially true on Commercial night, November 25. The Dixie Minstrels were slated to appear, and measured up to expectations. Professor Binlein had composed their parts, and coached the speakers with his usual marked success. As interlocutor, Irwin Doody took us by surprise with his *sang froid* and poise. The end men, Messrs. Foley, Roth, Brett and Wirl cracked up-to-the-minute jokes, and were well sustained by the rest of the company: Messrs. Braun, Brandl, Doyle, Lynam, Kohle, Meinert, McMahon and Schmitt. Little Glenn McGarry feelingly recited an appropriate Thanksgiving selection, "My Tummick's Got a Pain." The vocal selections by Professor Binlein, G. D. Foley, C. R. Wirl and F. E. Braun were exceedingly well received. The offerings of the orchestra and a violin solo by Jerome Kornman elicited hearty applause. In the debate at the conclusion, Messrs. Kettl, Wachter, Roth, Doyle, Brandl, Meinert

and Brett manifested great stage presence, a variety of happily chosen and lucidly presented arguments, and a familiarty with the subject that proved most instructive to the extremely interested and unusually attentive audience. The subject was worded as follows: Resolved, That the City Manager Plan of Government Should Be Adopted By American Municipalities. One may judge of the earnestness of the debaters and their anxiety to secure the opinions of experts to support their contentions from the fact that the mayors of New York and Boston and the city manager of Phoenix, Arizona, were appealed to for an expression of opinion. T. Rousseau, secretary to the mayor of New York, wrote that Mr. Mitchell was so busy with his campaign—spending over a million dollars, hobnobbing with Roosevelt *et al.*, and inspiring the newspapers with a plethora of convincing arguments that he, and he alone, was the man of the hour to prevent Tammany Hall from selling the country, bag and baggage, to our German cousins—" that he was unable to prepare the work requested." Edward M. Hartwell, secretary of the Boston Statistics Department, fortunately found that the mayor of Boston was not in a similar predicament, having had sense enough to respect the time-honored institutions that constitute a city's chiefest boast. From his letter I cull the following paragraphs: " . . . . I find that his honor, the mayor, does not consider the working of commission and city manager systems thus far sufficiently conclusive to establish the claims for it made by its advocates. He is inclined to think from his observations that the alleged experts to whom city business has been entrusted have not shown such familiarity and practical knowledge of affairs and administration, as to justify the claims made for them, or to warrant hasty experiments by the older and larger cities.

"In other words they are to be considered as apprentices learning their business rather than as master workmen."

Robert A. Craig, city manager of Phoenix, Arizona, has the following to say on the subject: "The city manager form of government is entirely practicable, and if a competent manager is employed, will always be successful where kept out of politics. If politics is permitted to interfere, however, the city manager form of government will fail just as any other form would under the same circumstances."

On the Senior night, December 9, little Lawrence Conway, in the uniform of a boy scout and with an American flag in his hand, charmed the audience with two beautiful soprano solos—

Just Break the News to Mother, and So Long, Mother—voicing the thoughts that lie almost too deep for words in the heart of many a young volunteer in his country's cause. In a sketch, Circumstances Alter Cases, William O'Shea and Chester Wheeler looked their parts; Leonard Snyder, in addition, interpreted his part very acceptably. The debate on the desirability of declaring a truce between capital and labor for the duration of the war was over in time to permit the audience to retire early. The chairman of the board of judges complimented the participants on noticeable improvement since their first appearance this year. "Nuf Ced".

Fine Arts

Under the experienced direction of Professor Randby, the students in the Fine Arts class are making most satisfactory progress. Drawing and oil painting are the order of the day. Students' work embraces landscapes, marine views and portrait reproduction. Never was the need of an art gallery in the building so strongly impressed upon us as when we viewed the canvases and realized what a stimulant to art the exhibition of them would prove.

Boarders' Banquet

In accordance with a time-honored tradition the resident students were treated to a banquet on the day before vacation commenced. The Very Rev. President, Father Hehir, Father Malloy, Dr. Verheijen and several of the lay professors graced the occasion with their presence. The dishes were substantial, varied and appetizing. The dining-room was tastefully decorated with suggestive Christmas hangings and ornamentations. Good cheer reigned supreme. In a happy vein, the Very Rev. President congratulated the boarders on their conduct during the last three months and the cordial relations that existed between them and the Faculty. He wished them and their parents all the joys and blessings of the Christmas season. In the name of the students, Joseph L. McIntyre (the Harp *par excellence*) expressed appreciation of the creature comforts all enjoyed, but still more the constant evidence of the President's thoughtfulness and interest in the success and happiness of each and every one under his charge. It would be their ambition throughout the rest of the school year to live up to his expectations, and to put into practice the principles he laid down for their guidance and conduct.

EDWARD J. QUINN, '18.

School of Accounts.

Attendance in the School of Accounts has now approximated the grand total of seven hundred.

The Evening School Association has cards out for a Dansant at the Conservatory of Music on Friday, December 28. This is to be the second of a series. The first was the centre of attraction for a goodly assemblage.

Keen interest in military matters is evidenced by the regular attendance of Company A. Within the last two weeks, twenty recruits were registered.

A very practical series of lectures and demonstrations is being given on the accountancy of investments by Mr. Otto G. Richter, B. S. in E., C. P. A., our new instructor in the C. P. A. preparatory class.

J. M. D.

School of Law.

The Honorable Dean, Judge Swearingen, after an illness of several weeks, has been able to resume his lectures on Real Property to the First Year class.

To Mr. Richardson we convey our cordial congratulations on his having passed the State final examinations, having taken advantage of the privilege accorded to second year men of taking their finals in July if they were subject to draft or were inclined to volunteer.

In preparation for the mid-term examinations in January classes are now finishing the work of the first term.

Messrs. Keitzer and Turets, of the Senior year, took the final examinations of the State Board held on December 6 and 7, and are confident of being admitted to the Bar.

We reserve for our next issue the announcement of commissions in the army awarded to our law students.

After the holidays, the Faculty will make some important changes in the courses of instruction.

J. P. E.

Exchanges.

The Loyola from Loyola University, Chicago, Ill., comes to us again a welcome visitor. The November issue contains some very interesting reading matter varying in style and tenor. "Catholic Literature" is a well-written essay in which the writer asserts that the educated Catholic layman is not sufficiently represented in Catholic literature, and urges Catholic aspirants in the field of college journalism to continue their literary efforts after the coveted sheepskin has been conferred. "Alice Meynell" is a "stinging retort" to the adverse criticism in the *Edinburg Review,* and a worthy appreciation of the beauties contained in the "many gem-like stanzas of unusual brilliance" quoted by the the author. "Beating the Game" is a cleverly worked-out piece of fiction. "An Inspiration" has the virtue of being interesting, while the "Vale of Tears" is rather commonplace. Well-edited class notes, together with the best page of humor we have had the pleasure to peruse, round out this well-edited exchange.

The St. Francis, emanating from Brooklyn, N. Y., has acquired a habit singularly in contrast with our other contemporaries. Unlike those that revel in long, solemn essays calculated to produce ennui, the worthy essayists of *St. Francis* are snappy and aim at sententious conciseness. In the issue at hand, a study is made of "John McCormick", "Martin Luther", "Medieval Peace", "Movements", Philosophy of the War", and other subjects. Despite their brevity, all are well written, and evidence considerable knowledge and research. In our opinion the *St. Francis* should let themselves out a bit. "Thou Shalt Not Kill" is a short story that we read with interest.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following Exchanges: *Abbey Student,* St. Benedict's College, Atchison, Kas.; *Alvernian,* St. Francis College, Loretto, Pa.; *Ariston,* St. Catherine's College, St. Paul, Minn.; *Ave Maria,* Notre Dame, Ind.; *Boston College Stylus,* Boston, Mass.; *C. I. C. Annual,* St. Mary's College, Port of Spain, Trinidad; *The Collegian,* St. Joseph's College, Baltimore, Md.; *Collegian,* St. Mary's College, Oakland, Cal.; *Columbiad,* Columbia University, Portland, Oregon; *Exponent,* St. Mary's College, Dayton, Ohio; *Fordham Monthly,* St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y.; *Georgetown College Journal,* Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.; *Gonzaga,* Gonzaga College, Spokane, Wash.; *Holy Cross Purple,* Worcester, Mass.; *Loyola,* Loyola University, Chicago, Ill.; *Lumina,* St. Ignatius College, Cleveland, O.; *Magnificat,* Sisters of Mercy, Manchester, N. H.; *Marquette Tribune,* Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wis.;

Morning Star, Conception College, Conception, Mo.; *Minerval,* De Paul University, Chicago, Ill.; *Mountaineer,* St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md.; *Nazarene,* Nazareth Academy, Nazareth, Mo.; *Normal Review,* S. W. S. Normal School, California, Pa.; *The Paraclete,* Holy Ghost Apostolic College, Philadelphia, Pa.; *St. John's University Record,* Collegeville, Minn.; *St. Joseph's Lilies,* St. Joseph's College, Toronto, Can.; *St. Mary's Messenger,* St. Mary's College, Monroe, Mich.; *St. Peter's College Journal,* Jersey City, N. J.; *St. Thomas' Collegian,* St. Paul, Minn.; *Trinitonian,* Trinity College, Texas; *Viatorian,* St. Viator College, Kankakee, Ill.; *Victorian,* Victorian Boys' School, Lackawanna, N. Y.; *Villa Sancta Scholastica,* College of St. Scholastica, Duluth, Minn.; *St. Vincent College Journal,* St. Vincent College, Beatty, Pa.

We also acknowledge with thanks the following journals received during the month: *Belmont Review, Cornell Era, St. Francis Journal, Niagara Index, Solanian Martian, Redwood,* and *Trinity College Record.*

W. F. GALVIN, '18.

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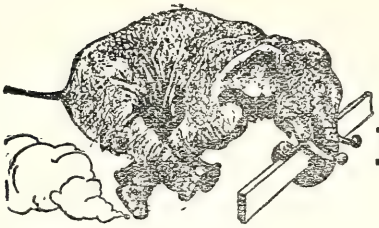
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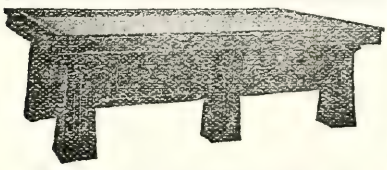
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For This We Trained Them.

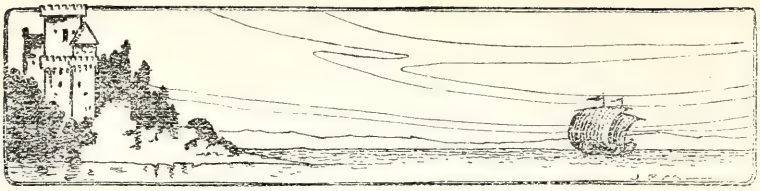
LAST year we looked upon our boys
Engaged in care-free play
When, freed from class-room and restraint,
They romped on campus gay.

Since then War's bugle loud has called,
Their books they've put away
And games of youth; to manhood grown,
A man's grim part they play.

They'll vie no more on campus green
Or strive for cap and gown;
A world's full freedom they will win,
Or lay their young lives down.

They go, and yet we mourn them not;
For this we trained their youth
That they should live—if needful, die—
For justice, freedom, truth.

E. J. QUINN, '19.



Wrought at the Mine.

TOM STEVENS, driver at the Hempton Coal Mines, looked up from his lunch to greet his friend, Jack Melvin. "Join me, Jack? Taste some of mother's mince pie? Sit right down."

Jack was just then thinking more about their work than about eating. "I say, Tom, second section, right, south main, is producing more coal than any other. We two are getting a rep as hustlers, I'm thinking. But say, what was that trouble you had with old man Wilcox a while ago? Some pie this."

"Trouble? Oh, it wasn't much, Jack. I was busy at something and my little mule got restless and decided to take a stroll. Almost before I missed him, the brute had started out the main entry and collided with the superintendent. The 'super' was explaining something to the pit boss, and had failed to hear the mule approaching. When I came on the scene, he was fuming and blustering with rage. 'You idiot, why don't you attend to your work and watch that clumsy mule?' Without another word he resumed his rounds. That's all there was to it."

"So this is where you have landed after such fame at Milton! I suppose your ambition is realized." This came from a newcomer, and was said in a sneering tone of voice.

Tom turned in astonishment, for before him stood Ted Wilcox, the 'super's' son. Then, with his nose in the air, and whistling a comic opera tune, the youngster strolled towards his father's office. Tom was too surprised to speak. Melvin witnessed this little affair in silence. "Who is that stuck-up lad?" he finally asked. "I've seen him nosing around your section several times already." "Oh," said Tom, recovering, "that's me hated rival at college. You know I was studying mining engineering at Milton when father died last March. It isn't much of a story.

"Ted Wilcox and I entered the Freshman class together two years ago. He was something of a sport and inclined to look down on me. He often made sneering remarks to me, but I didn't pay

much attention to them. In fact, I did not hold any ill-feeling towards Wilcox, but rather tried to make friends with him, for I thought I saw good stuff in him in spite of his pride of wealth.

"Fate had decreed that Wilcox and I should be candidates for quarterback. We had both played the position elsewhere, and the coaches were undecided as to which was the better man. The opening game, they thought, would help them to make the final choice.

"The whole student body was on edge. They knew that this first tussle would show the strength or weakness of the team, and especially who was to be the regular quarterback.

"At last the day came when the Milton eleven met the sturdy mountaineers of Stafton College. The students from both schools, displaying their school colors, filled the grandstands. Cheer leaders shrieked their college yells and went through their foolish capers. Oh yes, they do queer things at college!

"The teams were evenly matched, and it was soon apparent that the game would be decided by quick thinking and 'head work'. The coaches had decided to use Wilcox first at quarterback.

"Neither team scored during the first half, although more than once Stafton held the ball on our five-yard line.

"The third quarter started, Stafton kicking to Milton. The ball, carried by the wind, fell into the arms of the waiting Wilcox, who sprinted up the field dodging and outdistancing the Stafton players. He now had almost an open field, having only to contend with the Stafton fullback.

"As the husky fullback bore down upon him, Wilcox seemed to hesitate. A groan of distress went up from the Milton rooters. Wilcox was thrown to the ground with such terrific force that the ball bounced out of his arms. A Stafton man recovered it, but was downed after a short gain.

"After many terrific line plunges and end runs, Stafton advanced the ball to our twenty-yard line, but lost it there on downs.

"Milton was unable to advance, and, on the fourth down, had twelve yards to go. Wilcox, badly shaken by his previous fall, was losing his nerve. He was at a loss what to do. Instead of signalling for a kick, he called for an end run, with the result that Milton lost the ball.

"After three attempts to advance the ball, the Stafton fullback prepared for a drop-kick. He signalled, the oval was

snapped back, and the two lines met in desperate combat. The Stafton fullback's foot met the ball just as it touched the ground. It soared over the goal-post, and Stafton was three points to the good.

"Thus the third period ended.

"Our coach perceived that Wilcox was out of form, and that he was baffled. They put me in at quarter.

"'Nine rahs for Stevens' were given lustily, and I went in full of confidence. The team, too, seemed to play like new men.

"After many spectacular plays, the ball was on Stafton's fifteen-yard line. I stood behind my linesmen and studied my opponents, but only for an instant. It was time to work a trick play. I signalled for a play which, to all appearances, was to be a try for a field goal. Carlton, our big right half, dropped back to kick. I took my position a few yards in front of him, standing in a direct line with the right tackle. The center passed the ball with a snap. I intercepted it, and, with head down, plunged through left-tackle for a touchdown.

"The Milton students went wild with joy. Carlton kicked goal. The score was 7 to 3 in Milton's favor. The day was saved!

"I was selected as regular quarterback, and played all the season. Wilcox was forced to 'sub'. Milton went through that season without sustaining a defeat.

"So that is how the rivalry began between Ted Wilcox and me."

"Why, Tom, lunch hour is almost up. What a talker you are becoming," laughed Jack.

"Let's get back to work then. Wonder what Teddy Wilcox is hanging around for?"

"I don't like his looks, somehow," returned Melvin, as they moved toward their work.

Tom Stephens had placed some loaded wagons on a side-track where they would be coupled to the motor and hauled away. He had properly set the brakes on all the wagons.

A few minutes later, the motor came to take them away. The brakemen jumped, threw the switch, and was about to signal the motorman when the loaded wagons came speeding down the sloping side-track. Before the brakeman could jump away, the wagons caught him, and crushed him against the motor. He was seriously injured, and after receiving first aid had to be sent to the hospital.

When the authorities heard of the accident, Stevens was laid off pending an investigation. When asked to give a statement, he told them that he had set the brakes on all the wagons. He was certain that they could not have been moved unless the brakes had been released.

Nothing was proved against him. On account of his reliability, and the lack of evidence against him, Tom was freed from all blame. So he missed only a half day's work.

Tom and Melvin met again at lunch hour. "I can't help thinking," said Melvin, "that Wilcox had something to do with that accident. You don't suspect him? Well, I do. And I'm going to be on the lookout for treachery!"

That evening after working hours, Tom stopped at the lamp-shanty to have his lamp repaired. When he stepped out of the shanty he was confronted by Wilcox.

"I see they have reinstated you, although you attempted to murder Bud Slayton; got a little 'pull', eh?"

For once Tom's temper got the better of him. He struck out blindly, knocking Wilcox down, then continued on his way homewards. The "super's" son fell alongside a pile of sprags, thick clubs used to brake the wagons. He picked up one of these, and regaining his feet, threw it at Tom.

A miner who had just come out of the shanty hailed Tom just in time to enable him to dodge the missile, and promptly and roughly caught hold of Wilcox. He was about to strike when Tom, who had retraced his steps, interfered. "Can't we be friends, Ted?" he said, "What's the use of keeping up this ill-feeling?"

Wilcox slunk away. When he had gone a safe distance, he shouted, "I'll get even with you, Stevens!"

Tom saw that passion had got the upper hand with Ted Wilcox; he knew that he would try to do just what he said; and, knowing that Wilcox would not act openly, Tom decided that he must be on his guard thenceforward.

Only a day or two later, Tom and Bill Kelty, a digger, were "setting" timber in order to strengthen one of the rooms.

Melvin looked in: "Tom, aren't you going home?" "No, Ted, we won't be leaving for about an hour."

"Well, I'll not wait for the 'trip' (the wagons that carry the men to the surface after the day's work is done)."

When he reached the surface, Melvin joined a group of his friends, and took part in their conversation.

They had not gone far when a dull roar came to their ears. They stopped, horror stricken. What was that noise? Did it come from the mine? Hardly! Immediately another explosion followed. Dense black smoke poured from the mine.

A groan went up from the horror-stricken miners.

"The mine! the mine!" they exclaimed.

Word was sent to all the surrounding country for help.

When the smoke had cleared away from the mouth of the pit, Melvin decided that it was time to act. He climbed up on a loaded wagon and addressed the miners.

"Boys, as far as I know, there are a couple of men, Stevens and Kelty, in second right, south main. If possible, we must rescue them and any others who happen to be in there. There is danger of another explosion, but I am determined to find these men. If anyone wishes to accompany me, let him step forward."

Melvin's call was received with hearty applause from the miners. A great number volunteered to go with him. He selected five husky miners, and procuring picks and shovels, they entered the pit.

The rescuing party carefully made their way down towards the south main. Where the main entry branches off, forming second section right and left, they were blocked by a fall of coal, caused by the force of the explosions. The men immediately set to work to clear the way.

When Melvin had left them, Tom and Kelty continued "setting" timber. They finished sooner than they had expected, and sat down to rest before leaving.

They had been seated only a short time when the first explosion came. They jumped to their feet horrified.

"Come on, Kelty, let's get out of here," said Tom.

They started to leave, but the second explosion occurred, causing the roof to fall in. Tom, who was in the lead, was caught under the "fall" and imprisoned. Kelty, however, was not touched. He immediately set to work to free Tom. He succeeded, only to find out that Tom's left arm hung limp and useless.

The fall had cut off their only means of escape. They realized that they must succeed in clearing the passage or be suffocated. Kelty tore away at the debris with a pick which fortunately was at hand. Tom attempted to help with his good arm, but was forced to quit on account of an injury to his side.

Kelty was then compelled to work by himself, but finally succeeded in making an opening. They crawled through, and

started to make their way to the main entry. To their consternation they found that this way was again blocked by another "fall". Kelty again attacked the debris, while Tom tried to give him encouragement.

They had been here only a few minutes when Tom heard a moaning sound coming from the darkness behind him. He listened intently until it again assailed his ears, but this time it was very faint. Tom told Kelty to keep on digging while he himself went back to ascertain the source of the moaning.

He had not gone far when he came upon a figure caught in the "rib" (the wall of the entry), and unable to move. It was Wilcox. He had been pinned against the "rib" by wagons which had been thrown off the track by the explosions. "So it's you, Ted. Poor fellow—I'll release you as fast as I can. Keep up your courage."

Tom, handicapped by his injuries, succeeded in freeing Wilcox after a very strenuous effort. Wilcox attempted to murmur something. "Why, Tom, I meant—I meant—" but sank to the ground unconscious. Tom was unable to give further help. He ran back to where Kelty was working feverishly.

Kelty stopped digging and seemed to be listening for something. Suddenly he shouted, "They're coming," and dropped to the ground from sheer exhaustion.

Tom tried to arouse him, but his efforts were of no avail.

"What was that?"

He shouted as loud as he could, and then listened. He was overjoyed. He received an answer from the other side of the debris. He knew that the rescuers were cutting their way through.

He started back to find Wilcox, but his light suddenly burnt out leaving him in total darkness. He wandered about trying to reach Wilcox but was unsuccessful.

He staggered; all pain left him; his head seemed to spin around; he felt himself weaken at the knees; he knew no more.

Meanwhile, the rescuers succeeded in clearing the entry. They found Kelty still unconscious. Melvin told two of the men to take Kelty, carry him to the surface, and render first aid.

Melvin and the others set out in search of Tom. Finally they came upon him, lifted him gently, and carried him out of the pit. His injuries were attended to, and he was restored to consciousness.

The first thing that Tom did on becoming conscious was to

ask for Wilcox. "Why, you don't expect to find that cad with a rescuing party, do you?" "No, he's in the mine—hurt—where you found us," he gasped. "Don't let him die in there."

Melvin chose two men to accompany him, and again entered the mine. After a long search, they succeeded in finding Wilcox. As fast as they could they carried him out of the pit, and placed him in a waiting ambulance.

It was several weeks before a thorough investigation of the accident could be made. The three men were requested to give their statements. Tom and Kelty related what little they had to tell. Then Wilcox gave his experience, haltingly.

"I had entered the mine, alone and without authority, to see a friend who was working in second left, south main. It was almost quitting time when I entered, so that by the time I reached second left my friend had gone home. I started back, but before leaving, unthinkingly threw away the butt of my cigarette. The explosion occurred a moment later. Of what happened after that, I only remember dimly being helped out of my cramped position by Tom Stevens, nothing more."

No steps were taken against Wilcox, owing to the fact that his father was well liked by the owners of the mine, on account of his fidelity and reliability.

When Wilcox finished his statement, Tom left the office. Wilcox followed him shortly afterwards. Seeing Tom ahead of him, he caught up and stopped him.

"Stevens," he said, "I know when a man does me a favor, and I appreciate it. I have acted like a cad; I have hated you. When you first came to Milton University—"

Tom attempted to interrupt him, but Wilcox kept on.

"I am going to get this off my mind while I have the chance. When you first came to Milton, I looked down upon you, because I was proud. Afterwards I hated you because I was jealous when you "beat" me out of quarterback. It was I who was the cause of Bud Slayton's getting injured. I released the brakes on the wagons, knowing that they would start down the slope. It's hard to admit it, but I—I—wanted you to be blamed for the accident.

"When the explosions occurred at the mine, I was there for the purpose of plotting against you with another miner. We had a plan in mind which, if it had succeeded, would have disgraced you in the eyes of the men. We had planned that a serious accident would happen which, when investigated, would be blamed on your carelessness. Fortunately for you, or rather for

me, my friend had left when I arrived. As you know, when leaving, I was injured by the explosions. I owe my life to you.

"I don't blame you at all if you despise me. All I ask is that you forgive me. I'm going away to make a new start, but I can't go till I know you have forgiven me."

Tom was astonished at this confession. Seeing that Wilcox was sincere, he thrust out his hand, grasping Wilcox's in a hearty handshake.

"Wilcox, I am glad that we are to become friends. We will try to forget all past grievances, and look forward to a better understanding."

"And now, before I leave, I must give you my address," continued Wilcox. "It is on this envelope. Good-bye."

Tom thrust the envelope into his pocket, and grasped his new found friend by the hand. A moment later they were hurrying in different directions—hurrying for different motives entirely.

It was only when he arrived home that Tom thought of looking at the envelope. It was sealed, and there was some paper inside. Curiously he ran a paper-cutter through the upper edge, and took out the note. There was a check for a thousand dollars, with this note attached,

"Friend Tom—this does not represent my debt to you, but I hope it will put you through your engineering course, and help you to keep your mother this year. You may expect more from the same source. Gratefully, Ted."

HARRY TOPPING, '19.

The Finger of God.

GO, listen to the whirlwind's roar,
As over all 'tis fiercely sweeping,
Hurling each severed trunk before
Its face, as o'er the mount it 's leaping;
And see the blizzards as they sweep
O'er ocean wild, and cast despair
In hearts that tempt the mighty deep:
Thou see'st, O man, God's finger there.

Go, watch the sun's last lingering ray,
As in the west he's slowly sinking;
His brightness fading fast away
As dews that from his face are shrinking;
See the light clouds which there unfold
Their loveliness in evening air,
And gazing on their forms of gold,
Thou'lt see God's glorious finger there.

Go, seek in summer wood a flower,
So graceful from its foot-stalk bending,
And then reflect that in an hour
'Twill with the mother earth be blending;
Minutely trace its symmetry,
Each stamen and each petal fair,
And thou art blind or thou wilt see
In each faint line God's finger there.

Go, look upon a Penitent,
Who long from virtue's path was straying,
And listen to his voice intent
As on his bended knees he's praying—
That wretch who all his life has spent
In wickedness without a prayer;
Yet now his heart is upward sent,
For God's own finger sure is there.

Go, lowly kneel before His shrine,
The gushings of your full heart pouring,
And pray that bright your lamp may shine,
Till loosed from earth you're upward soaring!
Go, heavy laden and find rest,
A soothing draught for all your care,
And peaceful as you feel your breast,
Reflect God's finger touch is there!

P. A. Barbeau.



The Advantages and Uses of Statistics.

A MAN makes two distinct steps to reach a given end: first, he acquires knowledge concerning the thing in question; secondly, he applies that knowledge to the accomplishment of some definite purpose.

The first step is analytical and comparative in its scope. The second is creative and constructive in its purpose, and whether a man maps out a professional or a business career for himself, this rule prevails.

The surgeon must study the body before he can operate upon it; its organization, in general and in detail, must occupy his first attention. The architect must learn the physical details of material and their correlation in strength and usages before he is qualified to design a structure.

A systematic type of management furnishes the comptroller with comparatively accurate and detailed data as to receipts and distribution of expenses and income, and gives the manager an exact idea as to how his business is going compared with other periods and years; and in order to acquire the knowledge that is applied in an effort to make the business a success, he must resort to those figures generally termed Statistics.

Statistics may be defined as a collection of facts based on observed phenomena over a comparable period relating to a country or the people thereof, or the social, political, industrial and economic conditions which admit of numerical statement and of arrangement in tables or graphs. They may be divided into two classes, general and special.

General statistics consist of such figures as are compiled by the various countries of the world, and by public and private institutions or individuals, and relate to matters of common interest. These statistics refer to the growth of population, production, distribution, and consumption, etc., of the different countries.

To the average man, it may appear that general statistics

are of little value, in so far as he is concerned individually. However, taken as a whole, they are very important indeed. It is of great advantage to know such facts as the growing wealth of countries, especially of European countries, in comparison with others; the relative growth of the British Empire, Russia, Germany and the United States, in comparison with other nations; the ability of old countries and old centers in new countries to maintain a large and increasing population; the dependence of the United Kingdom and other European countries upon imports for food and raw material. These and similar statistics throw a great deal of light on the social and economic history of the past century, and in turn foretell the future in a general way. The statistics and other data collected by our Consular Service are of great value in increasing our trade with foreign countries.

The second class of statistics, in which accountants are more directly interested, may be termed special statistics, and consist of those figures used by individuals or business institutions for private use.

Accounting is not always a matter of dollars and cents. Many essential figures of accounting are not susceptible of translation into those terms. And we must compare certain sets of figures with other figures covering a similar period of time. These are nothing but the statistics preserved for business purposes.

The value of any statement, when isolated, is very small; it is only when compared with some other similar statement that its full value is appreciated. For example, when a manufacturer says that he employed twenty-five hundred men last month, the idea is given that he has a large factory and employs a large number of men. But when he says that he employed twenty-five hundred last month, two thousand the month before, and one thousand the same month last year, the value of the current statement is intensified by each comparison. This simply means that every statement is always covered by a time period, and that a corresponding time period of some other date is necessary to grasp fully the present condition. It is because of this fact that chart-making has been found so efficacious.

In analyzing and diagnosing organization and accounting work, charts can express more on one page than is sometimes expressed in several chapters of writing. There are no details of a business as a whole, by departments or by conditions regarding goods made or handled, that cannot be covered by some form of

chart. To illustrate: it would appear at first thought to be an inane idea for the management of a factory to attempt to exercise a check upon their foremen by a record of the service of the factory equipment or by adopting a chart registering the power used. In the case referred to, when charts were first put into use, they showed five hundred horse-power being used at 6:30 A. M. At 7:30 the horse-power was but nine hundred, and the maximum load of eleven hundred horse-power was not reached until 8 o'clock. At 11 o'clock the load had dropped about fifty horse-power; at 11:30 it had dropped two hundred, and at 11:45 three hundred horse-power. The charts showed practically the same results during the afternoon. And although the foreman insisted that the workmen were on duty from 7 o'clock until 12 and from 1 to 5 o'clock, and that they were turning out a full day's work, the charts proved that the machines were not being operated full time and that a certain amount of power was being generated at an actual loss. After reorganization of the departments, the charts showed a saving of seventy-four minutes a day. The factory employed eight hundred men during a period of nine hundred and eighty-six hours. This multiplied by twenty cents, the average rate per hour, amounted to more than fifty-nine thousand dollars for the year. These figures represent the actual labor cost, due to lack of proper records.

In railroad accounting, the status of the business cannot be ascertained by a mere perusal of the balance sheet or income statement. It therefore becomes necessary to resort to statistics. For example; a railroad may show a certain number of cars owned. It may either have bought additional cars or desire to do so. We may from statistics find out whether or not additional cars are necessary. In order to feel satisfied that we are keeping our capital in use, we must necessarily compare current figures with the past. If a railroad is using too many locomotives, or train loads are not what they should be, the proper use of statistics will immediately show it. It is often desirable to consider the comparative operating expenses of two roads, as well as other comparisons of great value. In the operation of passenger trains such statistics as passenger miles, average car miles, the number of passenger cars, together with average number of passengers per train, and the average number of passengers per car, are important.

It is obvious that the figures for the number of passengers in a train and in a car furnish some means of judging whether the

accommodations furnished by the road are better than the conditions of the traffic warrant.

The distinctive traffic features of American railroads, is the predominance of freight over passenger business. From reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission, we find that more than sixty-eight per cent. of the railroad operating revenue is obtained from freight. In view of this fact, I shall dwell upon freight statistics only.

Traffic statistics may be divided into two classes: those indicating the nature of the traffic, and those indicating efficiency and economy.

In the first instance, we include data dealing with kinds of commodities, average rate received for each and all classes, density of the traffic, and the average distance each unit is conveyed. The diversity of freight business, growth in density of freight and passenger traffic, and increase in length of haul, are important features of railroad progress. They are factors in the natural course of transportation development. The compensation received for each class and kind of service is determined largely by competitive and economic forces, and each factor—class of commodity, weight, length of haul and rate—affects the earning power. It is from these that the "ton-mile" and "passenger-mile" statistics have been developed.

The ton-mile however gives no indication of the classes and kinds of commodities carried, the character of the service rendered, or the gross receipts and rates received from each class. It is therefore apparent that in every summarized stasistical presentation of railroad traffic, full consideration should be given to the relative proportions of the various classes of commodities conveyed. The Interstate Commerce Commission has classified railroad tonnage under the following headings: Products of agriculture, products of animals, products of mines, products of forests, manufactures, merchandise, and miscellaneous. With the exception of merchandise, the classes comprise only carload shipments; there is, however, a wide disparity among the commodities within each class,

The traffic density, computed by dividing the ton-miles by the miles of road, when taken in relation to physical factors, is of the highest importance in analyzing operating results. But it must be understood that an increase in ton-miles, in bulk, does not necessarily mean increased revenue, unless the proportion of the various classes of commodities remains unchanged. As yet it

seems to be impossible, on account of the great variety of commodities transported, to assemble, in a single average, the record of work performed. For all this, unless there has been a substantial change in the character of a railroad company's tonnage, the average ton-mile-per-mile-of-road operated, or traffic destiny, is apparently the best index of railroad business.

The average haul per ton is an influencing item in railroad revenues and operating costs, on account of the fact that the longer the average haul, the lower, proportionately, will be the operating cost per unit of freight. This is computed by dividing the total ton-miles by the total tonnage.

Statistics for measuring operating economy and efficiency have been adopted primarily to assist railroad managers in the intelligent operation of their lines. They, however, furnish information of the service given to the public as well as of managerial efficiency.

Some of the principal units adapted for this purpose are the train-mile, the locomotive-mile, the car-mile, the average train load, and the average car load. In the use of these units, it is necessary that there be uniformity in the data from which the general average is made if they are to be of value as units of cost and of efficiency. The train-mile unit, as a statistical average, serves an important function in the administrative control of railroad operations, because train mileage should be purchased as economically as possible. The railroad that buys more train mileage at a given time than is actually required by the traffic units, is paying for something that cannot be stored and that is irretrievably lost. Therefore a reduction in the train mileage, without a corresponding decrease in ton-mileage, all other factors remaining the same, is evidence of a more economical operation. Car-mileage is based upon the actual movement of the cars in service, and while freight car service is carefuily studied by railroad men, it is not an absolute index to efficiency in operation, which is due to the difficulty in getting accurate information on account of the many factors entering into the average car-mile. In the first place, the cars owned are not uniform the year round; the cars hired and the cars rented vary. And, again, the ratio of empties to loads affects the average, as also does the varying demurrage regulations in different sections of the country. Idle cars, on account of depressed business conditions during certain seasons of the year, are another factor of great importance.

The locomotive mile, average train-mile and average carload

are subject to defects owing to the numerous factors entering into their computation, which make it necessary to use other statistics in connection with these units to obtain any information as to car-service efficiency. Other factors used are train frequency and speed, which are based upon the principle that it is not economical to have locomotives haul the maximum load at the minimum speed. From a series of experiments, it has been found that climatic conditions alter train resistence, which has resulted in a reduction of the maximum loading limit during cold weather, especially by northern railroads.

The insurance business is founded almost entirely upon statistics. The basis of insurance is the expectation of life, and the actuaries have formulated elaborate tables of vital statistics accumulated from many years of experience. From these they have learned how many persons out of every one thousand are likely to survive to a specified age. These data are used as a basis in calculating the expected tenure of life of the prospect.

A great many irregularities and defalcations, especially through padding payrolls, are located by intelligent use of statistics. It has been within the writer's experience in the coal business, to pick up a leakage amounting to $8.00 per day by comparison of daily tonnage percentages which were so close that it was necessary to carry the decimals to six places in order to check the fluctuations. At the end of ten days, out of twelve hundred employed at this particular plant, the two men to whom the irregularities were charged, were called into the office, and they admitted their guilt inside of five minutes.

The balance sheet and income statement of any firm may serve a certain purpose at the end of the fiscal year. It will tell us in general terms the gain or loss during that period. I am referring, of course, to an honest balance sheet or income statement, as it is understood by an accountant, not to some of the reports that are issued for the benefit, and sometimes discomfiture, of the public. The balance sheet may be very satisfactory indeed, but the modern business man is not willing to wait until the end of the fiscal year to find out the condition of his company's affairs. He must know from month to month, frequently weekly, sometimes daily, and there are many statistics which have to do with the cost of operation, that he *must* know daily. There would be very little consolation to the head of the firm to note at the end of the year that the income statement showed a loss. The time to know of the loss is when it occurs, and this

information cannot be obtained usually, unless the error is a glaring one, except by the scientific comparison of statistics. Statistics are as important to the sales manager as to the man in charge of production. With the use of comparative statements and graphs, the sales manager is enabled to keep a check on the selling force, the growth of the markets, and the kind of goods required in any particular locality. One of the most successful automobile businesses in the United States, viewed from the selling end, was based almost entirely on population statistics and sales computed for several years into the future, before a single machine had been sold. The great chain-store systems, before leasing the store, often spend months checking the number of persons passing a certain location; as a rule, you will find stores of these particular concerns in the best locations of the city.

The same may be said of the purchasing agent. He must know the market. Knowledge of the market is the basis from which the buyer works, and the only way he can intelligently obtain this information is by studying the market statistics. Market prices are constantly changing, due, not only to the inexorable law of supply and demand, but to the changes in cost of production; it is therefore necessary that the purchasing agent be quite familiar with cost statistics in order to buy intelligently.

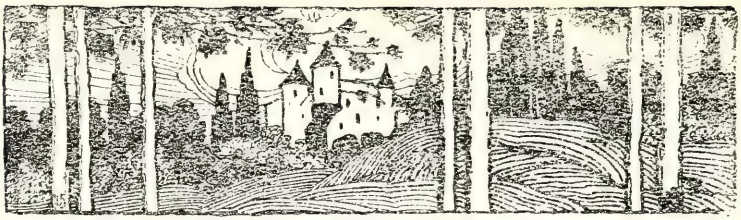
In general, it would be hard to conceive a business of any kind in which statistics, properly handled, do not play an important part, and it may be truthfully said that statistics are really the pulse of the business world.

JAMES E. LAMB,
Accounting, '18.

Maryknoll Ordinations.

ON December 5th, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America called to sacred orders several of its aspirant members. At the hands of Bishop Cusack of Albany, three of the students, Francis Xavier Ford, Alphonse Stephen Vogel and William Francis O'Shea, received Holy Priesthood; Robert J. Cairns, Deaconship; Anthony P. Hodgins, Subdeaconship; and two others received Minor Orders.

To those who have at heart the conversion of the pagans, it is reassuring to note that America's preparations to place a mighty army for democracy in Europe have not compelled the abandonment of her noble purpose to send soldiers of Christ to the heathen nations of Asia and Africa.



The Fourteenth.

VILLANELLE.

WHILE the stars in heaven shine—
Till their circling course is run—
Will you be my Valentine?

Dearest, say you will be mine
And that I'm the only one
While the stars in heaven shine.

Sip this nectar; don't decline:
Just a "yes" will say you're won:
Will you be my Valentine?

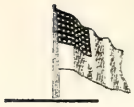
Raise my heart to bliss divine;
But refuse, and I'm undone
While the stars in heaven shine.

For you, love, I'll waste and pine
If fore'er my love you shun.
Will you be my Valentine?

But the clock is striking nine!
Soon your pa will make me run.
While the stars in heaven shine
Will you be my Valentine?

M. N. GLYNN, '21.





From the Camps.

IV. INSTALLMENT.

IN addition to Captain Corbett, Lieutenants Barth, McFall, McCarthy and Mathews, mentioned in the January number of the MONTHLY, the School of Accounts has contributed the following to the service of their country: —

E. J. Anderson	A. H. Jeffers
J. M. Auty	R. D. Lutton
B. T. Betz	C. Magill
G. L. Brandl	G. B. Malton
W. R. Caveney	S. Margules
W. H. Couch	A. C. McCune
R. J. Criste	J. E. Osborne
J. E. Crowley	J. L. Parsons
C. F. Dean	W. J. Philip
E. J. Dills	W. F. Poppe
F. P. Dinges	A. D. Reynolds
C. T. Doyle	R. K. Ryan
J. G. Haughey	R. A. Skeehan
T. Higham	J. C. Threnheuser
J. R. Hurley	J. K. White

Early in the month, Rev. T. F. Coakley, D. D., St. Paul's Cathedral, was notified that his proffered services as chaplain had been accepted, and he was ordered to report immediately at a camp in Long Island. On his arrival, he found that his regiment was to sail on the following Wednesday. With a few hurried preparations he was ready to embark. Our prayers will accompany him, that none of those entrusted to his care may be lost, that he may have fortitude and strength to bear with privations, and to surmount difficulties, and that he may return safe and sound to the scene of his incessant and fruitful labors.

Dr. Andrew P. Dzmura was specializing on internal medicine when his country's clarion bugle call sounded in his ears.

Dr. Gabriel F. Gurley was the first of his year to receive a lieutenant's commission. Some diplomacy!

William J. Wallace has been assigned to the Utility Detachment, Quartermaster's Corps, Camp Meade, Md. Will will make himself useful.

Eugene F. Hoffmann has sacrificed the luxuries of his Wheeling home for the privations of a Mississippi camp, and the *dolce far niente* for the strenuous activities of military training.

Florenzo and Oresto Floro are helping Italy through the medium of the United States. Both have enlisted.

Ellsworth Schaffer was one of our speediest distance runners. He is fairly sure first to breast the Berlin tape or reach safe quarters in the rear. Which will it be?

Suggestions to General Pershing:

Put a piano in the trenches, let Daniel V. Boyle manipulate the keys, and soon will be charmed even the most savage breasts; or erect a stage facing eastwards, set him before the footlights, give him any role, from grave to gay, from lively to severe, and the central forces will be so fascinated by his histrionic ability that their capture will be but child's play.

Albert Brown's attractive features were a drawing card in the East End Savings and Trust Co. May we not hope that he is in line to be Treasurer-General when this cruel war is over!

If we remember rightly, Aesop, in one of his Fables, tells the story of a lion in love with a maiden. To render him harmless, she directed him to pull his teeth and trim his claws; when he had done this, he was easily overpowered. With his persuasive powers, the assistance of a chiropodist, and a good pair of pinchers, Gilbert McGreevy, D. D. S., should soon have at his mercy the tigers on the western front.

James Burns, of Oakland; John R. Connolly and E. Paul Gearing have enlisted, and will help to bring peace through victory to a war-harassed world.

We are exceeding pleased to see that Corporal Albert Mountain, the 110th Infantry, and John F. McGraw, 109th Field Hospital, have been accepted into the Officers' Training Corps at Camp Hancock.

Early in the month John W. Finley, a football player of note and budding lawyer, signed up with the Signal Corps, and left for Fort Thomas, Covington, Kentucky.

E. J. Manion, Law '19, has joined the Naval Reserve, and has been accepted as a member of Sousa's famous band.

E. J. Tannehill, Law '18, is stationed at Camp Lee as First Lieutenant.

James F. Callahan, Law '19, has received his Commission as a Lieutenant in the Aviation Branch of the Signal Corps.

Frank E. Pireaux, Law '20, a native Frenchman, has volunteered for immediate foreign service; his knowledge of French will militate in his favor.

Robert P. Newcomer, Law '20, has entered the Aviation Service.

Tony Sorce has interrupted his medical studies, and has signed up with the Allegheny General Hospital Corps. Tony's many years' of basketball experience would have qualified him eminently for tossing bombs in the trenches.

Dr. Harry Collins was one of the first physicians to go south. As lecturer to doctors and adviser to military staffs, Harry has rendered invaluable service to draftees.

Dr. Cyril Lauer was close to the front when the British under General Byng made their drive towards Cambrai. He was shocked to see a companion doctor blown to pieces almost at his side. After the battle, he was kept so busy attending to the wounded that he had neither sleep nor food for nearly four days.

Mark V. Brennan writes from Paris, that he is leaving for the firing line.

From across the herring pond, Harold D. Greene sends Christmas greetings. He belongs to Co. A, 26th Engineers, A. E. F.

Corporal Thomas W. Kenney, 82nd Co., 6th Regiment, U. S. M. C., A. E. F., admires France. He is quartered in large, wooden barracks, from which he can see dwellings all surrounded with walls and farms separated from one another with neatly trimmed hedges. He enjoys liberty daily after 4 o'clock, and five per cent. of the Company are free forty-eight hours every week. He regrets that whilst here he neglected his opportunities to learn French. Tom enjoyed his turkey dinner on Thanksgiving nearly as much as if he had been at home. He keeps in touch with world happenings through the columns of the *New York Herald* and *Chicago Tribune* published in Paris. What amuses him not a little is to see French boys trotting about in wooden shoes like coal barges, and wearing blouses over their jackets and "nickers". The Christmas cards he sent are very pretty; they are worked in silk threads of various colors, and represent the

flags of the entente nations, the year 1917, and other souvenirs from France of choice design and delicate execution.

George M. Scanlon was home for Christmas and the New Year from the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Illinois. George enlisted in the navy early in September, and was sent to the Brooklyn Navy Yard. After a month's experience on the *Montana,* which took him as far south as Charleston, he was transferred to the training station. It is his intention to prepare for the entrance examination into Annapolis.

Edward S. McGinnis, Barracks 38, Block E, Receiving Co. 41, Camp Jos. E. Johnston, Florida, says that he likes the life and is enjoying it more and more every day. He figures as clerk and bookkeeper in the Quartermaster's Department.

William E. Phelan is aid to the veterinary surgeon in Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, O. He is astonished at all the K. of C. and Y. M. C. A. organizations accomplish for the entertainment and general welfare of the soldiers. He is pleased to see that the MONTHLY placed in the library has many readers.

Amongst the latest to volunteer for service as birdmen are F. X. Kerin, R. M. Marlier, E. C. Bechtold, J. J. Mamaux, J. E. McGee and J. P. Bradley.

James C. Anton has chosen balloon observation as his field of activity.

Paul G. McIlvane is with the Ambulance Corps, Co. 331, Camp Sherman. His brother, Frank, enlisted in Philadelphia.

William P. Foley has thrown in his lot with Co. C, Fort Screven, Ga.

David M. Ford should secure a berth with a medical unit. He is a member of Co. L, 320th Regiment, Camp Lee.

Paul Burry's twists and slants have been transferred from the diamond to the trenches, and from the evasive sphere to the impingent bomb.

H. J.





In Pittsburgh.

THE sky is deepest blue serene
The sun shines forth in wondrous sheen
(Except when smoke-clouds intervene)
In Pittsburgh!

The sylvan lakes have beauty rare
Their limpid depths are wondrous fair
(When coal-scum has not gathered there)
In Pittsburgh!

Throughout the air the music floats
Of song-birds' love-inspiring notes
(Except when ore-dust clogs their throats)
In Pittsburgh!

At eve the shadows softly fall;
A gentle silence broods o'er all
(Except when locomotives call)
In Pittsburgh!

The snow-flakes falling from afar—
Lest aught unclean their beauty mar—
In sable robes enshrouded are
In Pittsburgh!

Yet grieve not that such things should be
Nor wish yourself from coal-dust free
For then, alas! you would not be
In Pittsburgh!

PETREL STORM, '19.



SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

War Strategy.

INTERESTING to note at this period of the world conflict are the distinctively original tactics adopted in modern warfare.

Whereas Caesar, Hannibal, Napoleon and the rest relied upon the element of surprise for the successful prosecution of their maneuvers, tacticians of to-day are obliged to resort to other measures. The all-seeing aeroplane has practically eliminated the unexpected. Despite all camouflage, no longer is the secret movement of troops and equipment possible. The enemy sees and acts accordingly.

For this reason alone, the war has developed into a physical and mechanical deadlock. It is now a matter of endurance and stamina. Therefore present-day strategy attacks not the brute man but the moral man. Anything that will shake the morale of the opposition is a clear-cut gain.

This new brand of warfare is being waged chiefly by means of current newspapers and periodicals which are delivered to the Teutons via aeroplanes and dropped as bombs into their first line trenches. Generations of discipline have made Teutonic stamina a most stubborn thing to overcome. Literature has done much in the past to undermine morality; let us hope that the morale of the enemy will soon give way before these psychological raids.

D. J. MULVIHILL, '18.

The Conscript.

EVENTUALLY this war will be won by the million or more men drafted into our armies by the Conscription Act. Despite this fact the status of the draftee is not one of honor according to reports from the various camps. President Wilson has expressed himself, and will summarily punish any overt act of dishonor to them; yet enlisted men quote their officers as secretly scorning the Conscript.

These and others would do well to reflect upon the why and wherefore of the Class I, Division A man. He has taken the President at his word rather than hearkened to the dictums of former Speaker Clark. He has pursued his occupation awaiting the inevitable call to arms. He has left it to the Government to use him where he may be most needed. Is that not more patriotic than enlisting in a branch of the service where one is little liable to meet danger and death in the first trenches?

Here's to Class I, Division A!

D. J. MULVIHILL, '18.

Fads and Fancies.

WE are living in an age of fads and fancies,—in a period in which the whims and eccentricities of the individual are given full play. The twentieth century intellect, master of Nature's resources, has accomplished wonders in the creation of novelties and startling effects. Moreover, the mimic that is in every man causes the widespread adoption of every fad that arises. Rich and poor alike must have things that they cannot well afford, either morally or financially. The coquetry of these offerings and the very rapidity with which they change, are invested with a fascination that proves practically irresistible.

The people of to-day submit without question to the dictates of fashion and dress; they yield to the spell of ragtime, opera or drama; in short, to everything and anything that promises enjoyment. Father must have a twelve-cylinder motor with an aviation-type body; mother must have a diamond-studded swagger stick; sister must come out *à la princesse;* brother must have a string of horses; the butler must have every other afternoon off; the maid must have an electric brougham for shopping. We all must have things without which we could well get along. What has been said of the individual can in like manner be predicated of the nations. The United States is developing

diverse educational systems; Germany has been militarizing for forty years; England prides herself on her peerless navy; Mexico has specialized in revolutions, and, lastly, the entire world has taken up arms.

This last fact, the world-war, can be likened to a fad; it counteracts the influences of many other fancies and novelties. Demon Mars has seized control of the soaring airship of fad, and is slowly but surely bringing it and its occupants down to earth and to a realization of the true purposes of life. The effects are as yet scarcely perceptible, but a revolution of ideas, intents and plans has set in, and out of this war will rise a world's people convinced of the fact that God is the Supreme Lord and Master of all things, and that their lives should conform to His.

EDWARD N. SOXMAN, '18.

The Pendulum.

THE throne of the Hohenzollerns is tottering, and dizzy is the head that wears the Prussian crown. Revolt of the character described in the daily press would unquestionably mean the disruption of the German empire, the overthrow of the military caste, the democratization of Prussia. The nation undoubtedly is on the brink of an upheaval. The bitter pill of defeat is hard to swallow, but generally the reaction is very beneficial.

The entente war-aims, issued through the medium of President Wilson, are so fair, clear and convincing to the German people that they will find it to their own undoing if they do not notice, analyze and digest the powerfully human plea contained therein.

If they only took cognizance of this notable document, the overthrow of the militarists would be assured; and that in itself would be a great and worthy achievement. Nothing can bring peace, happiness, contentment and security more readily to the German people than the removal of that caste which has so long held the people under the domination of its heavy hand.

We should, however, not be too confident in the security of our opinions. Still we have reason to hope that the conflicting elements in Germany—long held apart but now on the verge of engaging—will sense their dangers, remedy their defects, and rectify their mistakes. The world is willing to negotiate—to compromise—but not to bow to militaristic autocracy. It would appear that the German people have reached the limit of endurance in their subjection to that autocracy. If so, we must now expect to see the pendulum swing the other way.

JUSTIN J. GALLAGHER, '19.

Alumni.

BEAR in mind the Annual Euchre and Reception, William Penn, January 30th. We want YOU there to make it a complete success.

PITTSBURGH has been called upon once more to come to the assistance of the Government. This time E. M. SEIBERT, president of the Pittsburgh Association of Credit Men, and credit manager for the Bank of Pittsburgh, N. A., has been borrowed and leaves this evening for Washington to assume his new duties. He will be stationed in the office of the war credits board. He does not know how long he will remain or what his new work will be.

Mr. Seibert was asked by wire to go to Washington as soon as possible and the officials of his bank agreed that he should do so at once.

"We need Mr. Seibert for work vital to the prosecution of the war. May we have him at once?" was the gist of the message to the Pittsburgh institution.—*Chronicle Telegraph.*

This is a distinction of which Mr. Seibert and we may feel justly proud.

WE have received from DR. WILLIAM J. HICKSON a copy of his paper on Psychiatry and Sociology, emphasizing their Socio-biologic Relationships, and read at the sixth annual meeting of the Alienists and Neurologists of America in joint session with the Chicago Medical Society, Hotel La Salle, July 11, 1917. For the benefit of the uninitiated, we reproduce the definitions of the leading terms; Psychiatry is the science which treats of the diseases of the mind, and Sociology is the study of human association, including whatever conduces to it or modifies it. To illustrate his contention that the two sciences are intimately associated, the learned doctor introduces the case of a young man "suffering from a rather outspoken form of Pfropfhebephrenia." The last word taken in connection with many others preceding it and following it, impressed us with profound admiration for the doctor's colossal intellectual stature and an acute sense of our own hopeless, abysmal pigmy insignificance. This wierdly pungent article is at the service of our readers—also Webster's Unabridged. When in former days we saw the astute doctor squirming through a football line or on the stage speeding through a maze of "words of learned length and thundering sound," we knew it was in him, and now we congratulate our-

selves on our good judgment and approved prognosis. Dr. Hickson is director of the Psychopathic Laboratory of the Municipal Court of Chicago.

F. W. RIES, JR., is general agent for the Canada Life Assurance Co., and ANTHONY J. ENZ is its authorized representative in Pittsburgh. The offices are located on the fourth floor of the Union Arcade Building.

JAMES HOBAN has been, as police lieutenant, assigned to First District, Second Station, Pittsburgh.

WE were pleased to meet, after a long interval, the very interesting former newspaper man and now special agent for the Carnegie Hero Commission, JOHN BENITZ. The genial John was on his way north to immortalize some colored man "born to blush unseen."

A KINDLY fate, or rather a benevolent Providence, has stationed the once popular prefect, now the zealous priest, REV. P. A. LIPINSKI, at St. Stanislaus's Church. He is as interested as ever in his *Alma Mater,* as is evidenced by his frequent and welcome visits.

JOHN P. EGAN, Esq., the efficient secretary of our Law School, has been elected First Vice-President of the Pittsburgh Chapter of the Knights of Columbus.

THE familiar face of DAN MCCABE is no longer seen behind the bars of the Stamp Window, Pittsburgh P. O. As a veteran of the Spanish-American War, and in consideration of his many other qualifications, Dan has been appointed government inspector of Ordnance, Schoen Mills, McKees Rocks.

MISS HELEN S. GALLAGHER and GREGORY T. DARBY were united in marriage in St. Brendan's Church, Braddock. We wish them many years of wedded happiness.

MANY of our Alumni, now seminarists in St. Vincent's, called to see us during the holidays. All are well, and well pleased. Several amongst them are nearing the goal of their ambition.

D. J. NEE, '18.

CHRONICLE

College and High School.

The Very Rev. President, Father Hehir, attended a meeting of the Catholic College Presidents of Pennsylvania, at St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, during the Christmas holidays. Various questions bearing on education and educational interests were discussed. The next annual meeting will be held in Harrisburg towards the end of December, 1918.

Very Rev. President

The Very Rev. President also attended the funeral of the Right Rev. John S. Foley, D. D., Bishop of Detroit, on January 10. The presence of the President was a delicate tribute of acknowledgment of the deceased bishop's kindnesses to Fathers of the Holy Ghost Order.

Early in the new year Alumni priests in the vicinity of Pittsburgh were invited to dinner. Amongst those present were Revs. G. J. Bullion, P. A. Dugan, J. F. Enright, H. J. Gilbert, J. D. Hagan, R. L. Hayes, D. D., H. J. Killmeyer, P. A. Lipinski, M. A. McGarey, W. J. McMullen, Earl McNanamy, P. E. Maher, C. A. Sanderbeck and F. P. Shields. After dinner and a tete-a-tete in the parlors, they enjoyed an exhibition game of basketball in the gym.

Alumni Priests

The Duquesne University Club has decided to announce their fourth annual prize essay contest at an earlier date than has been customary, so that the Seniors may be able to give it their best efforts before their final examinations. As heretofore, all students of college grade may compete; three typewritten copies of the essay, not exceeding 1,500 words and not containing more than 10 per cent. quoted matter, are to be handed to Mr. Albert F. Yunker on or before May 1st; no name or other distinguishing mark is to appear on any essay. The subject assigned this year is "Man's True Greatness". The prize, $10.00 in gold, will be given to the winner, in the University Auditorium, on the morning of Commencement Day.

Prize Essay Contest

The Passing of Frank Best

Frank Best, for many years an efficient aid to Brother Ammon, passed away on January 6th, in the Mercy Hospital, after an illness of some weeks. All who knew him rejoiced in the graces bestowed upon him in his last days. He was received into the Church, and fortified with its last rites, died just as a last absolution was pronounced over him,—all this being evidently the result of the prayers of his Catholic wife and children, and a reward for the pious interest he took in keeping the chapel spotlessly clean. These points and others of equal interest were dwelt upon in a brief but touching sermon by the Rev. P. A. McDermott. Rev. P. A. Danner, assisted by Rev. H. J. McDermott and Rev. A. B. Mehler, sang the funeral Mass.

Honor to Dr. Lloyd

We congratulate Professor Clinton E. Lloyd, D. Lit., on his being elected honorary member of the Aero Club, New York City.

Debate

The only debate of the month was staged by members of the Sophomore Class—Messrs. Mulvihill, Murphy, Kruk, Diranna and Ligday. The subject was: Resolved, That aliens should be exempted from the Selective Draft Law.

Sympathy

We extend our most cordial sympathy to Cornelius J. Bradshaw bereaved of his mother and sister during the Christmas holidays.

Annual Retreat

The annual spiritual retreat will begin on Tuesday, February 5th, and will close at noon on the following Friday.

E. J. QUINN, '19.

Accounts, Finance, Commerce.

C. P. A. Exams.

In November, 1917, the State examination for public accountants was held in this city. The results were made known early this month. Nine of the twelve successful men were students of the Duquesne University School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce; namely, Messrs. E. E. Bauer, W. W. Colledge and W. H. Schietinger, who are in the employ of the accounting firm of Main, Squires & Company; Cyrus Kane, a member of the firm of Scott, Boscert & Co. Accountants; J. J. Sloan, president of the Sloan Audit Company; Robt. N. Miller, secretary and bursar of the School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce; W. A. Hemphill,

statistician of the Pittsburgh Underwriters; J. F. Petgen, in the employ of the City of Pittsburgh, in the Controller's Office, and G. E. Horney, auditor of the Duff Mfg. Co.

During the past three years the school has secured and retained a reputation unique among schools of commerce and universities, of training men to pass successfully the rigid examinations of the State Board in accountancy. Two-thirds of the certified public accountants, who have been the recipients of the degree during this time, have received their accounting education in this school.

The instructors who inaugurated the course three years ago are teaching to-day, with such acquisitions in the teaching staff as have strengthened the course: These men are Lewis P. Collins, C. P. A.; E. A. Ford Barnes, C. P. A.; Irwin C. Snyder, C. P. A. and Otto G. Richter E. E., C. P. A., instructors in accounting; W. H. Walker, LL. D., dean of the school, author of Corporation Finance, lecturer on Finance, and W. H. Lacey, LL. B., A. M., instructor in business law. At times experts lecture on their specialties.

New Courses

Much interest is being evinced by the students and their friends in the new courses to be inaugurated this month. Professor H. Percy Shearman will lecture on the Psychology of Salesmanship; Professor H. S. Breitenstein, chief accountant of the city of Pittsburgh, will be instructor in the class of Fundamental Accounting on Tuesdays and Thursdays. An entirely new course—a course in Advertising—by E. S. Rauh, of the Rauh Advertising Service, began on Wednesday, January 23rd.

Public Speaking

In reply to the insistent demand from students in the English and Salesmanship classes, Dr. Lloyd consented to begin a series of instructions to be held on Tuesday evenings.

Drilling

Tne Duquesne University Infantry Co. A are drilling triweekly in the Union Arcade. After the holidays, as was expected, the enrollment and attendance were increased. The school affords its students of draft age an opportunity to secure an initial training in military tactics and manoeuvres that ought to secure for them positions in the National Army—when selected—as corporals or sergeants.

J. M. D.

In Memoriam.

ON the Friday before Christmas we were startled to hear of the death of Mr. L. M. ROBINSON, one of the instructors in the School of Accounts; his illness had been of the briefest—only a few days, and pneumonia claimed him as its victim.

We well remember the day when the Dean, after consultation with the University Board of Directors and the local Credit Men's Association, announced that a class in Credits and Collections would be inaugurated. Teacher-like, we were more interested in the men who were to teach rather than in the subjects taught. They were to be Messrs. Donavan, of T. C. Jenkins Grocery Co.; L. M. Robinson, of Rosenbaum's, and Elliott Frederick, of the Credit Men's Association. Mr. Robinson was to teach Credits; inasmuch as this is one of the preventives of loss in business and an important factor in success, it was assigned to him, his knowledge of business being keen and his judgment of men unerring. Intuitively, as it were, he knew to whom credit could be granted and to whom refused. His decision was never due to mere impulse; it was based on rock-solid principles, and he enjoyed a rare facility in communicating these principles to the members of his classes. His lectures, as a result, were always interesting and well attended.

His practical interest in the work was manifested from the moment the courses were inaugurated. His enthusiasm and his love of the school found expression daily in securing new students for the various classes. Those who sought information as to how their position could be bettered, he persuaded to enroll with us, and he continued to stimulate them to attain the object of their ambition by his kindly advice and direction.

His suave manner endeared him to teachers and students alike. His advice on business education, its need, its standards and its value, was in constant demand, and was recognized as eminently practical. We regret that the school has lost one of its ablest instructors; in common with a large host of friends we mourn the loss of a charming personality.

W. M. DEVINY.



THE VARSITY.

THE invigorating winter pastime, basketball, was duly ushered in just previous to the Christmas vacation. A grueling course of intensive training had been mapped out for the 'Varsity-to-be, and the various candidates were promptly subjected to an ordeal calculated to discourage the faint-hearted.

As a result, the Dukes were in prime condition when Student Manager McCloskey called the roll, just prior to their invasion of Cleveland. Therefore it was scarcely any surprise to the student body that the Red and Blue easily trampled on the cage aspirations of St. Ignatius. Although the score would signify a hotly contested game, the truth to tell is that the Dukes had an easy time of it, due to excellent team-work and the marksmanship of Cumbert and Obruba. Of course Flanagan allowed no opponent to shoot with impunity, nor did Ligday. Brown did his share, and gives promise of a great future. Stanley and Kronz did not get into the game as they were being saved for the game at Toledo. Lineup:

St. Ignatius, 28		Duquesne, 40
Mahoney	Forward	Cumbert
Jordan	Forward	Brown
Carney	Center	Obruba
Craft	Guard	Ligday
Walters	Guard	Flanagan

Substitutions: Hanley for Jordan, Craft for Walters, Finerty for Cumbert. Goals: Mahoney 4, Jordan 2, Carney, Craft 3, Hanley 2, Cumbert 10, Brown 5, Obruba 3, Finerty. Foul goals: Craft 4, Brown 2. Referee: Peckinpaugh.

After defeating the Ignatians, the Dukes attempted to penetrate a raging blizzard to Toledo. Following many futile and ludicrous adventures, Coach Bernard's squad gave up the pleasurable chance of downing St. John's contingent, deeming life and

liberty too precious to risk in a cross-country hike 'mid snow and ice and wind.

Besides the Cleveland and Toledo contests, the following games have been arranged by the manager:

January 25, Waynesburg College, at home
February 1, St. Canisius College, at home
February 4, Franklin College, at home
February 14, Muskingum College, at home
Eebruary 15, Washington & Jefferson College, at Washington
February 22, Niagara University, at home
March 2, Westinghouse Club, at Wilkinsburg
March 8, Niagara University, at Niagara
March 9, St. Canisius College, at Buffalo.

THE UNIVERSITY HIGH.

The commencement of basketball for the High this year was a curious blend of good fortune and ill-omen. In the early days of training, the rapid recovery of Davies from the lameness consequent upon his injury, a relic of the gridiron, augured well for the team. This coupled with the flashes of brilliancy displayed by Doyle, White, Power, Kettl, Rooney, Walsh, McNamara, Regan and Egan, seemed to justify the belief that we had a champion team. Fate would have it otherwise; and Union High triumphed in the opener, 60 to 24. The why of it is one of those inexplicable mysteries, for in the second encounter, the young Dukes handed the Union lads a 37 to 31 defeat.

Perhaps the most crushing defeat to be recorded this year was that administered to Monaca by the overwhelming score, 66 to 22. In this contest, the Duke High showed up in traditional form and played basketball as we are accustomed to see the University High play. The lineup is as follows:

Duquesne, 66		Monaca, 22
Davies	Forward	Miksch
Power	Forward	Zinke
Kettl	Center	Weinman
Whyte	Guard	Fouśt
Rooney	Guard	Grater

Substitutions: Doyle for Davies, Egan for Power, McNamara for Kettl, Walsh for Whyte, Regan for Rooney, Hughes for Fauśt, Shaefer for Grater. Field goals: Davies 3, Power 7, Kettl 3, Rooney, Doyle 4, Egan 4, McNamara 2, Walsh 3, Regan 6,

Miksch 5, Zinke 2. Fouls: Davies, none out of 2; Doyle, none out of 2; Power, none out of 4; Weinman, 8 out of 12. Referee: Brown, Canonsburg.

Results of games to date:

McKeesport, 41—Duquesne, 26
Union High, 60—Duquesne, 24.
Union High, 31—Duquesne, 37

The High schedule for February calls for the following games:

February 2, Steubenville, abroad
February 5, Freedom, abroad
February 9, Casino Tech, at home
February 12, Freedom, at home
February 22, McKeesport, at home

Duke Juniors.

After a series of hard practices in which about twenty candidates were aspiring for five jobs on the team, each doing his utmost to beat out his neighbor, the Juniors were selected. It was a difficult task to pick the team, but Coach Moran has chosen Cassidy, Mahoney, Molinari, Carl, Caldwell, Joyce, Leopold and Aland to uphold the Duke youngsters' "rep" on the floor this year. Although the schedule published below is a very hard one, we feel sure that the Juniors will give a good account of themselves in every game. At this writing, four games have been played, three victories and one defeat being marked up. Victories are credited over Fiske Five, N. S. Scholastics, and the Lacrone Club. The credit for handing the Juniors their first beating goes to the Shamrocks of Butler.

The scores of the contests already played are as follows:—

Fiske Five, 1—Juniors, 33
N. S. Scholastics, 9—Juniors, 19
Shamrocks, 21—Juniors, 17
Lecrone Club, 13—Juniors, 38

The Lecrone game:

Duke Juniors, 38		Lacrone Club, 13
Cassidy	Forward	Delehanty
Mahoney	Forward	Rush
Aland	Center	McCune
Carl (Captain)	Guard	Davies
Joyce	Guard	Rall

Substitutions: Caye for Carl, Leopold for Mahoney. Field goals: Cassidy 5, Aland 5, Joyce 3, Carl 2, Mahoney, Rush 3, Delehanty. Foul goals: Cassidy, 5 out of 10; Mahoney, 1 out of 5; Rush, 5 out of 9. Timekeeper: Robert Sullivan. Scorer: Van Cise. Referee: Davies, of the University High.

The schedule which the manager has arranged includes:

January 18, Sharpsburg High, abroad
January 25, Riverside High, at home
January 28, Fiske Five, at home
February 1, St. Mary's, Homestead, at home
February 4, Munhall High Juniors, at home
February 8, Sharpsburg High, at home
February 12, New Kensington H. S., abroad
February 15, W. P. I. Deaf Mutes, abroad
February 16, Brackenridge H. S., abroad
February 22, Shamrocks of Butler, abroad.

THE MINIMS.

Under the management of Father Williams, the Minims have organized, and to date have registered two victories. Twenty-five candidates responded to the call for practice, and from these the following were selected: Agnew, Buckley, Hain, Hherdini, Egan, Fierer, Gensler, McBride, McLuckie and O'Connell.

In defeating St. Peter's Lyceum and the Kingsley Stars, the Minims showed excellent form. In the opening game, the lineup and scores were as follows:

Minims, 20		Kingsley Stars, 14
McLuckie	Forward	Neft
O'Honnell	Forward	Rubin
Hherdini	Henter	Zimmerman
Egan	Guard	Goldstein
Agnew	Guard	Greene

Substitutions: Hain for McLuckie, Fierer for O'Honnell, McBride for Agnew, Gensler for Fierer, Rubin for Neft. Field goals: O'Honnell 3, Hherdini 2, McLuckie, McBride; Rubin 2, Goldstein 2, Greene. Fouls: McLuckie 4, Hain 2, Zimmerman 4. Referee: Davies.

J. S. GARAHAN, '21.

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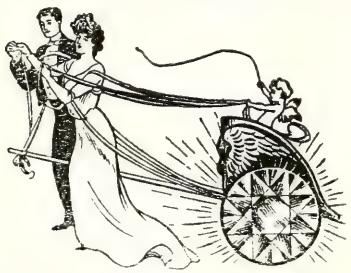
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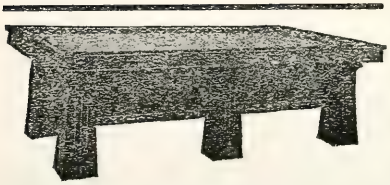
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Duquesne Monthly

A Literary Magazine

Vol. XXV. MARCH, 1918 No. 6

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BY THE STUDENTS OF DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY

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Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXV. MARCH, 1918 Number 6.

Spring's Promise.

THERE 's dew on the leaf and bright stars in the sky
And the winds woo the sweet bursting flowers;
The moon glances down with a half dreaming eye
On this beautiful green earth of ours.
The music of waves gently breaks on the ear,
And the night bird hymns softly his strain,
' Tis his wild serenade to his mistress so dear,
And sweet echo repeats it again.

' Tis morn; and the breeze down the valley is heard,
As it wanders the flowers among;
The hedge seems alive as bird answers to bird
In gushes of beautiful song.
The forest looks glad as the tall nodding trees—
Like an army of Robin Hood's men
With pearly-green coats—wave their arms in the breeze
And whisper, " Sweet spring 's come again."

It *has* come! In the sky its bright smile can be seen;
It has come! On the flower-gemmed hill
Its footsteps are heard, and its voice too I ween
May be caught in the murmuring rill.
It has come! O'er the earth waves its glorious wing!
And Thy Name, Gracious Father! we praise
That the beauty, the gladness, the brightness of spring
Are rich blessings to gladden our days.

But sweet spring-time will pass—the summer's hot breath
Will dry up the rivulets brief;
And autumn will follow, that season of death

To greensward and flower and leaf.
And dirge-chanting winter above them shall moan
And enwrap them in shrouds cold and white;
And their memory shall be like some low mournful tone
We oft hear in our dreamings at night.

But their sleep shall be broken! bright spring shall again
Gently breathe o'er the slumberers' dream;
She shall bid them arise from the hill-top and plain,
And awaken the song of the stream.
So the righteous may slumber—God watches their dust!
O'er their cold grave the thunders may break,
Yet their sleep is the sleep of the holy and just,
And they shall in beauty awake!

JOHN MCCABE.

The Real American Mother.

THE room was lighted a golden hue by the log fire in the large old-fashioned fire-place. Above the mantel, scarcely distinguishable in the mellow light, hung a heavily framed picture. The subject of this almost antique object was a stately old gentleman clothed in that renowned color—the color of the boys of '61. In the opposite corner of the room ticked a large, oaken, grandfather's clock.

A log blazed brightly for a moment. A sharp report, and the log settled amid a shower of sparks among its companions in the ashes. The falling fagot aroused the figure concealed in the large, well-cushioned arm-chair before the chimney. It was the figure of a hard-worked housewife. Her plain black dress, with its white collar and cuffs, was shiny from its frequent usage. Her hands crossed in her lap were thin and work-scarred. Her hair was prematurely gray. Her sad eyes were deeply shadowed with tear-formed black rings. Yet her face still plainly showed the beauty of her former youth, when she had been gay and happy, although her life had been shadowed by her father's heroic death. He had died a patriot, a soldier, a martyr, a true American!

With a deep sigh she rose from her retreat. A paper, an evening edition, fluttered to the hearth. Slowly she took her handkerchief and pressed it to her swollen eyes. A sob shook her thin form. She picked the poker up from its stand and stirred the dying embers. The fire again came to life and lit up the room cheerfully. As she stooped, the paper showed plainly in the fire light.

"U. S. Transport Torpedoed" blazed forth the red headline.

The poker clattered harshly to the stones. Again sobs broke forth. The woman snatched the paper from the hearth and pressed it spasmodically to her breast. She sank weakly into the vacant chair.

"I won't give in!" she cried, "I won't, I won't!"

With the printed sheet crushed in one hand, she searched her apron pocket. Shakily she withdrew a letter. In the upper corner of the envelope was stamped an American flag! Upon the other corner was written, "Soldier's Mail."

She took the enclosed letter from within, and slowly, tearfully read:

"Dearest Mother,

"In a few days we shall start. All preparations have been made. Some of the boys expect to get home before we leave, but I do not hope for such good luck.

"We are not allowed to write very much, but even a few lines will show that you are first in my thoughts. When we are on board, I will drop you a card.

"This is all I am able to write at present. Do not worry if you do not hear from me for some time.

"Your beloved son, Jack."

A knock sounded upon the door.

Hastily placing the missive in its envelope, and drying her eyes quickly, the mother hurried to admit the visitor.

"Why, Mrs. Schwartz, do come in! How are ye?" she cheerily exclaimed.

Mrs. Schwartz was a young woman stylishly dressed. Over her rich dress she wore an expensive seal coat. Her hat was of a now scarce variety—an imported model. Her cheeks were colored a delicate pink hue. Her blue eyes were harsh, yet not piercing. She swept majestically into the poorly-furnished room, pulling off her white gloves impatiently.

"So your son enlisted! Well, that is too bad, for he will get into such vulgar company in the army. I do not see why any

respectable young man should wish to enlist at the present time. If I had a son, I would not let him go. I suppose you are all broken up over his leaving."

"Mrs. Schwartz, shure it's aisily seen ye havn't any sons. Shure an' it's proud I be that me b'y's in the army. There's niver a better b'y that ever lived than me Jackie! An' it was so sudden! He up an' wint afore I could spake a word. But, faix, I s'pose it's in the blood. Ye know me dear ould father join'd the army when we arrived in this land. An' there's his picture as proud as anny upon that wall!

"Now, if I didn't let me b'y go an' somebody else's mother didn't let her son go, shure, me dear, wouldn't it be a foine thing for this country? I'll not be the wan that'll kape me lad whin his country calls!"

"Well, now, Mrs. Murphy," sighed Mrs. Schwartz, "this war is not our making; hence, we should not continue to support it by sending our youths to the front."

"There's where ye are wrong," retorted Mrs. Murphy, "Jackie says we must fight 'till it's over, and I don't want me only b'y to be a quitter."

"But Mrs. a—a—"

"No 'buts' about it. This war is just an' if this world was full o' people like ye, we wouldn't niver do anything!"

Haughtily Mrs. Schwartz swept from the room, and slammed the door. But the dear old mother dropped weakly into the cushions and wept bitterly.

"Son, dear son, come back to yer dear ould mother!"

ANDREW J. KING, High School, '18.

For the Cause.

WHY march our young men through the streets
With joyous step 'tween lines of friends,
Old Glory waving in the breeze
While martial strain with cheering blends?

Why all these crowds about the trains,
Their eyes bedewed with glistening tears
That speak of sadness, yet of pride,
As if they may not meet for years?

Ah! forth they go to train in camps,
To cross the sea with dangers rife,
In foreign land to meet a foe
And act the hero in the strife.

But what a noble cause is theirs!
They strike the shackles from the slave,
From thrones they hurl the war-lords down,
And freedom for the world they save.

E. J. QUINN, '19.

Building and Loan Associations in Pennsylvania.

BUILDING and Loan Associations have long been an established institution among Anglo-Saxon and other peoples. Some writers trace their origin as far back as 200 B. C., and mention many successful Chinese societies. There is ample proof that they existed in some form in the early periods of Grecian history, and authentic records can be found of their existence in Germany and England over a century ago.

The first association to be organized in this country was "The Oxford Provident Building Association," of Frankford, organized January 3, 1831. The Frankford *Herald* of November 11, 1831, states an initiation fee of five dollars was paid by each stockholder, and a further sum of three dollars was paid upon each share of stock; the matured value of each share was five hundred dollars. This association, having run ten years and six months, paid off its stockholders the matured value and closed its affairs on the tenth day of June, 1841. A new association, which bore the same name, was immediately formed, and it was followed in 1845 by another called the "Franklin," having its shares one dollar per month, and its matured value two hundred dollars.

These institutions originally existed in Pennsylvania as unincorporated societies. It was not until 1850 that the first statute

providing for their incorporation was passed. This Act related only to Philadelphia, Schuylkill, and Berks Counties. The Act of May 7, 1855, P. L. 481, extended it to Lehigh, Northampton, and Dauphin Counties. By various other acts it was extended to other portions of the State. The Act of 1850 required application to be made to the Court of Common Pleas of the proper County as prescribed by the Act of October 13, 1840, and upon compliance with that Act the Court was empowered to grant the charter.

The number of shares was limited to five hundred. A new general Act was passed April 12, 1859, which also provided for incorporation by the Common Pleas Courts, and limited the number of shares to twenty-five hundred. Then came the general incorporation Act of April 29, 1874, which repealed all legislation, as in all corporations of the second class, by the Governor of the Commonwealth; this Act, with its various supplements, has remained the law ever since. Both the Legislature and the Courts have looked upon these societies with great favor, which no doubt is the principal reason for their phenomenal growth.

A building and loan association is a private corporation for profit, in which the members, shareholders, or stockholders, contract to pay certain fixed sums at stated times, which sums are invested by the association by loaning or advancing the funds so accumulated to its members at interest and at times with interest and a premium for the use of the money in the purchase of real estate, or other lawful purpose of business, until the funds thus accumulated, in any given series, together with all profits, reach a certain fixed value per share, when the stock is declared matured and the funds are divided among the stockholders in proportion to the number of shares held by each. Really such an organization is, in fact and in law, a partnership, with corporate rights in which every stockholder is a member.

The name, "Building and Loan Association," is often misleading and does not convey the exact idea of what an association is. It has no legal or practical significance, except that by usage it has become descriptive of a peculiar class of corporations with especial rights and powers defined by statute. To-day many associations have dropped the word "building" from their corporate title, and style themselves "Saving and Loan Associations," which is more descriptive and less misleading. The term "building and loan association" would seem to imply that they

were engaged in the business of building. This never was true in Pennsylvania, although the Act under which they are incorporated seems to give them that power. However, the borrower may, if he so elects, use the money with which to build a house, or he may use it in any trade or business. The association merely loans or advances the money, and the use to which it is put is none of its concern.

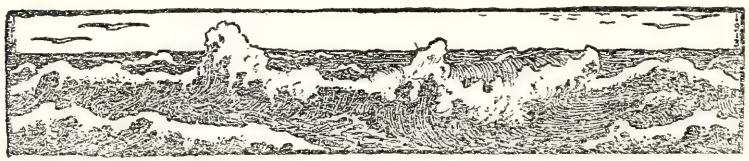
Building and loan associations have a two-fold purpose; to encourage thrift and to encourage borrowing of money for any lawful purpose, principally the purchase of a home. One of the main features is perfect mutuality, reciprocity, and equality of all members. Every gain, benefit, or advantage, that comes to the association must be shared equally by all its members, be they borrowers or not. They have done more to encourage thrift, economy, and systematic saving among the people at large than any other institution of modern times. They are the savings bank of the small investor, and their adaptability for that purpose has been fully demonstrated. They offer the best plan yet devised for people of small means to secure their own homes, and for systematic saving of small sums of money. They are the most economically conducted financial institutions in the world, and have, in spite of this, suffered the least financial loss. In late years they have grown to such an extent that they no longer restrict their money to the home buyer, but loan their money to the mere investor or dealer in real estate. They are now the holders of large mortgages secured upon the factories and other business properties, rows of stores, tenement houses, club houses, and other kinds of buildings. This is not an abuse of their power, but only a natural and proper extension or expansion along healthy and legitimate lines.

Under the laws of our State two different plans are possible. They are known as the terminating plan and the serial plan. The terminating plan was the original and simplest method of conducting an association, but it is not now used. The adjustment of profits was easy, since the value of every share of stock was always the same. The serial plan is simply a growth of the terminating plan, and in fact is a large number of terminating associations starting and closing at regular intervals.

The serial plan is now the only one used in our States: it is sometimes called the Pennsylvania Plan. It retains the good points of the terminating plan and has eliminated the objections to it. Under this plan, stock is issued at regular intervals;

annually, semi-annually, quarterly, and sometimes monthly. Persons desiring to join need only pay back to the beginning of the current series. This enables one to become a member with but small back payments. The six months' period is the one most generally used, and is the method used in the association with which the writer is most familiar. The series are designated by numbers, as fifty-first, fifty-second, fifty-third series, and so on. Each series has a different value, matures at a different time, and each dates back only to the time of issue. Each series is paid off or retired at maturity, and the remaining assets are left for the younger series and for those who are left to carry on the business. The profits are apportioned semi-annually among the different series, according to number of shares in each, and the time for which it has run. When the installments paid in and the earnings apportioned to each share, equal the par value (usually $200), the stock is declared matured and is ordered paid off in cash.

C. B. EYLER, Accounts, '17.



A Broken Career.

IF, by any chance, kind reader, you may be a sufferer from melancholia, then, I earnestly implore you, drop this epistle as if it were a burning brand. Read it not: it may bring on a severe attack of that dreadful affliction. For this is a sad, sad story, written by a disgraced, despairing man, and telling of a successful career cruelly marred at the moment of promised achievement.

I started my career, following the profession of my forefathers. It happened that my fathers before me were, above all, gentlemen—also, as a sort of a side line, they were experts in that art which finical moralists vulgarly designate as "thievery". Indeed, it was a matter of pride that no one of my ancestors was ever known to sully the name of his people by performing any manual labor or in any manner degrading himself by working for a living. As the last of my line and to uphold the honor of my

people, I also must needs be a thief and a first-class crook. Yet I hasten to disillusion you as to my noble profession. I was not a low, every-day crook, one of the common variety, as it were. No! Never! As I have noted before, I was, above all, a gentleman. The very thought of robbing a grocery till, or snatching a widow's pocketbook, would have filled me with intense shame and disgust. I was strictly a gentleman thief also. I operated only in select society circles. Indeed, I was as well known and as popular in society as was the mayor himself. Moreover, I was as little suspected of being a crook as was the bishop.

Doubtless you have read, now and then, glaring accounts of the "strange disappearance of Lady So and So's famous pearls," or the "mysterious theft of Mr. Somebody's renowned painting." For the most part, these missing articles found their way into the possession of your humble servant. It took the cleverness and shrewdness which only a gentleman can possess, to appropriate each article and to get rid of it to advantage. But I was ever and always successful. Never was a glance of suspicion cast upon me. Fool that I was, I believed I merited my success. I actually boasted to myself that I was the cleverest and most successful man in my art. Like all fools, I fell with a fatal crash from my pinnacle of pride into bottomless pits of disgrace and despair. Let us come to the sad end of this tale of blighted hopes and a ruined career.

I was staying as a guest at the residence of the Count Von M. It seems my blue eyes and manly character had endeared me especially to his household. The family consisted of the little German Count, his abnormally stout wife, and a daughter stouter than her mother. Now this daughter was about the homliest representative of her sex I have ever gazed upon, and the horrible thing about it was, I knew she had chosen me as her future husband. Consequently I avoided this creature as I would have shunned the occasion of small-pox. The rest of this dolorous tale follows quickly.

There came a stranger into the circle of society—Phillips was his name—who claimed a distant relationship to the Countess, and was accordingly installed as a guest at our house. That evening, at a theater party, this man Phillips displayed a ring set with a priceless gem, the largest I had ever seen. As I stared at him, carelessly waving the thing of beauty in the light, it was with difficulty that I restrained a mad impulse to snatch the stone and escape in the excitement. Leaning over to him, I asked

pleasantly what precautions he took to guard such a treasure. I could almost swear he shot me a glance of suspicion, but, nevertheless, I secured all the information I wanted. The ring reposed at night in an old-fashioned safe in his room.

That night my impatience got the better of my judgment, and I decided to gain possession of the stone immediately. Attired in pajamas and a bathrobe, I easily gained access to Phillips's room. I listened to his heavy breathing, then went to work. To open the safe was child's play! By the touch system, I had it open in fifteen minutes. I had obtained the plush case, made sure of the ring, and was turning away, when, hearing a low laugh, I turned to face the supposedly sleeping Phillips and also a threatening automatic! I laid down the plush case. I knew I was beaten. Phillips laughed again, "See here, my friend, suppose you take a look at that stone," he suggested. Bewildered, I took up the stone and examined it closely. Suddenly I gasped with surprise. That stone for which I had madly risked my career and lost, was not worth the case it lay in; it was pure unadulterated glass. Phillips smiled at my amazement; then, suddenly coming to a decision, he handcuffed me quickly, bound my legs with the rope of my bathrobe, and glided noiselessly from the room. "Gone to get the police," thought I. Yet I waited there fully two hours before I heard a commotion and, not the police, but the awakened family piled through the door, led by Phillips who, to me, seemed strangely excited.

"I just surprised him stealing my ring," he gasped, "and he had these, too, when I caught him," he added. Before my amazed eyes, that villain displayed a handful of the family jewels he himself must have stolen during the interval since he had left me. I was so stunned, my brain reeled. The family stood around gazing at me in a sort of awed pity. "Oh! did you really take these, Jack?" asked the corpulent daughter, looking more hideous than ever without her make-up. "Yes," murmured I, weakly; what use was there to deny it? Yet it seemed they could not, and would not, accept the fact that I was a thief. Suddenly the Count, who had lapsed into silence, loudly and convincingly exclaimed, "I have it; he's a kleptomanic. The poor boy can't help stealing!" With thankful sobs the whole family accepted his statement, and instantly they all crowded around, offering words of sympathy, trying to cut my bonds, and treating me like a baby who had fallen down a flight of stairs—all indeed, but Phillips. "Don't let him go," he cried wildly, "he's as sane

as you are! I know he's a thief. What's more, I'm going for the police!" He ran from the room. Then the Count's daughter began to sob, "Oh, father, what can we do? He'll bring the police and arrest dear Jack." Of the rest, I have only a dazed recollection. I cared not what happened after that. My career was ruined: I had disgraced the name of my family. The crazy turn of the evening must have affected my tired mind. I remember I did everything I was told to do: I answered dully when spoken to, and, verily, I took no interest in what was said. Fifteen minutes later I was aroused from that semi-conscious state by the Count slapping me on the back and shouting in my ear "Congratulations, my boy!" I heard his far-off voice chuckling: "Well, daughter, you can feel safe now. Let the police come if they will. Your husband would hardly steal jewels from his own wife and mother-in-law."

A horrible suspicion came to me. I looked around. There standing next to me with her hand in mine and an idiotic smile on her homely face, stood the Count's daughter. In front of us, a neighboring minister in clerical array was closing his book with a yawn. Oh, ye immortal gods! They had married me to that elephantine specimen of a human being. Dazed and scarcely realizing all my misery I sank into a merciful sleep.

There is but one thing more to tell. That man, Phillips, who caused all my woes, never returned. I may add he carried away with him all the family jewels, and they also had failed to return.

I have disgraced my name and profession. For three horrible years I have been a married man. There is no escape. They have given me an ex-prize fighter as valet and "nurse". He watches me with a hawk-eye. Escape is impossible; I have tried over and over again to run away, even to murder him. But that inhuman hercules merely overpowers me, tries to soothe me, and smiles on my attempted crimes. I swear wildly I am sane. I beg piteously to be sent to prison. All are of no avail. I am doomed! All the days of my life must I pass as an insane man, a kleptomanic, with no opportunity of retrieving the past or resuming the profession of my more fortunate ancestors.

THOMAS ASHLEY, High School, '18.



The Railroad Congestion.

IN the little suburb of Carnegie, about eighteen miles from Pittsburgh, a drummer hurriedly entered the railroad station, edged his way to the ticket window, hastily threw his grips on the floor and demanded in a loud voice: "One way to Pittsburgh! When is the next train due?" The agent handed out a ticket, making the reply: "I can't say; we are not following any schedule now!" This evidently did not disconcert the drummer, for judging from the size of the crowd he knew that a train was about due. No sooner had he collected his grips than a bell rang, the customary signal that a train was approaching. The crowd that previously stood and sat in seemingly lifeless groups, now showed great activity; men folded their newspapers and drew on their overcoats, and voices sounded in laughter amid the women folk who were adjusting their furs and calling to children who had strayed from them. Then all rushed to the platform, manifesting thereby their eager desire to obtain seats in the coaches. Standing room may be all right in the movies, but not in a moving train. With a shrill whistle a coal train rumbled past. The temperature about the platform rose several points from the heated remarks of the disappointed crowd as they sought shelter within the station. By the time that the last one had found a place for himself and his household goods within the station, the signal bell rang again. The crowd repeated the performance by rushing to the platform with the same eagerness, only to be disappointed once more. A freight train passed. Again they sought shelter within the station, for the temperature outside was hovering near the zero mark. There was no comfort to be had on the platform. The animated conversation of the crowd was now registering in a different pitch, but one can truthfully say, it sounded like high C. This was broken by the gruff voice of a stockily built fellow in overalls, who elbowed his way through the crowd to the ticket agent, remarking, "I want to use your telegraph!" The agent answered: "It's out of order!" "Well then, your telephone!" "It's out of order!" "What, out of order, it's a heck of a railroad station that has neither telephone nor telegraph!" The ticket-seller, equal to the occasion, replied: "That's all right, we are only shipping coal. Read that sign!" The posters in big type, entitled: "Declaration of War on Germany" and "Eliminated Train Service," were hanging at the window. Here then was to be found the cause of the disappointment to the suburbanites of Carnegie on the morning of December the twenty-

seventh, a disappointment which was felt by people in every town and city of the country.

The inconvenience caused by "Eliminated Train Service" has not been remedied yet, but the dissatisfaction of the public mind has been heroically suppressed. They have had four months' schooling to develop a proper public spirit that calls for sacrifice since the nation is at war. Irregular train service, unheated and overcrowded coaches are small inconveniences thrust upon the people, when we consider the great change that has taken place in the life of the nation. From a peace-loving, industrial life to a warring spirit of military preparedness has been a quick and far-reaching change. True to the American spirit, this change was accomplished by individuals sacrificing their own selfish comfort and interests to the nation's needs and pursuits. We are at war—a war has been thrust upon us and finds us unprepared for its work. Carnegie feels it: and fifty thousand other towns feel it as well.

The problems presented by this new condition are many and varied. They concern not only the drafting of an army and its equipment, but the transportation of fuel and food to new centres of population made so by our camps. Men drafted, taken from their ordinary occupations, have helped to tie up labor. The difficulty of importing sugar, flour and fuel, and the necessity of shipping food commodities to Europe, have increased congestion. Pittsburgh, one of the greatest industrial centres of the country, has been quick to sight national needs in the preparation of war. Its ability to supply coal, steel and war munitions, has been increased by the patriotism of a people now of one mind and purpose to win the war. The suburban population, as well as the city folk, are alive to these problems, and willing to help work them out.

Great changes have taken place in the living conditions of the people. There is a demand for labor. Higher wages are now paid than ever before in the history of the industrial world. Certain foods are at a premium. Fuel is scarce, and the finished products of the great manufacturers have been turned out so rapidly that railroad facilities are exhausted. This condition is not confined to Pittsburgh as an industrial centre, but extends to every large city of the country.

The ruling power of the nation, conscious of this condition, has endeavored to legislate a remedy. Government management of the railroads, to assure a proper movement of fuel and war munitions, has been the most drastic change effected since the war began. This fact was forced upon the minds of the suburbanites of Carnegie on the morning of December the twenty-seventh when two coal trains replaced accommodation trains on the P. R. R.

THOMAS J. GILLEN, High School, '18.

St. Patrick's Gift.

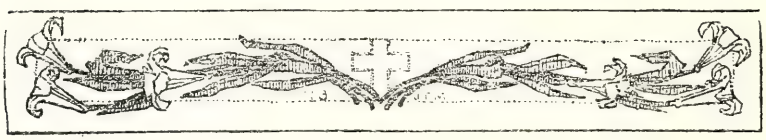
GLIMPSES of the spring-time verdure
Through the melting banks of snow,
Call to mind the Island Emerald,
Mystic land of joy and woe.

Rises through the thousand fancies
That at thought of Erin wake,
Wonder at the faith and fervor
Man and demon could not shake.

Faith as verdant as her hill-sides,
Purer than her crystal rills,
Shining forth to cheer the people,
Like the watch-fires on the hills,—

This was Patrick's gift to Erin.
May its freshness ne'er decay,
May her faith and love of country
Keep her name unstained for aye!

PETREL STORM, '19.



Irvin S. Cobb—His Place.

COMMENTATORS on celebrities are wont to make a deal of bringing them before the glaring light of publicity. As a rule, they appear in the introductory paragraph leading the blushing, bashful author before the curtain, and while they apologize to the victim of their audacity they extol his virtues, his modesty, his natural hatred of pomp and love of retirement; still duty and the dictates of justice drive them, as it were, to bring forth the beautiful violet blooming (by most unseen) beneath a bushel—or something to that effect.

Such abominable buncombe is not to be perpetrated here, for the very obvious reason that Irvin S. Cobb is not a drooping violet and does not hide behind anything. He weighs approxi-

mately two hundred pounds, has a fall-away chin and, I believe, parts his unpoetic locks on the left side. Besides, he is fat, very fat. Perhaps it is on this account that girls do not rave about his works nor admire his pictures. Albeit he is the most popular writer, the most humorous story-teller, of the English language to-day. Over and above this, he is everywhere and anywhere that interesting things are taking place or are about to eventuate.

A scion of Kentucky, Cobb first attracted attention in the literary field with that genial, unreconstructed Confederate veteran, Judge Priest. This venerable character, the presiding judge of "Our Town", is invariably the leading man in all Cobb's stories anent the Blue Grass region. And, indeed, he is a worthy person, for in him are exemplified the picturesque thought and manner of a by-gone age. Southern chivalry is a constituent element of his character, but is saved from quixotic absurdity by a curious blend of northern shrewdness, becoming and natural to one residing so near the Mason and Dixon line. In the creation of this character alone, Cobb has placed his name deservingly with Cable, Harris and Page, among the famous delineators of American types, and by it he will be remembered.

But the versatile Irvin S. Cobb means more than this to present-day Americans. He is the inimitable master of refined humor, a wit that is decent and appreciable. He has the happy knack of describing humorous scenes and events with telling effect without recourse to slang or jargon. An indomitable optimism, which seems to be his natural inheritance, enables him to detect light veins in tragedy—for corroboration see his account of the Giant-White Sox fiasco last October. In brief, Irvin S. Cobb, like his renowned namesake, Tyrus R., has all the earmarks of an extraordinary person.

The claim and title of Irvin S. Cobb to general approbation, however, does not rest entirely on his humorous touches, even though they set him above the average. In his various articles on the war, in which he propagated impressions consequent upon his own sojourn in Germany and behind the line of that vast militarist organization, Cobb discloses not only shrewd penetration but a keen sense of value. He also demonstrated conclusively that none are better versed in modern journalism than he.

At the particular time to which I refer, American opinion had not yet revolted against the systematic thoroughness of the Teutons. Rather we admired and honored the perfect team-work

and effective management of the German government. Irvin S. Cobb, therefore, realizing and appreciating the state of public mind then prevailing, wrote his articles anent Belgium and the invasion thereof, in such a manner as to enhance, if anything, our admiration of German discipline and restraint. This, we will have to admit, was good journalism.

Later, public opinion in America took a decided turn, and instead of admiration, we forthwith bestowed upon the autocratic Kaiser and all his works and pomps our utmost contempt and odium. Even Mr. Cobb shared this universal hatred for the invaders and devastators of innocent countries, as he immediately launched a number of vituperative essays against the sponsors of Kultur.

Does this feat not proclaim Irvin S. Cobb an up-to-date, wide-awake writer, an unexcelled journalist? Surely he is the man of the hour.

If perchance a skeptic, cynic or doubting Thomas unfortunately sees this, and will not believe that Irvin S. Cobb is so thoroughly timely, let him examine the latest work of this gifted scribe.

In the *Saturday Evening Post* of February 9th, will be found on the very first page a story or recital of modern political affairs. The leading character and villain is none other than a present-day senator, very poorly disguised, who in the face of public opinion and the voice of the press obstructs the administration in all its war activities. Official ostracism has no influence upon the conduct of this man who, according to Cobb, is dominated by an insatiable love of notoriety. Nothing deters him from the evil of his ways until the plan is devised, whereby he is completely shut off from publicity. Thereupon the erring senator is so overcome by the profound silence which enshrouds him that he promptly ends it all—in the dark waters of a western river.

In all it is a wonderful tale; quite enough to give Mr. La Follette black despair.

Having been brave enough to peruse the foregoing, is there anyone so steeped in temerity as to deny Irvin S. Cobb the title of distinguished? Who will gainsay me when I pronounce him our foremost author, our most interesting writer, our most marvelous journalist? La Follette, perhaps.

DENNIS J. MULVIHILL, '18.



From the Camps.

V. INSTALLMENT.

Over the Top with Byng. Back from France. Chaplains. Duties of a Chaplain. Visit by Major Brennan. In Officers' Training Camps. A Hike in Georgia, etc., etc.

IN a letter recently received, and from which we quote copiously, Lieutenant Harry L. Murphy, M. D., serving in the Medical Corps of the "Queen's Own" Battalion, describes his part in General Byng's drive near Cambrai, for which he is cited for the Victoria Cross.

We went through sheets of fire and glory holes for the eleven days we were in that push, and I hardly expected to be out here now in a quiet French village, none the worse for wear, except the old nerve pieces are a little jerky at times, as you notice by the chirography.

We marched for three nights straight before the battle, and then arrived about 4 A. M. at our assembly point, where we lay in the field until our time came to go over the top.

It was beastly cold, but we were so weary that we slept where we landed, on our packs, which we shook off when the halt came.

Up to dawn and the "zero hour", as the time for bombardment is called, there wasn't a gun to be heard anywhere, except a few isolated bursts to let each other know that the war was still on. And there we were, thousands of troops and hundreds of guns and tanks, all gotten up without enough confusion to let the Boche know that anything was pending. There was the foe. Did he know, or didn't he? About an hour before our zero hour, he opened up with an intense bombardment on our left, and we feared that the jig was up, that he was beating us to it. But we never replied. He raided our trenches on our left—or tried to—and then things quieted down as before.

Hardly a sound! The men quietly slept in groups, waiting for our guns to open—and, boy, when they opened at 6:20 A. M. you would have thought perdition broke loose. The ground we were standing on actually trembled under us, so intense was the gunfire. We were between the guns and the trenches, with a tumbledown village just in front of us.

It was marvelous to see tanks appear as if by magic out of some ruined house, pushing a wall down and meandering merrily away toward the front line. Not one or two of them, but scores of them, looking more like huge mastodons going out to forage in the hazy morning light. And so they were going out to forage, but on something more toothsome than shrubbery. We could see them going over ridges of our front line, and then they were lost to view. But we knew by this time that the Boche wasn't returning anything like the volume of our guns. And with the tanks to help us, we were in for a good day.

We lay in the field under fire until 8 A. M., when we advanced to the old British front line, and from there went over the top in front of the village of Gonnelieu.

There are certain hours in one's life that always stand out above others, but I think, if I live for 1,000 years, those next few hours will always remain uppermost in my mind.

There wasn't any fear, mind you. Somehow, fear of shells and machine gun bullets vanishes during those crucial hours, or minutes, as may be, and the thoughts uppermost in your mind are of a fatalistic nature. I felt perfectly sure they couldn't hit me, for my old luck was rampant.

It was like getting an important ball game started after hours of waiting, and you wanted to bust into that old pill and see how many infielders you could knock down.

They say there never were more machine guns going than during our advance, but how we had so few casualties always will remain a mystery. I was with our colonel and Maj. Cook when we went over, and stayed with them for the advance all the way, with the exception of an hour or so that I spent in a shell hole with a wounded Tommie.

The Hindenburg line has to be seen before you can understand what we took that day. You hear of barbed wire entanglements, but you can never understand what they mean until you go through them. Our tanks had flattened them out, of course, or we would never would have gotten through. Imagine wires strung on iron pegs about five or ten lines to a fence, and about ten or more fences deep, 10 to 20 feet apart between the fences. Concertina wire they call it, because of its construction. It is all curled up in rings, all barbed, and the rings joined together connecting with wires, so that it can't spring too far apart.

Rows of this junk were piled up between the fences as high as a man's head. It is about twice as strong as the ordinary

barbed wire at home. Then imagine three lines of trenches, one as strong as the other, and concrete pill boxes for machine guns and Lewis guns to repel attack.

At points, these guns fire at a rate of 500 to 600 shots a minute. It is no small matter to take a line like that, but the tanks make it much easier on account of helping to flatten the wire for the men to follow over.

We fought all day and all night. We dug trenches after we took our objectives, so you see by that we were pretty well done up. We held that line for six days and five nights in rain and snow, so you can imagine how the boys have to stand up under the work in this army. They are marvelous chaps, these British Tommies, and I only hope our own lads can measure up to them.

We were well out in front of our battalion when one of our men was hit in the chest, and I got him into a shell hole to dress the wound. In the meantime our colonel and his staff moved off to the right and forgot me for the minute, and I them. When I had the lad fixed up, I looked around and there was no one to be seen but a few Boches, well over to my left.

Remember at this time we were through the Hindenburg third ' or support ' line, and were well into " blue " as they call it. I put my head out and was greeted with a perfect shower of bullets from somewhere on my left, so I decided to tarry a while with the wounded lad. I had nothing but my tin hat to throw at them if they counter-attacked, yet it didn't seem serious at the time, for I was well out of range if they didn't advance, and, if they did, I would have stayed in and been captured, for I didn't have the foggiest idea where my men were. At last I heard a familiar sound, and on looking out saw a huge tank wandering over to my left, firing great bags of machine-gun bullets at the Boche.

Fancy my relief. I got the lad started back safely to the bearers, who were some hundred yards behind, and pushed on to Lateau woods, where my colonel was. They all wondered where I had been, but the colonel was right, for he remarked:

"Never mind. That lad will turn up somewhere. He is probably dragging a general in." He has a keen sense of humor, and is as brave as a lion.

They tell me I am going to get the Victoria Cross, the most coveted decoration in the British army.

Michael J. Bielawski, one of the 250 members of Base Hospital Unit No. 27, at Angers, France, came to see us after he

was honorably discharged from the American army owing to ill-health. He crossed the ocean in one of ten vessels convoyed by five battleships, but sighted no enemy submarine; when returning, a sister ship, the Harry Luckenbach, was torpedoed and nine of the crew were lost, but his own troopship, the Tenadores, came through the danger zone unscathed. In England our visitor noted a shortage of food; the hotels supplied limited amounts and served a small saccharine "pill" with each cup of tea or coffee. The hospital in which he served accommodates 250 patients, suffering mostly from spinal menangitis and pneumonia, and attended by 29 doctors. Portable wooden buildings are being erected, which, when finished and equipped, will house 1,000 patients. Both in France and England, Mr. Bielawski saw numbers of prisoners at work, all wearing bright colored patches on their backs and knees, so that, if they escaped, they might easily be recognized.

We are happy to learn that Fathers Jaworski and Dekowski, chaplains to the Polish contingents, safely crossed the Atlantic. They were cordially entertained in Paris by their Superior General, Bishop Le Roy, C. S. Sp., and were enchanted with their interview with General Archinard, charged by the French government with organizing the Polish army. Soon they expect to be joined by the Rev. Sigismund Rydlewski, C. S. Sp., who, at the comparatively advanced age of fifty-one, resigned the pastorate of a most thriving and populous congregation—that of the Immaculate Heart, Pittsburgh—to minister to the spiritual needs of 6,000 of his countrymen now in training, but provided with no chaplain to say Mass for them and to administer the Sacraments. Self-sacrifice has always been a distinguishing characteristic of holy souls, and Father Rydlewski possesses it in a heroic degree. May God protect him in the midst of the dangers he must encounter!

The day before war was declared, Father Kolipinski, C. S. Sp., left the University of Fribourg, Switzerland, where he had only to present and defend his thesis in order to secure the degree of D. D., and where he had made a record second to none, in order to spend a well-merited vacation in Galicia. Needless to say, he was notified that he was not to leave the country during the duration of the war. On December 14, we learn on good authority, he was called to the colors. For the last three years and a half he was chaplain in a convent, and also attended the lectures in the University of Prague.

Rev. Lieutenant Charles F. Gwyer, visiting Pittsburgh on a furlough from Camp Meade, Md., dined with the Faculty on February 14. Father Gwyer shows the wholesome influence of life spent largely out-of-doors; he is gaining weight of the solid kind and has an excellent color. He is charmed with his work, and is resolved to devote his life to it. Sixty per cent. of the soldiers in his camp are Catholics, the majority spontaneously frequenting the sacraments, and not a few returning to the practice of their religion after years of indifference. Conversions are not infrequent, and they seem to substantiate the claim that 150,000 have joined the Church since the first draftees assembled. The Holy Sacrifice was first offered up under an oak tree on a pile of lumber, but the kindly and pressing invitation of the Y. M. C. A. was gladly accepted and regularly availed of until the K. of C. Hall was under roof. Though the temperature in the unheated building chilled to some extent the fervor of their prayers, the soldier congregation preferred the discomforts of their chapel to the foreign atmosphere of a meeting-house. A Holy Name Society stimulates devotion whilst it discountenances profanity. First Fridays are observed, and monthly Communions are practically the rule. Father Gwyer's duties are typical of the army chaplain's in general. At 6 he celebrates holy Mass; at 6:45 he breakfasts; he dines at 12 and has supper at 6. The early forenoon is spent in the regimental post office; with the aid of three assistant privates he distributes the mail. With the help of four others, he keeps up to date the record of every man in the regiment—name, age, home address, previous occupations, religion, nearest relative's address for communicating information in case of emergency, new arrivals, and transfers to other camps. At 11:45, he attends Officers' Call, to receive instructions, and he spends the rest of the day visiting the base and regimental hospitals and the guard-house, teaching elementary English one hour and a half a day four days in the week, answering queries by mail, furthering the interests of his Dramatic and Glee Club, and assisting in making up programmes for the K. of C. entertainments. The chaplain is exempted from drills, but he generally goes on the "hikes" with the men. Taps are sounded at 10, and heavy eyelids close over weary eyes. The rest of the tired soldier is guaranteed by the strict observance of silence throughout the night. With a routine of varied duties and employments by day and unbroken sleep at night, a good appetite and the wherewith to satisfy it, homesickness is unknown after the first

few days, novelty gives zest to the work, and speedily is manifested a desire to cross the ocean and get into the thick of the fight. Besides, the chaplain is there to encourage during life and in death to soothe; his services in inspiring fidelity to the flag, heroism in action and confidence in forelorn hopes, have been recognized on many a battlefield and are now emphatically testified to by General Pershing, who has recommended the appointment of three chaplains to every regiment. They do God's work; may Father Gwyer do it eminently!

On February 14, we also received a very welcome visit from Major James I. Brennan. Before he identified himself with the army, Major Brennan was official consulting engineer, United States Steel Corporation, his duties taking him all over the country, and embracing problems in connection with mill construction, power-houses, shops, transportation facilities and terminals. Now he is on "detached service", being charged with the mechanical side of the work in connection with the construction and management of shops required to support army activities. As member of a regiment of engineers, he expects to be in France early in March. We admire his facility for interesting composition, and we shall prize highly his contributions to the MONTHLY.

Another alumnus of many year's mill experience is Captain Walter R. Dowling. Ordnance is his specialty for the duration of the war.

We congratulate Corporal "Mike" Morrissey on his assignment to the Officers' Training Camp, Camp Stanley, Leon Springs, Texas. He writes: "They are working the hearts out of us, but I feel equal to every demand. Many have already weakened, and have been dropped, but if it is to be a case of the survival of the fittest, I'm determined to see it to a finish."

Charles F. McCrory favors us with an account of a seven-day "hike": On the expiration of my furlough I arrived at Camp Hancock on January 6. The following morning at 4 o'clock, a 'call to arms' was sounded, and in less than an hour the whole Ambulance Train was in motion. Our route was from Augusta to Waynesboro, to Sylvania, to Millen, and back to Augusta, a distance of 146 miles in all, and accomplished in $6\frac{1}{2}$ days, $\frac{1}{2}$ a day less than scheduled time. Most of the time a cold wind chilled us, and the mercury hovered about the 12 mark. We spent the nights under the open sky, lying on a blanket and covered with two. One night, in a forest, a tornado swept over us and levelled

many pine trees around us, but fortunately there were no accidents. We cooked our own meals except in the towns, where we were treated with characteristic Southern hospitality."

Dr. John N. Hayes, of Crafton, has received his commission of First Lieutenant in the army.

Dr. J. Harry Collins now ranks as Major in his assignment at Camp Oglethorpe.

Edward Horen has offered his services to Uncle Sam and has been accepted for the Navy.

A trio of old friends, Verner J. Lawler, Francis J. Lawson and Floyd J. Mitchell, enlisted before Christmas. Word has been received from Verner that he sailed for France on Jannary 2, and arrived there without incident on the 15th. He was a member of the Quartermaster's Corps, and the other two are probably associated with him.

Corporal Jake Mosti writes from Texas, where he is training with the 666th Aero Squad, that he is a member of a band of 75 pieces; all they want to make them happy, is the presence of Professor Weis.

Leo Yunker is making his mark in the army. He is in line for a commission, as he was selected for a course in the Officers' Training Camp, Camp Lewis, Washington. The buildings are all wooden; they accommodate 50 men each. The camp is 12 miles square, and is the temporary home of 50,000 drafted men, several regiments of regulars, and thousands in the officers' training quarters.

Ray Baum expects to secure a commissson in the same camp. He writes a cheerful letter, but concludes, "Though the spirit of '18 is strong in me, you do not know what a heavy heart I have at present." Cheer up, Ray; the darkest hour is that before the dawn.

Elmer J. Schorr found the monotony of the sea trip to France broken by two storms. At present he is in the Accounting department of the Quartermaster's Corps. He is familiar with the work, and intends to give it the best that is in him.

Charles A. Donovan has satisfactorily stood the test for admission into the Aviation Service.

H. J.



SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

Our Gratitude.

ONE of the greatest but least practiced virtues is gratitude, so we are told. If this be true, the undergraduates of Duquesne have demonstrated clearly that they are a virtuous lot in as much as to a man they have shown sincere appreciation of the co-operation given by many of the alumni and friends of the University to ensure the success of the annual reception.

The gathering this year was not only a pleasing affair from the financial viewpoint, but socially it brought out and resurrected a number of the conscript fathers who perused the classics and battled on the campus when Caesar was young. These venerable alumni, we are proud to say, felt that their sworn loyalty to D. U. obligated them to take an active part in the dansant because so many of the younger graduates who were usually relied upon for support in this matter, were pre-engaged in "making the world safe for Democracy." They, therefore, rallied loyally to the call of *Alma Mater,* and mainly through their efforts Duquesne is assured of well-equipped, well-supported athletics during the coming twelve months.

Is it any wonder that the students unanimously concur in a vote of thanks to the alumni and friends that attended, and labored for the success of the annual reception?

D. J. MULVIHILL, '18.

Thrift and Its Academic Aspect.

A PRACTICE, or qualification, which has for years been lying latent in the traits of our American people, has suddenly emerged from security, and we behold *thrift* placed in its niche and employed in all the significances of its generic nature. We Americans, it is true, were progressive, extremely so; but we were thrifty in this one sense of the word. Economy and frugality, two requisites of real thrift, were nonentities for the majority of our people. In other words, we were wasteful—an extravagance caused by a superabundance of natural resources. We attained our ends and aims, at the expense of true efficiency, it must be acknowledged; but why, then, should we concern ourselves with the means? Results alone counted then.

Time, however, and the events whose passing it marks, have changed all our former convictions on the matter. Thrift, as a virtue of true Americanism, has come into its own. Necessity, yea, national necessity, has occasioned the change. The nation has perceived that a successful termination of the war demands a maximum production and maximum economy—in short, real thrift. The results of this perception are only too manifest. Everybody, everything radiates thrift. The Government is selling "Thrift Stamps, Baby Liberty Loans"; is restricting the use of certain raw materials and foodstuffs to such an extent that every day is a "less" day—some days having "less" magnified to the second and third degrees. The words "waste" and "wastefulness" are still in *Webster's Unabridged,* but the objects and acts to which these terms applied, are not to be found in America to-day.

Apropos of the foregoing, the natural question is: "What is the relation of thrift to the students in the educational institutions of the country?" The solution is readily seen. Not only should those pursuing their academic careers cheerfully adhere to the economic regulations laid down by the Government, but, of most importance, they should not squander and waste their time. How many there are who look only to the day of graduation, to the sheepskin they receive on that day? To them the manner in which they spend their undergraduate days is of minor import, whereas, in reality, the value of an academic training lies solely in the mastering of the details of their courses. The industrial and the business world know no slacker; neither should the educational domain. Let each and every one do each day's work well. Let thrift be the watchword!

E. N. SOXMAN, '18.

Paradoxical, But True.

FOR the first time in her history, America stands face to face with the problem of conserving all her resources. "All her resources" means much. It means capital, mineral wealth, soil, soil-products, men and women, boys and girls, health and brains—and not the least of these is brains. Resources are ordinarily conserved by stimulating production and restricting consumption. True conservation means absolutely no waste. It means a maximum of motor trucks and a minimum of limousines, a maximum of "victory bread" and a minimum of lady fingers a maximum of health and a minimum of sickness. Conservation means one hundred per cent. utility for every one of God's blessings.

Brains are conserved in a way different from the usual method. Grains of common sense are at least as precious as grains of wheat, but they cannot be saved as grains of wheat are saved. Common sense is conserved by serious, persistent efforts at production, and by unstinted consumption and expenditure. Common sense is wasted unless it is prodigally spent. The surest way to reduce the supply of brains is to increase the consumption of fallacious and misleading statements. And the only way to increase the supply of good, sound sense, is to consume all that is produced, and then cry for more.

There are two things that every American can highly resolve to do for his country. One is to think hard and straight for at least fifteen minutes every day. The other is to tune his ears down to the quiet, minor key of common sense, and listen hard every minute of every hour. There is so much superfluity of speech to hear, so much governmental criticism and condemnation to put up with, that fine ears will be needed to catch the whisperings of truth.

The well of wisdom will not run dry if we drink of the waters freely. Common sense will win the war if it is carefully conserved by unlimited expenditure. Let us calmly stint ourselves in money, bread and clothes; but let us spend our brains as if the supply were infinite—and it will be.

JUSTIN J. GALLAGHER, '19.

Annual Euchre and Reception.

DESPITE zero weather, shockingly inefficient street car service and the consequent strain upon taxicab companies, patronage of our euchre and reception eclipsed the expectations of even the most sanguine. Students were there, past, present and future, together with their friends, over one thousand in number. Joy radiated in the ball-room and round the euchre tables, and laughter resounded in the spacious corridors of the William Penn. Occasionally shadows lingered on the brows of the retrospective, their thoughts taking wing to the camps, where D. U.'s generous contribution to the lists of patriotic youths are now in training.

Thorough efficiency characterized the work of the many committees, and the music rendered by Professor Weis's orchestra was appreciatively applauded.

Two veteran alumni accepted an invitation to serve as censors of dances and costumes. We heartily appreciate the services they rendered; we realize that in social affairs of the kind some restrictions must be imposed on the thoughtless devotees of depraved fashion and perilous practices. We rejoice that they had no occasion to exercise their right of censure.

We append a list of euchre prizes and the donors, to whom we desire to convey our most cordial thanks.

PRIZES	DONORS
Desk Set	Spear & Co
Gent's Pocket Book	G. S. Haines Co
Fancy Plate	May-Stern
Cut-Glass Fruit Dish	A Friend
Mandolin Player	L. Carison
Cut-Glass Pitcher	A Friend
Box of Cigars	Bocksteuffer Co
11 lb. Reymer's Very Best	Paul Giegerich
Gent's Slippers	Halli's Shoe Store
Cut-Glass Dessert Dish	Joseph Horne Co
Cut-Glass Nut Dish	Mrs. D. Madden
Center Piece	Miss Mary Manning
Fancy Center Piece	A Friend
Fancy Center Piece	Mrs. John Imhof
Box of Cigars	Prof. Wm. H. Kelly
Lady's Neck Piece	Mrs. Jos. Esser
Set of Lady's Pins	S. Mallin
Set of Gent's Cuff Buttons	S. Gallagher, Jr
Lady's Pin	A. Weitzel
Toilet Set	A Friend
Buffalo Ornament	A Friend
Cuff Buttons	Ben-Vey
Pin Cushion	Miss Mary Imhof
Lady's Breast Pin	Horovitz
Lady's Umbrella	Mr. R. Pollard
½ Doz. Tea Spoons	Mrs. A. Amrhein
Center Piece	Mrs. F. A. Amrhein
Lady's Fancy Pin	Jos. G. Hasper Co
Set of Gold Cuff Buttons	A. P. Kaule
A Smoker's Friend	A Friend
Boy's Gym Shoes	Wagner Bros. Shoe Co
Buffalo Ornament	A Friend
Amethyst Rosary	C. Fussenegger
Box Party	Lyceum Theatre
½ Doz. Handkerchiefs	Ray Mansmann
Men's Hose	Florenz Mansmann
Gent's Slippers	Ruffennach Bros
Lady's Umbrella	Kaufmann Bros
Boudoir Slippers	A Friend
Pink Bed-Room Slippers	S. N. Wagner
Motor Expense	J. G. Bennett
Reymer's Very Best	H. J. Wiethorn
Fancy Pillow	Mrs. M. E. Bruecken
Picture (Colonial Days)	Mrs. M. A. Ford
" (In the Studio)	A Friend
" (Dignity and Impudence)	A Friend
" (At Sea)	A Friend
" (Painting)	A Friend
Smoker's Set	Mr. C. McCrory
Rocker	A Friend
Picture (Landscape)	Wunderly Bros

PRIZES	DONORS
Cuff Links	L. Dufner
Gent's Set	Shapera's Department Store
Stick Pin	L. Dufner
Boy's Watch	A. Carlson
Lady's Set	Klavon's Pharmacy
Rugs	Eichenlaub's
Holy Bible	F. Kirner
Picture (Return from Calvary)	E. Letzkus
Picture (Christ Child)	W. Powers
Lady's Bed-Room Slippers	Schoppol Bros
Writing Materials	V. J. Rieland
Box of Cigars	Val. O'Neil
Letter Case	Mrs. Sieben
Writing Materials	Val. O'Neil
Two Boudoir Caps	Mrs. Aland
Salt Holder	Mrs. Nagle
Bath Mat	Mrs. Wm. McDonough
Center Piece	Mrs. J. F. Glynn
Scarf	Mrs. J. F. Glynn
Ties	H. J. Sieber
Reymer's Very Best	R. N. McCartney
5 lb. Sucker	Terheyden Co
5 lb. Cake	Simon & Veigel
Box of 50 Cigars	T. Ward
Powder Box	H. Murto
Gent's Umbrella	G. M. Wilson
Order for Photos	J. P. Petraitis
St. Jerome	Thos. Curran
$5.00 Gold Piece	J. C. Larkin
Bronze Statue	Thos. Curran
Order for Photos	D. Rosser
Table Piece	Thos. Curran
Dinner Set	Mrs. A. Fording
Loving Cup	F. Keating
Five Yards of Goods	L. Waterson
Serving Tray	J. Garrigan
Picture (Homeward Bound)	N. Heilman
Fancy Dresser Picture	Paul Sullivan
Vase	John McVey
Tennyson	Mrs. Mulgrove
Mozart	Mrs. Mulgrove
Liszt	Mrs. Mulgrove
Mozart	Mrs Mulgrove
2 lb. Reymer's Very Best	Reymer Bros
Set of Towels	Mrs. J. J. Sullivan
Fancy Scarf	M. T. Lattner
Gent's Scarf	Ubinger Dry Goods Co
Set of Towels	C. H. Becker
Center Piece	C. H. Becker
Center Piece	A Friend
Bath Rug	Mrs. J. F. Doyle
Hand-Painted Vase	Mrs. D. H. Meinert
Picture (Head of Christ)	C. Rothrauff
Plate Set	Jas. Harvey
Sugar Bowl	Mrs. Anna Buisker
Cuff Links	G. A. Schroth
Lady's Bed-Room Slippers	A Pachel
Picture (Sacred Heart..)	L. J. Mueller
Table Set	S. Gujski
Collar Box	Mr. Burke
Cut-Glass Fruit Dish	Wm. McCarthy
Embroidery	Mrs. A. Heilmann
Set of Fancy Plates	J. Joyce
Gent's Tie	T. Ashley
Cut-Glass Celery Dish	H. Kelly
2 lb. Box of Candy	J. Ferrick
Picture (Exciting Mom'ts)	Mrs. F. Lauinger
Umbrella	G. Walton
Book Rack	John E. Kane
Silver Cigarette Case	Albert Kelly
Linen Holder	John McVey
Picture (Evening Scene)	Patrick J. Fahey
Sugar and Milk Set	J. Pawlowski
Spice Dish	Kenneth A. Leopold
Lavatory Set	Mrs. G. M. Absalom
Picture (Christ in the Temple)	Thos. Curran
Plant and Jardiniere	A. W. Smith Co
Stein	Thos. Curran
One Doz. Silver Spoons	A. King

Donations are gratefully acknowledged from Mrs. J. P. Staud, Mrs. P. Yunker, Mrs. Appel, Miss A. Fieser, Miss E. Fischer, Mrs. F. J. Brunner, Mrs. A. Hermes and Mr. M. Flanagan.

D. J. MULVIHILL, '18.

CHRONICLE

College and High School.

Results of Exams.

Results of the second term examinations show that the following obtained first place in their respective classes: (College) E. N. Soxman, J. J. Gallagher, J. R. Mulvihill, C. J. Kronz; (Pre-Medical) H. Canter; (Prep. Law) F. J. Maturo; (Commercial) H. C. Wachter, C. R. Wirl, J. J. Harvey; (Scientific) W. J. McCarthy,

S. P. Balcerzak, J. M. Brown, J. R. Diemer, J. G. Ritter; (Academic) A. J. King, E. P. Kearney, R. H. Ackerman, J. J. Rozenas, P. C. Sullivan, V. P. Burby, A. J. Blieszner; (Preparatory) V. Owczarzak, M. C. Wheeler. Two hundred honor certificates were awarded.

Feasts

The feast of the Purification was celebrated with solemn high Mass. On the feast of St. Blasius, a eulogy on the Saint was first delivered; members of the community including the students had their throats blessed.

Annual Retreat

The students' annual three days' retreat began on Tuesday afternoon, February 5. The exercises were conducted by the Rev. Bernard Carey, C. S. Sp., a clergyman of varied and world-wide experience. During the thirty years of his priesthood, he has preached the gospel in France, Ireland, Australia, British East Africa, the United States, and Trinidad, B. W. I. After the great European war broke out, he tendered his services as chaplain to the British government, and served in that capacity to the West India military contingent in Egypt and German East Africa under the command of General Smuts. After his regiment had been wiped out by wounds, disease and death, he returned to his post in Trinidad. There he exercised his sacred functions until his Superior General, Bishop Le Roy, transferred him to the cooler climate of the United States. Wherever he has preached, his merits as a pulpit orator have been recognized and highly appreciated.

The President

On Friday, January 25, the Very Rev. President, Father Hehir, attended a meeting of the Association of College Presidents of Pennsylvania, at the office of Dr. H. C. Schaefer, Superintendent of the Bureau of Education, Harrisburg. The subjects for discussion were: (1) The services to be rendered by the Colleges in aiding the Government to prosecute the war; (2) The Colleges and Reconstruction; (3) Graduation of Enlisted Seniors.

On Wednesday, February 6, he also attended the consecration services, at Erie, of the Right Rev. Bishop Gannon, D. D., upon whom the University, in 1913, conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

On February 1, Mrs. J. Dawson Callery and Mrs. James

Baby Bonds

Francis Burke, representing the Women's Committee on War Savings Stamps, visited the University. They were accompanied by the Hon. James Francis Burke, former member of Congress, who made a stirring address to stimulate the sale of "Baby Bonds", already inaugurated in January by Mr. Harris. The two hundred and twenty students already in the service are, he said, keeping up the traditions of the old Pittsburgh College, whose inception he had seen. Those sons of Duquesne, whether already "over there" or still undergoing training in the camps, are making big sacrifices, because they think America is worth it, and because they expect those at home to back them. If you are a slacker, you will not support them; if you are a patriot, you will!

Lent

The holy season of Lent was ushered in with due solemnity. Ashes were blessed by the Very Rev. President and distributed to the students by Fathers H. McDermott and M. Retka. The Way of the Cross is the devotion most practised during the week. On Sunday evenings many of the Fathers preach in the city and suburban churches.

Sympathy

To Dr. Clinton E. Lloyd we wish to convey the expression of our very sincere sympathy in the bereavement he has sustained in the death of his mother, who passed away in Akron, Ohio, on February 19, in the eighty-second year of her age.

We wish to express our sympathy also with James B. Cunningham, Thomas J. McGrath and Michael J. Letzelter, each of whom lost a brother recently.

Sodalities

The reception into the Sodalities is fixed for March 19. Rev. J. F. Malloy will deliver the sermon of the occasion.

Entertainments

Since our last mention of entertainments, two have been staged under the direction of the Sophomores and Freshmen, respectively. The Sophs discussed the right of aliens to exemption from the selective draft, F. J. Ligday, J. R. Mulvihill, J. P. Murphy, P. A. Diranna and F. J. Kruk presenting the arguments on opposing sides. The Freshies convinced their audience that Catholic actors are not neglecting their opportunities of doing good. W. J. Turley, C. J. Becker, F. V. Bielski, J. S. Garahan and

M. N. Glynn thrashed out the subject very thoroughly. G. F. Foley and M. N. Glynn contributed vocal solos very acceptably; G. F. Marlier, J. B. Walsh, T. L. McCormick, W. J. Turley and R. H. Ackermann added variety with choice reading, and Professor Weis, with his well-trained orchestra, furnished much appreciated musical selections.

A Proffered Honor

The government of the Netherlands has offered the Consulship of Pennsylvania to the Very Rev. Canon Viscount Verheijen, U. J. D., and has expressed its willingness to transfer the office from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh to accommodate him.

Calisthenics

Professor F. X. Eckl, physical director of the Central Turn Verein, is with us again, and has begun preparations for a fascinating series of drills at our May entertainment.

E. J. QUINN, '19.

School of Law.

New Lecturer

Frank C. McGirr, Esq., has replaced Dr. Edward B. Scull, retired, as lecturer in the Law School, his subjects being Bills and Notes, Partnership and Agency, Surety and Guaranty.

Successes

Joseph A. Burns, Gilmore R. Keitzer and David Turrets have been notified by the State Board of Law Examiners that they have successfully passed the final examinations, and are now authorized to practise in the courts of Pennsylvania. Messrs. Keitzer and Turrets were members of the third year class, but took advantage of recent war legislation in favor of prospective draftees and volunteers to present themselves before the completion of their course. Congratulations!

We rejoice also to learn that Professor Madden and Bruno J. Taszarek have gone through the preliminary test with flying colors.

E. J. McGinness, Law '15, has had the seal of high approval set upon his legal lore by appointment to the solicitorship of Port View, Pa.

James L. Brady, Law '17, has opened offices in the Union Arcade, ninth floor. May the elevator boy be kept busy in bringing him clients!

Public Speaking.

Never has there been a time when interest in Public Speaking and Public Entertainment has been more active than at the present. Dr. Lloyd reports that his department is working on "double shift" time, trying to respond to the insistent calls for help from the constantly increasing number who are trying to express themselves vocally in public places, and who find their thoughts and feelings inadequately supported by their expressional equipment.

At board meetings, around banquet tables, in public halls, patriotic gatherings, efficiency instruction assemblies, and among "four minute" speakers, there is a growing demand for men and women who are able to present their ideas with distinctness, clearness, force and impressiveness.

Aside from individual instruction in voice placing, tone production and effective delivery, which is constantly being conducted, Dean Lloyd is giving personal instruction to a number of classes in the fundamental and general laws of Public Speaking. Classes are completing and new ones beginning at short intervals, and an effort is made to place applicants in whatever class will most nearly meet the applicants' needs.

Several plays are under rehearsal for local societies, and a large class—composed principally of instructors in the Public Schools—for the literary and expressional study of the Shakespearian drama, will begin Thursday, the 28th of February. This class will meet weekly in the Grant School, Strawberry and Grant, and will study one tragedy and one comedy—"Hamlet" and "As You Like It". This class is open to all, and the term fee is almost nominal. Application for membership may be made to principal of the Grant School or to Dr. Lloyd, Vandergrift Building.

The class in Public Speaking, for the School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce, which meets each Tuesday evening, at 7:30 o'clock, Vandergrift Building, is still open for new matriculations.

School of Accounts.

Elections

The following officers of the Hamilton Debating Society have been elected for the current year: President, A. A. Gorski; Vice-President, P. C. Ruffenach; Secretary, S. N. Wagner; Assistant Secretary, A. B. Kwiatowski; Treasurer, Francis J. Scott. The Executive Committee chosen consists of A. A. Gorski, Chair-

man; S. N. Wagner, W. D. Rush, F. J. Scott and C. P. Lang. Committee on Debates: S. N. Wagner, P. M. Beckert, C. P. Lang. Publicity: W. D. Rush, P. C. Ruffenach. Lectures and Readings: C. P. Lang, A. F. Loxterman, F. J. Scott. Moderator, W. M. Deviny, M. A.

Debates

The debates scheduled for the month embrace the following: (1) Resolved, That the position of Secretary of Munitions and Materials should be created. (2) Resolved, That the commission form of city government should be adopted in Pittsburgh. (3) Resolved, That the term of office of the U. S. President should be six years, without the power of self-succession.

Joy Supreme

The day students are elated to hear that they all passed the Christmas examinations.

Drill Appreciated

It is gratifying to note that the facilities for military drill under Captain Porter are thoroughly appreciated, especially by draftees in the cantonments, and embryo officers in training camps.

Mr. Deviny Honored

At a meeting of the Association of Accounting Instructors held in Philadelphia, Professor William A. Deviny was elected a member of the Committee of Standardization of Courses in Accounting.

P. C. RUFFENACH, '19.

In Memoriam.

ALFRED V. D. WATTERSON, ESQ.

The unexpected and practically sudden death of A. V. D. WATTERSON, ESQ., at his home, 304 Stratford Avenue, on Wednesday evening, February 20, is mourned by a wide circle of friends. His death is a distinct loss to Catholicity in Pittsburgh and to the Allegheny County Bar, of which he was a leading member. Devotion to his Church, its interests and organizations, and wholehearted loyalty to his numerous clients, were the two most striking characteristics of his life. His genuine worth and practical judgment found recognition in his election to the Presidency of Mt. St. Mary's Alumni, St. Francis's Hospital, the Columbus Club and the Apollo Club. His interest in Catholic education was

co-extensive with his other activities; when our Advisory Board was established, he accepted an invitation to serve, and his time was generously placed at our disposal; for many years he donated a gold medal for oratory in the college classes. Our most cordial sympathy goes out to his bereaved family. *R. I. P.*

DR. GEORGE J. SMITH

The announcement of the sudden death of DR. GEORGE J. SMITH, Niles, O., came to us as a veritable shock. When returning from the hospital where he had been visiting a patient, he collided with a train and sustained injuries that quickly resulted in his death. Fortunately a sufficient interval elapsed before he breathed his last to permit Father Crotty to reach the scene and administer to him the last sacraments and consolations of his religion.

The doctor graduated in '95, entered Pitt College of Medicine in the Fall of the same year, and, on qualifying for practice, selected Niles as the place of his future labors. Virtually from the day of his arrival he commanded the practice of the entire town, and, what is better, held it to his dying day. He was gifted with a charming disposition that won friends for him almost on sight. None that knew him but will regret his premature taking off. In 1914 the University conferred upon him the honorary degree of M. A. *R. I. P.*

SERGEANT FRANK TURNBLACER

From Richmond, Va., came the sad news that FRANK TURNBLACER succumbed to an operation in Memorial Hospital, of that city, on February 16. He passed away on the eve of his thirtieth birthday; let us hope that he celebrated it under the happiest of auspices in his Father's house.

During his college days, Frank was a favorite with the students and the professors. He distinguished himself especially on the gridiron and in the gym. His brothers were in the lumber business, and naturally, after graduation, Frank identified himself with the same line of work. Last October, six months after being operated on for appendicitis, he went with the first draft to Camp Lee, and became a member of the 319th Regiment. Having been made Corporal and Sergeant, he was transferred to the 511th. He was spending a brief furlough in Richmond when he was seized with extremely violent pains; he called for medical assistance and was taken to the hospital. The doctors decided

that an operation was urgently necessary, but he insisted on first receiving the Sacraments. When the priest had concluded his ministrations, the corporal needs of the patient were attended to; how unsuccessfully we know and regret. Rev. J. P. Danner and Rev. A. B. Mehler paid for themselves and for us the last respects to the remains at his home, and at the funeral solemn high Mass, St. Philip's, Crafton. *R. I. P.*

ATHLETICS.

THE 'VARSITY.

THE 'Varsity after displaying its wares in the West and coming home triumphant—if somewhat frostbitten—staged its initial home contest on January 25th, against the Waynesburg College five. It resulted in an overwhelming victory for the Dukes, and the score, 46–15, assured the students of Duquesne that the team this year is fast and aggressive. The cancellation of the game scheduled for February 1st with the St. Canisius College and the ensuing week of idleness threw the Dukes off their stride. Abundant evidence of this may be seen in the game with Franklin College. This game, hard fought and thrilling, forced the 'Varsity men to extend themselves to win. The Franklin boys with superior team work got an early lead. The Dukes quickly overhauled them, however, and a nip-and-tuck battle followed. It was either team's game until the last minute of play, when Flanagan, the husky guard, caged one from the center of the floor. Ligday followed suit, and the game was put on ice. The guarding and passing of Flanagan, Ligday and Kronz were of stellar caliber, while Cumbert, Finerty and Brown did well at forward. Captain Obruba, at center, put up his usual excellent game. The score and lineup:

Duquesne, 26		Franklin, 23
Cumbert	F.	Anderson
Finerty	F.	Mitchell
Obruba	C.	Hamilton
Kronz	G.	McConnell
Flanagan	G.	Kennie

Substitutions: Ligday for Kronz, Brown for Finerty, Kennie for Anderson. Field goals: Obruba 3, Finerty 2, Ligday 2, Cumbert, Kronz, Brown, Mitchell 4, Hamilton 2, Kennie. Foul goals: Cumbert 6 out of 15, Mitchell 9 out of 20. Referee, Al Slack.

The remainder of the season's schedule includes the following games: February 14, Muskingum College at home; February 15, W. & J. at Washington; February 22, Niagara University at home; March 2, Westinghouse Club at Wilkinsburg; March 8, Niagara University at Niagara; March 9, St. Canisius College at Buffalo.

UNIVERSITY HIGH.

The University High five, although sadly handicapped by sickness and injuries, has shown gratifying form in its recent contests. Captain Davies, Powers and "Red" Egan are putting up a fine game at forward. Rooney, Regan and Doyle are strong on the defense, and prove veritable stumbling blocks to their opponents. Their passing is fast and snappy, giving the forwards many opportunities to cage goals. Walsh, a guard, has been switched to center, to take the place of McNamara, who is on the sick list.

The game with Allegheny High, considered one of the most important on the schedule, resulted in a defeat for the Dukelets, 43–22. Although greatly out-weighed, the young Dukes put up a good fight.

On February 9th, the High team defeated the Casino Tech in a clean, fast game, by the score of 44–29. Egan and Davies starred on the offense, the former caging 8 goals, the latter 7. Walsh, at center, played an exceptionally fine game. The score and lineup:

University High, 44		Casino Tech, 29
Davies	F.	Ricci
Egan	F.	H. Smith
Walsh	C.	E. Smith
Doyle	G.	Freman
Regan	G.	Theis

Substitutions: Rooney for Doyle. Field goals: Davies 7, Egan 8, Walsh 5, Regan, Ricci 3, H. Davis 6, E. Smith, Freman 2. Foul goals: Davies 3 out of 4, Ricci 1 out of 5, H. Smith 2 out of 3, Freman 2 out of 3. Referee, Fay.

The following games remain on the High School team's schedule: McKeesport High, Bellevue High, Monaca High, Johnstown High, Connellsville High.

THE JUNIORS.

The Juniors, after an auspicious beginning, are mowing down their opponents with pleasing regularity. To date, they have won 10 out of 13 games. Team-work is the outstanding feature of all their games. Their passing and shooting have

improved daily until these "future greats" are near-experts. Captain Carl, Caye, Leopold and Joyce are doing fine work at guard, completely blanketing their opponents by their close guarding. Cassidy, at forward, spills a lot of "pep", and keeps his team in the running by his accurate shooting. Mahoney, his clever little mate, has been doing some exceptionally fine foul-shooting in addition to his good work at forward.

The Juniors have a long schedule, and the following games remain to be played: Triad Club, Shamrock A. C., Camden Jrs., Rockford Club, Mercury Club, Business High, Ex-Juniors.

THE MINIMS.

Under the leadership of "Bud" Egan, the Minims have displayed some fine basketball, as their record to date, 7 victories and 1 defeat, attests. There is an abundance of first-class players on this team, and the competition for regular berths has been very keen. Captain Egan, McBride, Agnew and Gensler have been playing an excellent game at guard. Their guarding is of high caliber, and their passing swift and accurate. Cherdini at center, and Cain, Fierer and O'Connell at forward, have been performing in fine style. Buckley, who was given a conditional tryout, has made good with a vengeance as a second defense man.

By far the best and most spectacular game of the season was the one with the Mercury Midgets. Close guarding and accurate shooting on both teams, mutual rivalry for championship honors, and grim determination to win, gave this game a zest and "pep" not evidenced in any of the Minim games heretofore.

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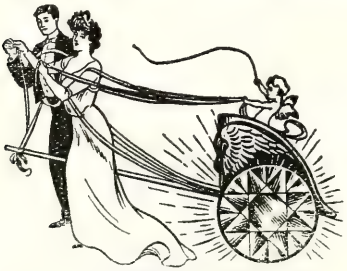
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Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXV. APRIL, 1918. Number 7.

The Paschal Hymn.

HOW sweetly on the scented air,
While earth and sky grow softly dim,
As day withdraws its sunny glare,
Is borne along the Paschal hymn!

How various are the feelings brought
By the serene and solemn strain!
What soothing lessons it hath taught,
Or waked the slothful soul to pain!

How chidingly its cadence falls
Upon the vainly-troubled heart
By earth's illusions held in thrall,
From which it turns, yet grieves to part!

It bears along a soothing balm
That gives the wounded spirit peace—
A soft, yet no delusive calm,
That bids the stormy passions cease.

The rosy child, amid its play,
Looks up with soft and earnest eye,
But with a heart still light and gay,
Till all its tones are wafted by.

The dying saint, with eager ear,
The welcome sound, expectant waits,
And sighs the holier strains to hear
Poured forth at heaven's eternal gates.

A smile upon his forehead plays;
His sunken eye is fixed and dim:
His weary soul hath passed away
To heaven with that sweet Paschal hymn.

S. L. L.



My Brother!—My Country!

THE second contingent of Pittsburgh's draft quota was about to depart. The new type locomotive poured forth huge volumes of black smoke mingled with many minute cinders. She was ready to leave for Camp Lee, the temporary home of Pittsburgh's young fighting blood. Coupled to the iron monster were fifteen steel coaches, whose windows framed the bravely grinning faces of the draftees. They were bidding farewell to their loved ones who stood with moist eyes and drooping spirits below the open windows. But among these latter, for the most part, no wailing voice gave vent to pent-up feelings; only the eyes were eloquent.

Suddenly, the band struck up the national air; the sentimental Americans forgot their sense of loss and broke into a great cheer as the train pulled out. It was a cheer which showed the true American spirit—a love of our country and its institutions capable of prompting great sacrifices for their defense.

I was one of that vast assemblage. Though almost out of my 'teens, I was one of those whose tear-dimmed eyes followed the swiftly-departing train till it could be seen no more; I can yet feel those tears as they rushed down my cheeks. And there were strong reasons, adequate explanation, undeniable causes, for my dolorous feeling that day, for I had lost—lost irretrievably, it then seemed—the best friend, next to my parents, that I have ever had—my brother.

Those of you who have brothers, know what it is to miss a brother, who through childhood and youth has been your constant companion, "side-kick", and defender; who, in spite of quarrels and squabbles, does not turn his back nor stalk away when you are in need, but quickly throws out his willing hands in

---

[The departing soldier's feelings have been expressed often enough and in fitting language; the public has been made to sympathize with bereaved mothers, sisters and sweethearts. But we have nowhere seen the point of view of the brother left behind expressed with the vivid truthfulness and evident sincerity that glow in the pages of our anonymous contributor of the Junior Class.—ED.]

friendship and love; who shared your secrets, had his part and his place in all your plans; whose enemies were your enemies, whose friends your friends; whose honor you would defend against every traducer; whose smile was the best reward you coveted. Mayhap some of you have friends whom you may wish to liken to brothers: but you do not know brother love, for that only a brother can experience.

And so it happened that on that fateful day—a day which will remain memorable in the annals of Pittsburgh—I lost my best friend.

As I left the station that bright sunny afternoon, I cursed the President, the senate, the powers that had brought us into this terrible war; I cursed Mars, his military machine; I became the enemy of society—law—and justice. Nothing in life seemed to interest me, and as the days grew into weeks and the weeks dragged into months, I seemed to fall into a hopeless maelstrom of pessimism and distrust.

Thanksgiving came and went, while the melancholy days of autumn added to my sorrows. Christmas came and likewise no sign of "Bill". New Year's passed, and with it went my hopes of seeing "Bill" soon.

It was the Sunday after New Years. I had arisen early, had gone to church, and was silently sitting by the fireside with the sheets of the Sunday paper strewn around me, when from the tail of my eye I noticed something unusual pass the side window. Then the door bell rang. No Christmas chime was ever sweeter. My curiosity was aroused, and I made one grand leap for the door. I threw it open to find my big brother "Bill" clad in the olive drab of Uncle Sam's soldiers. His overcoat, reaching to his knees, was patterned after the latest style. The blue straps about his hat signified that he belonged to the infantry. A few inches above the elbow there were stitched oval insignia on either sleeve, upon which were cross-guns, symbolizing thereby that he was a duly registered Private of the first-class. All these details I took in in a moment's glance.

With all the love of two brothers we embraced. Talk about a bear grip! You yourself can imagine the feeling after you have been away from the loved ones at home for three months or more.

My days were no longer dreary. Life seemed once more to become worth while. I seemed reinvigorated and rejuvenated—the sunshine of happiness cast its halo over me; for was not my

brother with me again? I did not need his glowing account of what Uncle Sam was doing for him to understand his enthusiastic Americanism. I could see it in every line of his trim, erect figure, in every flash of his alert eye. I was soon able to understand the world situation as he understood it, and to approve of his desire to do his part to make things right.

Then after three short days he left again. This time it was not the lusty, shouting, tumultuous crowd that gave him his send-off, but only a few of his friends and relatives. He left, not knowing whether he would ever again visit the "ones back home," but deep down in my heart I know he carries the conviction and determination that he is going to do his "bit" and do it right.

When he left, there remained behind him a different sort of brother. This time it was not the knocker, the slacker; for I had resolved never more to attack my country and her defenders; for with the last (who knows?) farewell of my brother, I have settled down to honor, serve, and obey, so that when I am called, I may take my place alongside my brother; and when victorious Democracy calls the roll, I can honestly answer that I have done my "bit"—be it great or small.

'19.



The Rubber Industry and Its Future.

AN industry cannot be wholly uninteresting which involves the consumption of about $250,000,000 worth of raw material in the production of goods worth $750,000,000; which has grown to nearly double its size in seven years; which involves the cultivation of three-quarters of a million acres or more of land, worth about $130 an acre, but half of which has, during a boom, been capitalized at double its value—an industry, whose center is being speedily shifted from the banks of the Amazon, half way round the world, to Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, and the Malay States.

Such is the rubber industry. When it is added that the price, which for a number of years had been a little above a dollar a pound, went up during 1910 to over three dollars, and, in September, 1914, fell as low as fifty cents, and that in connection with the rubber trade there have been some of the most sensational stories—founded or unfounded—of inhumanity and barbarity in the Congo district and on the upper Amazon, it will be seen that the economist and the social reformer must be specially interested.

There are, too, features of interest for the botanist, since rubber is got from plants, and its function in the plant is obscure. Moreover, there are notable pecularities in its extraction, which offer opportunities for further research. The chemist is interested, not only from the point of view of the conversion of the raw product into a material suitable for the many purposes to which it is applied, but also from the fact that he sees here one more opportunity to modify the work of nature, and to do in a small laboratory covering only a few acres what now requires thousands of square miles.

Furthermore, from those remote times when tanning, steelmaking and their sister arts began, to the present day, vulcanized rubber has been the one worthy addition to glass and pottery, leather and paper.

With regard to the history of the introduction of rubber into Europe, merely a few words will be sufficient. Two or three Spanish authors in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries referred to games played by the natives of South America and Mexico with an elastic ball obtained from the white exudations of certain trees. During the years 1731 and 1736, two French travelers, De la Condamine and Fresnau, made known to the scientists of Europe the nature and the uses of the substance. It was soon after experimented upon by French and English chemists. Priestly is credited with the idea to use it for effacing pencil marks. In 1791, Samuel Peal took out a patent for waterproofing cloth, effected by brushing the hot rubber in turpentine; he applied the solution to the manufacture of air beds.

It was not, however, until 1800, when Charles MacIntosh, of Glasgow, discovered that rubber could be fabricated, that the substance became important as the raw material for an industry. However, it was found that the use of such rubber goods as MacIntosh produced was not at all general because of the fact that they became sticky during hot weather, while in cold

weather they readily cracked and thus lost their waterproof qualities. Charles Goodyear, of New Haven, Conn., in 1839, after many years of experimenting, overcame this difficulty by vulcanizing the rubber, or combing it with sulphur, thus making it suitable for waterproof clothing, shoes, and boots.

Since 1845, although the new applications of vulcanized rubber have been numerous enough, there has been no discovery of any revolutionary character in connection with the manufacture, progress having been generally confined to improvements in the processes and plants of sixty years ago.

The aspects that could be considered in regard to such an industry are too numerous to mention, but a general knowledge of the industry as a whole, I think, is desirable. My remarks will be confined, in general, to a discussion of the crude rubber industry, the manufacturing industry, the value and standard uses of rubber, and the future of the rubber industry.

THE CRUDE RUBBER INDUSTRY.

Crude rubber is a vegetable product gathered from certain species of trees, shrubs, vines and roots, which are found growing in South and Central America, Africa, Asia and Australasia.

The latex, or india-rubber milk, must not be confused with the regular sap of the tree. Scientists are not yet agreed as to the particular function played by this peculiar secretive body, but it seems to have been satisfactorily proved that, although necessary to the life of the plant up to a certain age, a time arrives when it is no longer indispensable. After the tree has attained to a certain growth, it can be tapped at intervals without injury. Generally speaking, young trees should be six or seven years old before they are tapped, and an interval of a year should elapse between a series of tappings.

The latest idea amongst rubber planters is that after the tree has grown old enough to bear tapping, it can be tapped at very frequent intervals with advantage to the yield of latex, provided the tree is not at any time bled to excess.

The rubber latex is secreted in the intercellular veins which are found in the interior of the bark, and, though in close proximity to the sap veins, they are quite distinct from them.

Two methods are followed in obtaining the rubber latex, the first or rational one being by making incisions in the bark and collecting the fluid as it exudes, and the second or barbarous method, that of cutting down the tree.

The actual process of tapping the Para rubber tree may be described so as to explain in full the tapping process.

The natives go out into the forests and, selecting a rubber tree, cut "V" shaped grooves in the bark with a special knife made for the purpose, these grooves being cut in herring-bone fashion diagonally around the tree, with one main groove cut vertically down the center like the main vein in a leaf. The latex of the tree, from which the rubber is taken, flows from these veins and down the center vein into a little cup which the natives place to receive it.

Another method used is to make one long cut down the tree and then into this slanting channels about one foot apart; a cup is placed at the bottom of the long cut. Still another method is to make a spiral around the tree with the cup at the bottom. After the cups are filled, they are gathered and brought into the camp; there the latex is coagulated by means of smoke.

In regard to coagulation, it may be stated that there is a tendency towards standardizing or approximating the numerous methods still employed, and that the time is probably not far distant when it will be recognized that there is only one correct system of coagulation for each individual latex. If a popular analogy for the coagulation of the rubber latex is desired, it may be compared to the process which results in the formation of a clot of cheese from milk, or to the preparation of curds and whey. After the rubber clot has been obtained, it is generally purified and dried to a greater or less extent, and is then ready for export.

In the case of Para rubber, the processes of coagulation and drying go hand in hand. This is done by the use of a paddle which is alternately dipped into a bowl of the latex and then revolved in the smoke from a wood or palm nut fire. This smoke not only dries the rubber and makes it harden on the paddle, but also seems to have a preservative effect. Each successive layer of the latex causes the size of the rubber ball or biscuit to increase. When a biscuit of sufficient size has been thus coagulated, it is removed from the paddle, and is ready for shipment to the various countries where rubber products are manufactured. Crude rubber first came into our market as a ball or biscuit, and it still comes to-day in this way.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE MANUFACTURING INDUSTRY.

The manufacturing industry will be dealt with completely, but in order that the workings of the factory may be more clearly

understood, a bird's-eye view of the industry will first be given.

When the crude rubber, obtained roughly in the manner described, reaches the manufacturer, he subjects it, according to its degree of purity and dryness, to further processes of purification and desiccation. After it has gone through these operations, it is in the form of a rough, crinkled sheet or crepe, which is ready for the next process, that of "mixing". This consists in rendering the rubber plastic by means of heat and mechanical action, and then mixing it with the sulphur necessary for vulcanizing and with such other ingredients as may be desirable.

The mixed dough of rubber, sulphur and other substances, is then vulcanized either in a mould, in a press, or in the open, by live steam, by hot air, or by the combined action of pressure and heated metal surfaces. This is the general process employed for so-called "mechanical" goods; for other classes of material, different methods, which will be duly described during our trip through a factory, are applied.

TRIP THROUGH A FACTORY.

Washing.

The crude rubber is placed in bins, usually in a dark and moderately cool store-room, where it is kept for further use. From the store-room it goes directly to the wash-room. It is then cut up into small pieces and placed in huge vats of warm water until it becomes soft enough to be broken down in the machines. The rubber, next, is fed into a cracking machine, consisting of two rolls with projections extending out upon their surfaces, which resemble a small pyramid. The two rolls revolve with a differential, one going at a higher rate of speed than the other, and are adjustable, so that they can work close together or with a considerable distance between them.

The rubber is broken down into a coarse, spongy mass, while going through the cracking machine. During the process, a steady stream of water flows on the rubber, cleansing it of sand, dirt, bark and any other foreign materials that are found mixed with it. After it is worked through this machine a number of times, it finally attains a uniform condition.

The rubber having been broken down sufficiently in the cracker, is next put through a washing machine. This machine is designed somewhat like the cracking machine, except that the rolls are not so severe on the rubber. A large quantity of water

is constantly running over this machine while the rubber is passing through, and the rolls work very close together. The rubber comes out in a thin and comparatively smooth sheet, cleansed of nearly all the foreign matter that remained. The washing process is then repeated until the inspectors are satisfied that the rubber is thoroughly washed.

Types of rubber, such as Manicoba, which have an abundance of sand in them, are washed in a special form of machine known as the beater washer. This is an oval-shaped trough without ends, and having a fast revolving paddle-wheel. After being broken down by the cracker, the rubber is submerged in this trough, and the sand is beaten out of it with the paddle-wheel. The sand goes to the bottom of the machine and is drained off, while the rubber floats to the top and is gathered. The rubber then goes through a regular washing machine for the final washing.

Drying.

Directly from the wash-room the rubber goes to the dry room. Rubber must be thoroughly dried before it can be of much commercial value, as the least moisture would turn to steam during the vulcanizing and cause blisters or blow-holes to form in the goods. Two ways of drying rubber are generally used. The first is to hang the washed strips on horizontal poles and space them in aisles, so that air can freely circulate all around the surface of the rubber, the room being kept at a constant temperature. By this method it takes from four to six weeks properly to dry the rubber; however, this is the method that is usually employed with the better grades of gums.

Low grade rubbers have a large percentage of resin in them, and they cannot bear their own weight when hung on horizontal poles, as they drop off and stick in piles on the floor. Therefore, they must be dried in another manner, the second way. The rubber is laid in trays and placed in a large air-tight receptacle. All the air is then drawn from the receptacle, and the interior is heated by means of steam coils. The water then evaporates. The rubber can be dried in a few hours by this process.

Mixing.

After going through the drying process, the rubber is now ready to be mixed with the various ingredients which are used in rubber compounding, to obtain the desired quality of rubbers suited to the various products for which they are intended.

Rubber will not vulcanize unless mixed with a certain portion of sulphur; besides sulphur, some of the more important ingredients used in compounding will be discussed.

Zinc oxide toughens the rubber and increases its wearing properties and tensile strength. Barium sulphate reduces the cost of rubber by stiffening and adding weight to it. Lithopones is used extensively in druggist sundries, to whiten the rubber and make it soft. Rubber is made red and preserved against oxidation by antimony sulphide. Litharge blackens the rubber. White lead hastens the cure of the rubber; it is extensively used in grey and black stocks, and it is also a good filler and weight adder. Magnesium oxide and carbonate are used as fillers for white stock, and oxide of iron is used for coloring red and yellow stocks. Unslacked lime hastens vulcanization and chemically removes any water left in the rubber. Whiting is used only as a cheap filler to increase quantity and lower cost, while aluminum silicate is used chiefly as a filler.

Generally, the sheeted rubber is sent directly from the dry room to the compound room, where the various ingredients and rubber are weighed out into proper proportions, and made up in batches ready to be mixed. The batch goes into the mill room, and is mixed up into a pasty mass, which is the so-called green rubber compound.

The mixing is done in the mill by a machine constructed somewhat as the cracker and washer, but much larger and heavier, with rolls that are very smooth and run close together. No water is used on the batch during the mixing. The rolls may be kept at any temperature desired by means of steam and cold water connections.

In mixing, the rubber portion of the batch is thrown into the mill, and is worked and warmed until it becomes very sticky and plastic. Then the various powdered forms or compounds are thrown in with the rubber, and thoroughly mixed by means of the rolls. The batch is put through the mill over and over again until a uniform mixture is obtained.

After the proper mixture is secured, the batch is sent to the green stock store-room. Here this batch is placed in a bin, according to its compound, where it is seasoned for a certain length of time. From the store-room, it is distributed to the various departments as it is needed.

Spreading and Calendering.

Rubber used in the making of certain articles has to be sheeted out, and part of it made into fabric before its distribution to the different departments. This is accomplished by spreading a solution of the rubber and naptha on the fabric, or by calendering the rubber in a rubber calender.

A machine known as a spreader is used in the spreading process. The fabric to which the rubber is to be applied is placed on a roll at the end of the machine, and then it passes through a trough of rubber cement. It next passes over another roll, and under a knife edge, just enough cement passing through to close up the pores of the fabric. The cement fabric is then dried by means of a drying chest, and finally rolled up with a roll of linen cloth to prevent its sticking together.

The rubber calender consists of three or four rolls, which can be adjusted to a very fine point. After being warmed on a small mixing mill, the rubber goes between the calender rolls, coming out in a thin sheet of required thickness. It is then wound up in cloth and sent to the departments where only rubber exclusive of fabric is used. When rubber is to be applied to fabric, both are placed between the calender rolls, and the rubber is ground into the fabric.

Vulcanizing.

Vulcanizing consists commonly in mixing sulphur with rubber and then subjecting the mixture to a heat of about 300 degrees fahrenheit for six or more hours. Rubber may also be vulcanized by dipping in melted sulphur, by treating with a solution of sulphur monochloride, or exposing to the vapor of sulphur monochloride. The effect of vulcanizing is to render rubber elastic, impervious, and unchangeable in texture under all ordinary conditions. Although sulphur is the only essential ingredient, other materials are often added at the same time, such as silicate of magnesium, carbonate of lead, asphalt, and tar, each of which imparts a different quality to the product.

PAUL F. MADDEN, Accounts, '17.

[The Standard Uses of Rubber, and Its Future, will be treated in the May number.—ED.]

April Morning.

WHAT magic charms are in the hour
That wakes to life the early morn
When night first yields its solemn power,
But ere its shadows are withdrawn;
While yet the wild bird's drowsy eyes
Are closing in his downy nest,
Although the waking zephyr tries
To stir him from his place of rest!

The stars that gem the morning sky
And smile upon the waning night,
Then lay their yellow radiance by.
And seem to shine with purer light,
And look with calm and softer ray
On earth, as if they grieved to know
That eyes where slumber lightly lay,
Must soon awake to scenes of woe.

The moon looks down, more pearly bright,
Benignly on the waking earth,
And glows serenely in the light
That wakes the morning into birth.
The flow'ret opes its weary lid
Where drowsily the dewdrop lay,
And sends its incense forth, to bid
A welcome to the dawning day.

The bounding spirit with delight
Goes forth to meet the joyous morn,
And revel in the dreams of light,
That on its viewless wings are borne;
And sweetly on its balmy air,
The grateful heart's devotions rise—
The morning's breath—the fervent prayer—
A pure accepted sacrifice.

S. L. L.

The College Man of To-day.

FOR fifteen years prior to the inauguration of hostilities by the powers of Europe in August, 1914, the world at large had gone on in the even tenor of its way. True it is, the quiet that enveloped the various lands had been broken by the low rumbles of threatened disaster or by the squabbles among some of the weaker branches of the human family. These troubles, however, were for the most part localized. The altercations of small powers were likened by their big brother nations to the petty, trifling quarrels of school boys. Humanity, in perfect harmony with its natural endowments, was optimistic; it was engaged in amassing and revolutionizing the means of subsistence and the requirements whereby the appetites of the sensuous faculties might be satiated. In short, all were so engrossed with the good things in life that no thought was bestowed upon impending misfortunes.

In the midsummer of 1914, however, a storm which had for some time been gathering unnoticed, broke over central Europe with unprecedented fury, inundating fair lands with the crimson waters of a horrible war. Forging to the front in her many competitions with America, Europe received a staggering blow from which she has not yet recovered. The phrase, "necessity is the mother of invention", then recived an unparallelled demonstation, for the nations involved vied with one another in conditioning themselves to meet the demands of this surpassing situation. Thousands of alterations and innovations were introduced to suit the political and economic factors in the several warring countries.

This war had been in progress almost three years, however, before the United States, which had hitherto maintained the attitude of an interested neutral, came to a realization that the sacrifices and requisites of war are numberless. A veritable revolution of our American ideas, customs and practices has taken place within the last eight months. Among the various people who have felt the stress of war, there is probably no class or division whose actions and purposes have been more in the public limelight than that of our college men. Just in the novitiate of their life work, they have been constrained to decide questions that have to do with the ultimate determining factors in their lives. They have all been called, in the name of Liberty and Democracy, to enter into the service of their country, whether on the battlefield or within the halls of *Alma Mater*. The opportunity has presented itself, and collegiate America is making its choice. How the call is being answered according to their choice,

and what that choice entails, is indeed a worthy topic for consideration.

The answer of the collegian to the summons of Liberty places him in one of two classes. The larger class is composed of all those who are actively engaged in the service of arms, whether they have been assigned to this division through the selective draft or their own volition. Among the volunteers must be included the "slickers", a term of raillery applied by cartoonists and the like to those who join the yeomanry and naval reserves. While the choice of the few college men who have entered these branches of service, has, for the present, earned for them an opprobrious repute, nevertheless, since the eventualities of twentieth century warfare are so uncertain, these young men will undoubtedly render valuable service and give the lie to the reproaches of those who are wont to ridicule. Diametrically opposed to the first class are those who are pursuing their academic careers. This second class includes Divinity, Engineering, Dental and Medical students. That posterity demands such a division of our young college students, is an undeniable fact. Just as in times of peace and tranquillity the men who had received or were receiving an academic training, were considered the *elite* of the nation, so now in time of national stress and peril they are held as best fitted to assume the leadership of our armed forces. One has only to glance over the lists of the thousands of young men recently commissioned, to assure himself of this fact. It is also true that the rank and file are interspersed with college representatives; but the lowliness of their positions does not impair the sublimity of their devotion or their efficiency in fulfilling their trying duties. The responsibilities of commissioned officers on the other hand are inestimable. These men are the norms whereby the effectiveness of our armed forces will be measured. We have fighting men whose bravery and daring on the firing line will undoubtedly surpass the deeds of the most valorous Frenchman or of the courageous Canadians, but what will their bravery avail if the men are ill-officered! The bare possibility, however, of such an eventuality, has not even entered the minds of even the most captious critics. Why? The people of the United States have supreme confidence in their sons—a trust and reliance that the college training given them has rendered unquestionable. The new officers, for the most part, have attained to their positions of responsibility in six months—a fact that can be directly attributed to the benefits received in their academic training.

The scenes of hostility, however, are not limited to the firing lines. There are going on in each and every nation contests, the outcomes of which do not depend upon the decision of arms,—contests against pain, disease and the devil. These are the enemies against whom the second class of our college men must contend, and noble are their efforts. That those who are to be the captains in this domestic warfare must be well prepared, and that nothing must interrupt the training of the future leaders, is acknowledged and voiced as a national necessity by men in all the walks of life—by statesman and politician, by business man and laborer, by Christian, Jew and Athiest. These of the second class, it must be admitted, have not the opportunity publicly to manifest their patriotism to a marked extent. The lack of display, however, on their part, cannot be taken as a criterion of their true sentiments, for theirs is a patriotism based upon motives similar to those inciting their fighting brothers, aided and abetted by a love of higher things.

War and its concomitants have stripped the college man of all the camouflage with which he might have been invested, and we see College America as it really is. We see these lads eager, fit and ready to do what duty demands, prepared even to make the supreme sacrifice in order that this world may be made safe for its inhabitants.

EDWARD N. SOXMAN, '18.

For the Love of His Mother.

ON the crest of a mountain range in the heart of the Golden West was the home of Jack Willis, a master bandit feared by all his men. His chief man was Pedro, a Mexican well versed in the art of stopping trains and separating the people from their money.

About this time the Transcontinental Railroad Company was being loaded down with complaints of various kinds on account of the bold hold-ups which took place in the arid region of New Mexico. No train seemed to pass Willis's gang without being stopped and left completely destitute of all its valuables.

The president and directors of the Company at length decided to send their secret service agent, Ned Terhune, to look into the matter, capture the bandits, and, if possible, bring back the long lost valuables.

A short time later a quarrel between Willis and Pedro ended in the shooting of the latter by the fearless leader. Pedro lingered for many weeks and finally recovered from the effects of the bullet wound. Willis had in the meantime been called to the deathbed of his mother.

Above all he wished that his mother should never know of his wicked career. But Pedro, determined to have revenge, thought that by telling Mrs. Willis about Jack, he would wound his chief more severely than by sticking him in the back with a knife. This was true. Pedro set out on the long journey, crossed the great deserts of New Mexico and arrived at Santa Fe. Without much difficulty he was able to locate Jack's mother; he found her waiting for death with her son beside her. Pedro told her the true character of her son and of his wicked deeds of theft; and Willis admitted to his mother that it was true. By the deathbed of his mother, Jack Willis promised her that he would begin all over again and give up his life of sin for his love of her. Thus she forgave him and passed away peacefully into the Great Beyond.

The next day Willis bade farewell to his accomplices and set out to begin life anew. Then Pedro became their chief. Hardly had Willis left his home in the mountains when Terhune arrived in that vicinity with a force of secret service agents from New York. Soon afterwards they succeeded in capturing Pedro, and he referred to Willis as his chief. They found Willis at the grave of his mother, and were about to arrest him, when he explained to them his grief over the loss of his best friend. Terhune's heart was touched, and the stolen valuables already having been recovered from Pedro, Willis was released from custody. Thus he gave up his wicked career and returned to his home in the mountains to begin life anew.

JOHN BRILEY WALSH, High School, '20.

The Freshman Service Flag.

MY friends, you see upon the wall
The Service Flag of three [1]
To honor comrades once with us,
Who fight, the world to free.

Each star within that emblem grand
A story can relate
Of how a patriotic youth
Repels the Kaiser's hate.

The ruby border of that flag
Denotes the life-blood red
These noble youths have volunteered
For Liberty to shed.

That banner has a field of white
For manly purity—
To tell the world what kind of boys
Fight for democracy.

A star for each, of heaven's blue,
Will guide them on their way
Till they attain the end for which
We and their mothers pray.

But stop! We'll pause a moment here
To add another star:
To-day our president [2] departs
For training camp, and war.

O Service Flag! How will thy stars
O'er all thy field increase [3]
Until a righteous victory
Shall bring a lasting peace?

March 14, 1918. M. N. GLYNN, '21.

(1) James P. Bradley, Walter Harenski, Joseph Riley.

(2) James S. Garahan.

(3) It is rumored that Martin Wajert has enlisted, and that another member of the class will soon leave for Annapolis.



From the Camps.

VI. INSTALLMENT.

Letters from France and Cuba. Examination and Training of a Prospective Aviator. Clippings from Correspondence. Recent Enlistments.

REV. T. F. COAKLEY, D. D., writes from France: I have been very much 'on the jump' since leaving home, and up to this time I have enjoyed it. As a result, I have already seen a fair part of France, and the land is still rich and smiling. I have never seen so much intensive cultivation of the soil in my life. Every square inch of ground seems to be rendering its utmost, and to speak the truth, there does not seem anywhere any food shortage.

I find the army officers and men very fine fellows. The officers, taking them by and large, are about as choice a body as one could find. This camp is a French one, where we are quartered with French soldiers. It is an artillery camp, with French instructors, and our officers and men are taking instruction in gunnery. I have already heard the music of the guns; I have seen flocks of airships and seaplanes and observation balloons, and I have been invited to take my first ride in an observation balloon next week, an invitation that I shall certainly accept. The men here are working hard, far into the night, studying and preparing themselves for the big push when it comes.

The officers are ready to go to any length to facilitate the work of chaplains; orderlies are at our disposal, transport our baggage, attend to our rooms, prepare the place to hold services, and keep it clean. Typewritten announcements are posted up in the barracks and headquarters of every unit, and are also read out at camp gatherings, such as the Y. M. C. A., and other places. They let us have the brigade and regiment bands for the services, and in every way do all in their power to help us.

The character of the men, too, is a revelation. I have been in this camp for nearly a week, associating with the officers and men intimately, at meals, in the field, at instruction camps, at

lectures, in all places, and I have found as high and as generous natures and as noble characters as I have ever found in my life. In quarters where one would least expect it, one finds unsullied innocence, the sound mind in the sound body, men keen, alert, fresh, active, intelligent, bubbling over with enthusiasm, working hard and with no time for the sordid things of life.

I have heard less profanity, for instance, during the last week at this camp, than I could hear any day on the streets of Pittsburgh, which, to me at least, proves that the fine flower of chivalry still blooms fair and lovely in the American army.

Very many of our boys have volunteered for Aviation Service; many more have expressed the fascination that flying has for them, and we expect that in the near future the scores that have already gone to training camps will be augmented by additional scores. The latter will be interested, no doubt, in what their predecessors have said in connection with the novitiate prescribed for would-be birdmen, and described at length in a recent issue of the *Literary Digest.*

After the usual medical examination of the eyes, ears, chest, heart, etc., the men are divided off into batches, and invited one by one into the Chamber of Horrors. The invitation to enter having been accepted, the first victim is waved to the test chair, and his head is firmly clamped to a bracket. The doctor directs the subject to fix his eyes on a light in the building opposite, to close his eyes, and brace himself with hands and feet; immediately he is whirled to the right ten times in twice as many seconds, suddenly stopped, and told to open his eyes and fix them on the aforesaid light. Round and round the world seems to swim, and the light to swing rapidly to and fro. 'Tis the eyes which oscillate, and so rapidly that a stop watch is needed to record the movements, the normal number being twenty-six before the eyes become stationary. Next he is whirled ten times to the left, and a similar test is made.

Now he is ready for the determination of his sense of location. He is told to sit upright and to close his eyes. Again the chair is swung around, but this time twice as fast as before. Its motion is suddenly arrested, the doctor touches his right index finger, and tells him to raise his arm high above his head and bring his finger down on the doctor's hand. Naturally, as will be understood by those who have made an ocean voyage and feel

the motion of the vessel in their system for several days after they have reached *terra firma,* he drops his arm a few inches to one side as he still imagines the chair is in motion.

Lastly comes the falling test. He is told to clinch his fists, to place them on his knees, and to lay his head on them with his eyes closed. He is whirled around five times and told to sit upright. The walls of the room seem to be falling downward, whilst he is flying towards where the ceiling ought to be. He has scarcely recovered from this ordeal when the chair is rapidly turned in the opposite direction, and similar illusions are experienced. The climax has now been reached and weak human nature having paid its tribute to the cloaca maxima, is gradually, if slowly, restored to its normal condition under the refreshing influence of fresh air and the gentle locomotion practised by the most sedate elderly members of society.

A minimum course of two months is now prescribed, devoted to wireless telegraphy, making and reading maps, studying the compass and meteorological conditions, and taking asunder and putting together the various parts of an aeroplane.

The next three months or more are spent under the direction of a master pilot, who takes his seat in the machine behind his pupil, controls a duplicate set of levers to remedy on the instant any mistake made through the inexperience of his charge, and teaches him how to set the machine in motion, to steer away from the earth, to rectify deviations, to deal with air waves caused by the sun's action, to make a safe descent, and to arrest the machine when it has safely reached the ground.

Two most important features of the aviator's training must not be overlooked. Of course, he wants to do as much damage as possible behind the enemy's lines, and for this purpose he must be able to forecast very correctly the parabola described by the bomb he aims in his flight at an enemy objective; he must also be an excellent marksman with his machine gun, and an expert in circling round and evading an opponent until the psychological moment arrives when he can let loose with his gun and put an enemy machine to his credit. All this requires courage, skill, and quick judgment. May our boys develop these qualities on which, not only their success, but their very lives depend.

Daniel V. Boyle, Commercial 1913, familiarly known to many of the students as "Peggy", from his admirably successful impersonations of ladies in our public entertainments, writes from

"Somewhere Over There." Last fall he enlisted in the Signal Corps, and was one of three hundred men picked out of over ten times that number by Major Opydk for immediate service in France as a Telegraph Battalion. Since his arrival in the sunny land, he has served on details of various kinds and has enjoyed unusual facilities for seeing the country. On one occasion he drove a truck three hundred and some miles past beautiful chateaux, ruined castles, walled towns built by the Romans, industriously cultivated farms, rich vineyards, quaint old people the very personification of hospitality. He reached his destination just as the sun was shedding his last golden rays through silver snow flurries borne down from the north. Everything he saw possessed the charm of novelty; the streets were narrow, the houses thatched and surmounted with numerous gables; the latticed windows concealed rather than exposed objects for sale, odd little carts were drawn by donkeys, and the women were decked out with capes and hoods and wore wooden shoes. In the distance a cathedral tower pointed heavenwards and was surmounted with a cross suggestive of the means to reach our destination. He sends his best wishes to all the Fathers and the boys and hopes to hear from them; "the latter were such a fine lot, and just the kind to volunteer for posts of greatest danger." Address 407—Tel. Battalion, Co. D, Signal Corps, A. E. F., France, via New York.

The 99th Aero Squadron, Detached Service, A. E. F., has been heard from. Bernard P. Fisher, of the Prep. Law Class, joined the Aviation Corps in Texas last August. On completing his course of training, he crossed the Atlantic and had just enough of excitement to make the latter end of the voyage interesting. Submarines had been sighted previously in the vicinity of the waters through which he was steaming, but a careful watch maintained night and day failed to discover a threatening gun or a tell-tale periscope. The large cities of France, several of which he saw, had their attractions for him, and he availed himself of every opportunity to visit their cathedrals, museums and historic monuments. He concludes: "I remember with gratitude the zeal and interest manifested in me by the Faculty, and I would have continued my course with joy, but I believed that every unencumbered young man physically fit should rally to his country's colors and uphold them till the dove of peace shall perch upon them in the hour of victory."

Felix E. Risacher, 126th Co., 9th Regiment Marines, is under-

going a course of intensive training in Cuba. He is located in a mountainous region where he arrived on Christmas Eve. The temperature ranges from 75 to 95 degrees. Baseball is in full swing; each company is represented in a league, and the enthusiasm waxes strong. Long hikes familiarize the men with tropical scenery. A great variety of luscious fruits—oranges, bananas, grape-fruit and cocoanuts—can be had for the plucking. Though one-third of the men are Catholics, they have no chaplain to say Mass for them, but avail themselves of every opportunity to get to the nearest city, thirty miles away.

John P. Egan, Esq., Secretary of the Law School, passed a most successful examination in the Field Service Course recently concluded, and was assigned to the Arsenal, San Antonio, for further instruction. His day is taken up with routine drill and class work with an occasional hike at 4:30 A. M. In the school room and on the diamond, Mr. Egan distinguished himself. When a member of the Freshman class, he won the gold medal for oratory; on graduating, he was awarded the gold medal for general excellence; later he achieved the distinction of obtaining the M. A. and LL. B. degrees. His merits as a promising young lawyer received recognition in his being made secretary and instructor in the Law School. As a baseball player, he excelled on the mound; his perfect knowledge of the rules of football and his keen sense of justice secured for him numerous invitations to officiate at games, especially when the skill of opposing teams was equalled by their rivalry. We forecast for him a brilliant future.

'Tis not every mother that has the fortitude to part with her four boys, yet Mrs. Mary Kane, 4804 Baum Boulevard, has that distinction. Charles is with the Engineers in France; John is a member of the Flying Squadron, Aviation Corps, San Antonio, Texas; Leonard is an ensign at Wissahickon Barracks, Cape May, and now William, the last of her boys, has volunteered for active service. A short time ago, comparatively speaking, her husband died, leaving her sad, indeed, but still consoled by the presence of four sturdy, intelligent youths, of whom any mother might be proud. But they have gone, and though she felt the pangs of successive deaths as she saw them one by one depart, like a Spartan mother of old, she shed no tear, to rob the parting hour of some of its bitterness, but bravely hid her sorrow beneath a cheerful exterior, so that when far away they might still see her

framed in the doorway with all of a mother's loving smile, as it were encouraging them to do to the limit their sworn duty to the Stars and Stripes, and to brave every danger from which may accrue new glory to their beloved country. It is our hope and prayer that they may be all reunited in the no distant future, and that, when they chat around the winter's blazing fire, they may have many a tale to tell of heroic deeds achieved and victories chivalrously won. Whilst honoring the mother for the sacrifices she has made and congratulating her on the noble training she has given them, we take to ourselves some little pride in the thought that we have contributed to forming them for their careers.

William E. Phelan is again to the fore with an interesting note from Camp Sherman. His regiment is getting its over-sea equipment, and may be called on to cross the pond at brief notice. Right Rev. Joseph Schrembs, D. D., Bishop of Toledo, delivered a sermon to the men on Preparedness, Sunday evening, February 21. That his sermon produced results was seen in the number who went to confession after the services. Over four hundred conversions have been recorded since the opening of the camp.

Competitive examinations conducted after a course of intensive instruction and close application furnish a reliable standard of intellectual calibre and previous training. From reliable reports that have filtered through to us from the training camp at Princeton, we rejoice to learn that Raymond A. Siedle has stood the tests with honor to himself and credit to his teachers. Entering the training camp after Christmas with 116 others, he was one of nine to finish in scheduled time, the rest having been held back or rejected on account of failure to master various phases of their course of studies. To each of the nine we extend our congratulations, but more particularly to him who was with us in our class-rooms, on the diamond, and in the tennis and handball courts. We understand that he has just begun the course preparatory to flying somewhere down in Texas. He will succeed in all he undertakes if intelligence, application and perseverance are the main factors in attaining the object of one's ambition.

John F. McGraw has had the honor of capturing second place in an examination of 300 entering the Officers' Training Camp, Augusta, Ga. We hope soon to see him home with his officer's commission.

Sheriff William S. Haddock has paid a delicate compliment to the patriotism of Thomas J. Drew, now serving with the 15th Engineers in France, in reappointing him Deputy Sheriff.

Rumor has it that Leo Zitzman and Jacob Mosti are out on the briny ocean on their way over. Sorry they had no furlough to receive our congratulations and good-byes.

Joseph C. Hannegan, Co. B, 103rd Field Signal Battalion, Camp Hancock, finds camp life very much to his liking. The K. of C. entertain the soldiers with boxing bouts and other attractions of a higher plane. Their hall brings together many friends, of whose proximity no one would otherwise perhaps be aware. The writer notes with pride that the boys of Duquesne are giving an admirable account of themselves and are reflecting credit upon their *Alma Mater.*

The Freshman Class has contributed four of its members to the army; the last to go was the class-president, James S. Garahan, one of the most popular young men in the school. His choice is aviation; Waco, Texas, is for the time being, the scene of his activities.

Our chaplains with the Polish army in France, Fathers Jaworski and Dekowski, have been raised to the rank of captain.

W. C. Jacobs, Esq., has received a second lieutenancy in the Aviation Section of the U. S. Signal Corps.

Former Professor Dennis J. Sullivan, lately employed with the American Sheet and Tin Plate Co., Detroit, has applied for the position of Army Field Clerk.

L. Cyril Bearer has volunteered for service in the Light Artillery, Camp Hancock.

J. Roy Gutwald is at Headquarters, 109th Field Artillery, Camp Hancock.

Lieutenant "Mike" Shortley, transferred to the Aviation Service, stopped off at Pittsburgh on his way to Austin, Texas.

Eddie Horen is at the Naval Station, Cape May. Eddie has fighting blood in his veins; his father, years ago, was feather-weight champion boxer of the U. S.

Francis W. Schofield is an Ensign at present, taking a naval course in the Red Cross Building, Cleveland.

Kilian Schaming crossed the herring pond in the middle of February.

M. Paul Slater is with the 666th Aero Squadron, Kelly Field No. 3, So. San Antonio.

Sam H. Hunter, our former star catcher, left in mid March for Kelly Field, to take up Aviation.

A. J. Brown and Nick Cronin are both at Fort Sam Houston, the former with Motor Truck Group 387.

Richard J. De Lowry, like his brother of happy memory, believes in a life on the ocean wave, a home in the rolling deep.

J. Mahoney is an Engineer Cadet in France.

Former Professor G. E. Parfitt is stationed at Fort Clark.

Tom Noonan, Willie Prescott, Elsworth Locke and Sylvester Dieterle are recent arrivals at Camp Lee.

John R. Engemann qualified for his First Lieutenancy at Fort Oglethorpe, and is now on duty at Camp Jackson, Columbia, S. C.

Three other alumni, also hailing from McKees Rocks, have donned uniforms. Adrian Gast is stenographer at Camp Lee; George is at Newport News; and William, ranking as Sergeant, is instructor in Stenography, Coast Artillery, Norfolk. Three from the Gast family! Good.

Sam Daley makes the fifth of our boys from McKees Rocks to volunteer. His clarinet is sure to get him a place in the orchestra.

Willie Carroll, Wall, Pa., is training at Camp Hancock.

John P. Corrigan is now an Ensign in the U. S. Navy.

Ben Hilldorfer has also gone to the Navy.

Herbert C. Mansmann has qualified for the Officers' Training Camp for Aviators.

Victor E. Bossart, Peter Morrissey, Harry Zimmermann, Jerome McCarthy, Albert Reilly, William C. Heimbuecher and Balthasar C. Blum have joined the ranks of the many patriots with whom they were associated in their school days. Good luck to them!

H. J.



SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

Balm for the Poor.

THE pleasing points about war are decidedly rare. Still there are a few as everyone will admit. Not least among them at this moment is the heavy income tax which threatens to play havoc with excessive private revenues of the Rockefeller and Morgan types.

According to a recent newspaper account, the Standard Oil proprietor will have to part with forty of his sixty million dollars' profit this year to support and finance the war. Contemporaneous plutocrats will perforce contribute in like proportions, as will the less opulent millionaires.

Far be it from us to revel in the sorrows of others, but the news thrills us, soothes us, and makes us feel richer in our poverty.

D. J. MULVIHILL, '18.

Newspaper Talk.

MODERN journalism is far from renowned as a purveyor of sagacity and truth; still its influence is all-pervading, all-dominating. It does have the tremendous power of persuading the masses. Therein lies the pernicious danger of a misdirected zeal.

Who in our time has not witnessed innumerable instances of mistaken energy on the part of the newspapers? In politics, in religion, in the social and kindred sciences they have meddled, with ghastly results in a number of cases.

Apropos of this, have you noticed the benign attitude they are now taking towards our "cousins across the water," our

worthy ally, Great Britain? So indulgent have they become in their intoxication that many of them have gone so far as to villify the Spirit of '76 and 1812, to doubt the wisdom of the Revolution, and asperse the work of the noble Washington and the First Continental Congress. They tell us that recent revelations of history disclose the awful fact that Boche intrigue played an important part in the Colonial revolt.

Such buncombe is not necessary to inspire America to cooperate thoroughly with Britain in the prosecution of the war. We certainly realize our duty in this matter, and while we will work hand in hand with England for the common cause, still she is not our mother-country and we owe her no affection. Let us remain independent!

D. J. MULVIHILL, '18.

Speaking of Spring Drives.

THE coming of Spring usually means nothing more to us than the rebirth of vegetative life. At this particular season Nature again comes into its own, at least, in the clime in which we live. This year, however, the advent of this joyous period portends happenings of paramount consequences on the Western Front in France. Rumors fill the air of a spring drive, the ferocity, force and sacrifices of which the mind cannot comprehend, nor which has the world witnessed. Upon the outcome of these titanic struggles depend the subsequent events of the war. Victory shall be at stake. Human carnage shall be the price.

The spring drive in the battle area shall be one of destruction. In America, however, there is being initiated a drive against threatened famine—a drive of construction, a work of production. We must furnish the necessities of life for the world. Every available piece of land must be cultivated. Who is "going over the top" in this food drive? Everybody. There is in process of formation a mighty array—the American War Garden Army,—the personnel of which are millions of school children. Why not have a Senior A. W. G. A.? Organization is a good thing. Moral: Let those who cannot manipulate a shovel, hoe, or rake, learn; and meantime, help the thing with a good word.

The college student is fully cognizant of the world's current events, but at this time he is *"per se et totus"* engaged in

preparation for an academic drive. He is fitting himself to cross No Man's Land, and to take the trenches which the Faculty deans will oppose to him in the form of the final exams. This is true of all students, but especially so of the Seniors, for it is their last drive, and they have no support trenches upon which to fall back. But just as there is a strange lull immediately preceding the battle, so there will be present to the student in form of the balmy days of spring, a lull—a time when the national ailment—spring fever—reigns supreme.

The period of quiet before the conflict gives the soldier an opportunity for speculation. He feels a vague uneasiness relative to the future. Shall the student also experience these misgivings? No, not if he anticipates the spring fever; if he busies himself while the winds howl and April showers abound; if he tills the soil in due time for the approaching harvest.

Let us all use the now. The future will take care of itself!

EDWARD N. SOXMAN, '18.

Safeguard Our Overseas Trade.

THE United States is to-day the power and strength upon which the whole world depends. Not only is Uncle Sam financing and feeding "our cousins in common alliance," but he is also sending "over there" men and munitions with which successfully and victoriously to terminate this frightful holocaust of human life. And while he is doing these very things that the world may be freed from oppressive autocracy and infused with gladdening democracy, it would be well for him to do the things necessary to protect our overseas trade, and thereby promote the future prosperity of the country. It must be distinctly remembered that America at present is in a position to lay the foundations of her future maritime trade. Wise diplomacy is the only essential ingredient that need be tactfully put in to make it extremely profitable, both financially and commercially.

This is, indeed, one of the greatest problems that loom up on the political horizon of the nation. Its proper solution means that the United States will take the foremost place as a trading and manufacturing country. It can not be considered lightly or dealt with indifferently. The brains of the land must get back of this preparedness move, and lend their

cordial support and undivided assistance. Now is the time of action and decision. Success or failure entirely depends upon the amount of attention and energy we give it. Are we going to fail?

JUSTIN J. GALLAGHER, '19.

"Slackers".

ONE of the slang expressions which have developed from the present war is "the Slacker". There are perhaps few who do not know its meaning and to what class of people it is generally applied. Webster would probably define it something like this, "Slacker—one who shirks or tries to escape his duty." Primarily we associate the term with those who try to escape the draft law for military duty. Truly that class of men are slackers in every sense of the word. But are they the only kind? Do we not find the slacker in every path of life?

The school boy who feigns sickness to escape his exercises or examinations, is the same kind of slacker as the draftee who fasts for weeks in order not to pass his physical examinations. The student who is so engrossed in his giddy round of social life that as a consequence he neglects his class work, surely must belong to the ilk of slackers. Slackerism is also found in collegiate athletic ranks. When the representative teams of a college are battling to uphold the honor of the school on the gridiron, the diamond or the court, there is nearly always a group of students who systematically keep away from the cheering section. Still these same persons form a "Critical Club" on athletics, and on all matters of sport consider themselves well nigh infallible. Are they not the same kind of slackers to the Red and Blue as the military shirker is to the Red, White and Blue?

The employe who wastes his time in the absence of his employer is not performing his duty and therefore he is a slacker. For will he not receive full amount for his time at the end of the month? When a draftee makes false claim for exemption he is not a whit more blameworthy than the tradesman who misrepresents his goods. The broker and business man who hold their goods for better market, while perhaps thousands of people are suffering for want of them, are the most dangerous slackers in the world. They are the kind that should face a court-martial and a firing squad. Among the politicians we find

a large class of slackers who prate for months before election day of reforms they will effectuate upon obtaining office. But after the ballot is counted and they get into office their reforms are not worth the bill posters upon which they are printed! The physician who cannot properly diagnose a case and yet pretends to be giving proper treatment to his patient, is a slacker for misrepresenting his profession.

If then some unfortunate is pointed out to you as a slacker, do not pat yourself on the back, but ask that wise little judge inside of you called conscience, "What kind of a slacker am I?" He will tell you. His recruiting office is always open. Now is the time to enlist! By following his guidance you are sure to become an officer in the army of successful men.

KENNETH A. LEOPOLD, H. S., '18.

Blessing and Raising of the Service Flag

in Honor of the Sons of Duquesne Who Are Serving Our Country's Cause, University Hall, February 26, 1918.

SIMPLE but impressive were the ceremonies attending the dedication of Duquesne University's service flag in honor of the "two hundred and twenty-one and more" who have devoted themselves to the cause of their country. There was no blare of trumpets, no fervid oratory; nevertheless, in that short hour history was made.

The student body and their friends filled the hall, and members of the different faculties and of the orchestra occupied places on the stage. The Very Rev. President, vested in surplice and stole, blessed the flag, which hung in the middle of the stage. He then addressed the assembly as follows:

"Some months ago we raised a flag on the campus, and closed the services with a double prayer for our soldiers and for peace. The stern reality of war, seen from the drafting of our soldiers, their camp training, and their transportation across the seas, urges us to continue our prayers. Already over two hundred and twenty young men who claim the University as their *Alma Mater* have joined the army or navy. Letters received from them almost daily show that many of them have been advanced to high and responsible offices. Of these, seven are

chaplains, one colonel, two majors, three captains, twenty-five first and second lieutenants, and a number of non-commissioned officers now in officers' training camps.

"In the midst of the 220 blue stars you see a solitary gold star shining. It represents Sergeant Frank Turnblacer, who died at Camp Lee eleven days ago. It is a subject of rejoicing to us all to know that at his last hour he gave public testimony of the training received in this institution. The young man, taken suddenly ill, insisted on first receiving the Sacraments before permitting the surgeons to undertake the operation they had decided on.

"Let us again, whilst dedicating the Flag to the fond memory of students, alumni and professors, pray for a victorious peace and for the safety of our soldiers. But should they meet death for freedom and for our country, may they, one and all, whilst honored and represented by stars on this Flag, shine for ever as stars in God's Kingdom."

Clinton E. Lloyd, D. Lit., Dean of the School of Oratory, read a poem by William Herschell, entitled "The Service Flag", and expressive of its message to the passers-by. Its pathos and its inspiration stirred the patriotic hearts of his hearers.

William H. Walker, LL. D., Dean of the School of Accounts, followed with an urgent appeal to the students to become more than ever interested in the military drills on the campus and in intensive application in the class-room, so that, when their turn comes, they can render effective service to the country in the field by their training, or at home, by their knowledge, discipline and skill.

The singing of "America" and "The Star-Spangled Banner" by the entire student body, accompanied by the orchestra, seemed to unite the present and the absent in one grand wave of patriotism.

The flag now holds an honored place in the vestibule of the main building.

J. F. M.

CHRONICLE.

College and High School.

Annual Play

The very popular play just released from the professional stage, "It Pays to Advertise", has been selected for this year's presentation in the Lyceum Theatre early in May. Professor Lloyd has practically completed the cast.

Public Speaking and Oratorical Contests

Preliminaries for the annual Public Speaking and Oratorical Contests, have resulted in the selection of the following candidates for the awards of silver and gold medals: Oratory—W. F. Galvin, M. N. Glynn, D. J. Mulvihill, and W. F. Turley; Public Speaking, Division III.—A. J. King, K. A. Leopold, O. L. McIntyre, and G. A. Schroth; Division II.—J. T. Kettl, W. F. Lynam, R. R. McCartney, E. C. Wachter; Division I.—R. H. Ackerman, A. J. Blieszner, V. P. Burby, and C. J. Hoffmann.

The finals will be held on the evening of April 19th.

Sodalities

On the Feast of St. Joseph, one hundred and ninety-seven students were received into the Sodalities. Rev. J. F. Malloy, C. S. Sp., preached on the occasion, showing the advantages to be derived from offering up prayers in common, and from practising the virtues recommended in each of the Sodalities and suited to the ages of the members.

Elections of officers resulted as follows: (Holy Ghost) Prefect, D. J. Nee; First Assistant, D. J. Mulvihill; Second Assistant, M. P. Flanagan; Secretary, W. F. Galvin; Treasurer, T. C. Brown; Librarian, A. W. Forney; Standard Bearer, S. M. Zaborowski. (Blessed Sacrament) P. A. Diranna, M. N. Glynn, J. A. McBride, G. Walton, A. J. King, P. C. Lauinger, F. J. Kruk. (Immaculate Heart) G. M. Wilson, J. T. Kettl, A. B. Adams, I. J. Doody, C. R. Caldwell, E. J. Meinert, T. L. Dunn. (Holy Angels) Division III.—R. G. Reilly, J. B. Cunningham, W. E. Boggs, E. P. Kearney, E. J. Caye, L. F. Cassidy, W. J. Doyle; Division II.—L. G. Schultz, N. J. Buisker, G. J. McNally, P. P. Kenny, E. F. Haggerty, L. J. Quinn, R. C. Mohr; Division I.—P. G. Sullivan, D. J. McQuade, R. C. Mansmann, A. P. Gallagher, G. J. Terheyden, J. Carney, J. A. Hague. (Infant Jesus) J. H. Murphy, J. A. Staub, W. L. Rawlings, J. F. Rodgers, T. H. Worden, F. S. McCarthy, M. C. Wheeler.

The Forty Hours' Devotion was celebrated appropriately by

approaching the Sacraments and visits to the Blessed Eucharist.

Devotions, Feasts

The Seniors and Juniors honored their Patron, St. Thomas Aquinas, by enjoying a day off. The Very Rev. President discoursed eloquently on the sanctity, missionary spirit, and lasting influence of St. Patrick.

Congratulations

We most cordially congratulate Rev. Paul A. Sikora, ordained priest in St. Joseph's Cathedral, Wheeling, on March 19th.

Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to the bereaved parents, brothers and sisters of Paul P. Kenny, who died in California, whilst touring the West, on March 16; and to Clinton E. Lloyd, D. Litt., who mourns the loss of his son, Clifford V., who departed this life in Cleveland on March 17th, a victim of typhoid pneumonia.

Sympathy

His classmates intend to assist at Paul's funeral services, and to have Requiem Masses offered up for the repose of his soul. *R. I. P.*

Visit

John J. O'Hare, of Boston, spent a few pleasant days with us, renewing acquaintance with the Faculty and calling on the old boys.

E. J. QUINN, '19.

School of Accounts, Commerce and Finance.

The second term examinations were held during the week of March 11th; if beaming and contented countenances are indications of success, one would conclude that all the students passed the examinations. We shall await the decisions of the Professors for confirmation of our optimism.

The Hamilton Debating Society holds regular meetings every Wednesday afternoon; the members discuss certain propositions and endeavor to do all in their power to help the Society. After the regular routine has been disposed of, a debate is held and hotly contested. These debates are rapidly instilling knowledge and confidence into all the participants.

Owing to the shortage of teachers in the city, Messrs. Rush and Beckert have registered with the Board of Education as substitute teachers in the Business High Schools of the Pittsburgh District. They are subject to call by the Board of Education at any time.

Vice-President Joseph A. Ward, of the Peoples' Savings Bank, is teaching the Money and Banking classes formerly conducted by Dean W. H. Walker, LL. D. Owing to his many engagements as member of nearly all the War Committees in the city, Dr. Walker found it necessary to secure a substitute for some of his work.

PAUL C. RUFFENACH, '20.

Exchanges.

WE, to whose special notice come the finished products of College Journalism, deem ourselves happy and the future of literature secure. For while we are seldom charmed by the eloquence of an embryo Macaulay or the lyric beauty of a Tennyson in the making, yet there are evidences in plenty of a taste and an industry that are found in the long run to result in literary creations equal in merit to any that the past can boast of.

Such good taste and such honest endeavor as we have mentioned are characteristic of the *Alvernia*. Not only we of the Exchange department, but all who have access to the Sanctum, monthly await with lively interest and keen expectancy the arrival of this worthy exchange. There is in the issues at hand a commendable variety of subject matter. Readable fiction, well-written essays, an occasional piece of verse and the merry quips in which the *Alvernia* excels, all go to make up some well-balanced numbers. "An Appreciation of Robert Burns" is an interesting study of the varied characteristics of the man, showing forth, by apt quotations, the simple beauty, the genius of Burns, which raised "the rude tongue of his fireside" to the realm of the classical. This essay is well worked out, showing a thorough knowledge of the subject. A few changes in the arrangement of words so as to give perfect euphony, would greatly add to the merit of the essay. In "Canon Sheehan" the author dwells upon the life and achievements of the great Irish priest in giving to the world the most beautiful descriptive scenes of Irish life. The author has a pleasing style; and in forceful but simple language, he graphically portrays the man who was "Celtic and none other." Of the short stories, "Two Orphans", in our humble opinion, deserves first place. We congratulate the author on his talent for description. "John Burley's Christmas", the other short story, is rather inopportune, but nevertheless praiseworthy for the moral it carries. There is perhaps in the construction too much of an apparent rush to the happy conclusion. The editorials manifest grasp of the subject and good judgment in the treatment of it.

The *St. Vincent College Journal* contains an essay worthy of special praise. Under the title of "Instructive Alliterations", the author dwells upon Patriotism and its connection with Pantomime, Politics, Prejudice, the Pocket Book, the Press, Profit, and Prayer. This essay is exceedingly opportune and deserves wide-spread

consideration. "Food Conservation" is a well-written plea for the public to "do their bit" in contributing to the winning of the war. "Our National Oratory" passes in review our orators down to the present day, and braves the critic in awarding the palm of excellence to William Jennings Bryan. Verse, in which the *St. Vincent's* always excels, together with well-edited departments and timely editorials, make up a highly commendable and well-balanced exchange. We regret that the editor did not provide in this issue for the insertion of a short story, a field of literature in which our esteemed contemporary usually holds a conspicuous and praise-worthy eminence.

WILLIAM F. GALVIN, '18.

ATHLETICS.

THE 'VARSITY.

ON Saturday, March 9th, the 'Varsity rang down the curtain of the 1917–18 basketball season with a defeat at the hands of the St. Canisius quintet of Buffalo. Thus was brought to a close a season which, while not a brilliant success, was not a failure. In their initial contests the Dukes showed lots of speed and "pep" and evidenced a "punch" great enough to register four successive victories. However, after the defeat at the hands of Wash–Jeff, their confidence and dash, which up to that time had been superb, began to wane. To make matters worse, cancellation of games and disqualification and indisposition of players handed the team a "solar plexus" blow and left it dazed and gasping. Thus it was a weakened and demoralized team that finished the season.

The game with Muskingum was a "hummer". At no time did either team hold a commanding lead, for the score was tied seven times during the contest. However, the accurate shooting of Cumbert, Kronz and Obruba, coupled with the close guarding of Flanagan, Ligday and Posluszny, proved too much for the Muskingum boys, and they were forced to accept a 43–38 defeat. The lineup and score:

Duquesne, 43.		Muskingum, 38.
Cumbert	F.	Boyd
Finnerty	F.	Moorehead
Obruba	C.	Price
Posluszny	G.	Clelland
Flanagan	G.	Frost

Substitutions: Ligday for Posluszny, Davies for Kronz. Field goals: Cumbert 7, Obruba 5, Kronz 3, Flanagan 2, Boyd 5, Frost 8, Moorehead 1. Foul goals: Cumbert 8 out of 16, Davies 1 out of 1, Boyd 8 out of 15, Moorehead 2 out of 4. Referee: Slack.

The season's record is as follows:

Duquesne, 40—St. Ignatius, 28;
" 46—Waynesburg, 15;
" 26—Franklin, 23;
" 43—Muskingum, 38;
" 18—Wash-Jeff., 31;
" 14—Westinghouse Club, 27;
" 10—Niagara, 48;
" 22—St. Canisius, 32.

UNIVERSITY HIGH.

The University High quintet recently completed a very successful season. After getting away to a poor start, it took a decided brace in mid-season and completed its schedule with flying colors. The shooting of Davies and Egan was consistently good at all times, and made their services almost invaluable to the success of the team. In the latter part of the season, Doyle developed rapidly and proved to be an excellent running mate for Rooney. Reagan and McGrath at guard and Walsh at center acquitted themselves with credit.

The McKeesport game was one of the best of the season. The Tube City boys started off with a rush, and the young Dukes were hard put to keep pace with them. However, they persevered, and in the fourth quarter snowed the McKeesports under with a flurry of field goals. The game ended with the score 31-23 in favor of the Dukes,—a fitting revenge for the defeat suffered earlier in the season at the hands of this same quintet. The score and lineup:

Duquesne, 31.		McKeesport, 23.
Davies	F.	McCarthy
Egan	F.	Kelly
Walsh	C.	Dowden
Reagan	G.	Junker
Rooney	G.	Peters

Substitutions: McGrath for Egan, Doyle for Rooney, Freeman for Dowden, Sampler for Kelly. Field goals: Davies 7, Walsh 3, Egan, Rooney, McCarthy 2, E. Kelly 2, Dowden 2. Foul goals: Davies 1 out of 5, Egan 6 out of 8, McCarthy 11 out of 12. Referee: Dougherty, W. & J.

The Juniors.

The Juniors emerged from a long, hard season with a creditable record. That their efforts were crowned with success is apparent from the fact that they won 14 games and lost only seven.

The material this year was good and plentiful, and a smooth-running, well-balanced team was developed by Coach Moran. At no time during the season did the "pep" and dash of this promising team flag. Rather it grew as the winter progressed, so that in the closing months the Juniors were well nigh invincible. Perhaps the most interesting and important event of the season was the series with the Shamrock Club, of Butler. The young Dukes, defeated on their own floor, went to Butler with a firm determination to win. But all the "dope" was upset, for the Butler lads won by a 17–12 score, thus shattering the traditions of more than a quarter of a century in defeating a Duke team in Butler.

In the game with the Oakland Scholastics, the Juniors displayed great speed and team-work. Gaffney and Cassidy worked in perfect unison, and kept their team in the lead by their good shooting. Carl and Caye played a bang-up game at guard, preventing their opponents from registering many field goals.

The Minims.

The Minims finished a very successful season with the enviable record of 12 won and 2 lost. At the very outset, their coach was confronted with the serious task of building practically a new team, for there remained only one regular from the previous season. From a large squad of candidates, he picked out some promising youngsters and set to work to develop them into winners. How well he succeeded is seen from the above record and the fact that the Minim team was the most consistent winner on the Bluff this season. The passing and shooting was excellent at all times. Fierer, Cain and O'Connell at forward, developed into fast and accurate shooters. Bud Egan, "Black" Egan, and Agnew gave opposing forwards plenty of trouble by their close guarding. Cherdini and Buckley staged a hot race for the berth at center, and performed so well that both figured in every game during the season.

Ray Mulvehill, '20.

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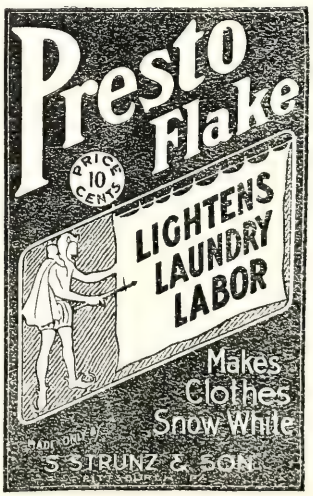
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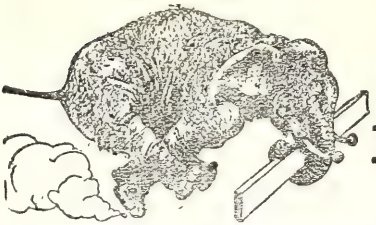
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A Literary Magazine

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Prayer to Our Lady.

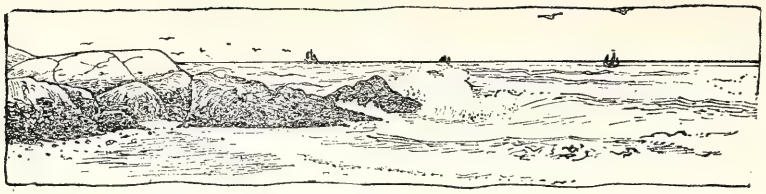
GUARD us, Mary, with thy power
From the dangers of each hour,
From each pain and ill and woe
As we journey here below.

Guard us as each rolling day
Speeds us falt'ring on our way,
To that home of peace and love
To our Father's house above.

Guard us in the darksome night,
Be our comfort and our light;
Be our friend through good and ill,
Guide and guard and keep us still.

Guard us in the way of life,
Shield us in the scenes of strife,
Lead us in the road of peace
To that port where troubles cease.

CLAUDE.



Democracy—Its Policy.

HISTORY, from its very inception, relates the almost continuous struggle between two forces—between democracy and imperialism, or autocracy; between rule by the majority and rule by the few. The factors whose influence has marked and brought about the vicissitudes of this world-wide contest, have been many and diverse. Of these factors, economic conditions and religion have been of paramount import. To these elements, as the two most potent causes, can be ascribed the present state of the world with its varied forms of government, its multiform systems of philosophy and education, its very being engulfed in chaos and fratricidal conflict.

Ancient Greece, at the dawn of history, is revealed to us as a country composed of a multitude of small city states, each independent of the other and ruled by its own citizens. Athens was the greatest of these municipalities, and embodied in itself an ideal democratic government. It was a democracy of the first class because it was a commonwealth constituted and ruled for the advantage of its inhabitants. National necessity or, rather, the necessity of the preservation for posterity of the Grecian people and their inestimable gifts of art and science, caused the union of the city states and the substitution of a strong central government. Greece subsequently lost for herself the boon of self-government, but she gave to the world the example and pattern of a true democracy, the blessings and joys of which the United States now enjoys.

The Hebrews, on the other hand, although they apparently were under the dominion of the few, fostered at least the germs of self and individual government. The Hebraic confederation was indeed fertile ground upon which Our Lord and Savior—the greatest of all the champions of democracy, the Liberator of souls from the autocracy of the evil one—sowed the seeds of man's eternal freedom. It was then that the religious element entered into the contest between democracy and autocracy. In strange contrast to the kingdom formed by the Emancipator, where the lowest and weakest of the human family was made equal to the

strongest and most favored by fortune, was the Roman Empire where the few lolled in riches and licentiousness in its most depraved forms, while the majority, the multitude, struggled for the very means of subsistence.

Rome fell, battered down by the attack of Christianity which inculcated the brotherhood of men and man's eternal and heavenly destiny, and by the inroads of the barbarians of the north, who possessed among their many natural virtues, the indomitable spirit of independence.

The history of the civilized world until the eighteenth century is mainly the history of the interaction of economic and religious factors, the final convergence of which begot the United States Republic—a democracy unlike that of the city states of Greece, inasmuch as there was not a separate democratic government over each constituent part thereof; it was a commonwealth consisting of many parts in which the individual participated in the rule of the whole. Democracy, as initiated at Athens, was so extended that not only was the power of the citizen maintained, but also the means of self-defense were made as efficient as those of the strongest monarchy.

The founders of this republic built up our form of government upon this principle, "Democracy is trust in the individual." They realized that the colonists were capable of self-rule, that personal aggrandizement and despotism were selfish and contrary to the mandates of the Man God; and, as a result, arose this wonderful and glorious nation, the administration of which is for and by the people. They felt that life and its advantages were for all mankind. Posterity in America received four inalienable and incomparable rights—political rights, industrial rights, educational rights and religious rights, and she has ever since maintained these inheritances with all the means at her disposal, with her very life-blood when occasion necessitated. To-day, when these rights are imperiled and humanity is being despoiled by a greedy, autocratic power, she has taken up the sword for the preservation of self and, in the name of Liberty, for those whose natural endowments are threatened.

Subsequent to the inauguration of hostilities in the midsummer of 1914, and immediately prior to our active participation in the conflict, the predominant characteristic of our policy toward those engaged in this war was that of good will and benevolence toward all. Our hearts went out to suffering Belgium and devastated Poland. We supported and fed millions of famished, war-stricken people, and are still doing so. Our Red

Cross ministered to the wants of the maimed, suffering and dying soldiers on all the battlefields of Europe. But perhaps the greatest and, at the same time, least fruitful, of our manifestations of good will, were the continued efforts of our statesmen to conclude an honorable peace among the various combatants, and thereby end the needless bloodshed. The proposals for peace were entered into, in perfect conjunction with Pope Benedict XV. and the other neutral countries. There was not the least tangible evidence that America was trying to monopolize the peace attempts. Democracy knows not selfishness.

Attendant upon our entering the strife, our policy toward the enemy has been one of condemnation of his ruthless activities, and of grim determination on our part to rid the world of his ideals, thereby keeping intact that national freedom as handed down and preserved by our ancestors. It is true that we have a wholesome respect for our enemy's prowess and power, but we have an infinitely greater trust in our allies and confidence in ourselves. Our resources are limitless, and our fighting forces are endued with a spirit of self-sacrifice that knows no bounds. Fear of the enemy never had a place in the American mind. We are going to win. Democracy can conceive no alternative.

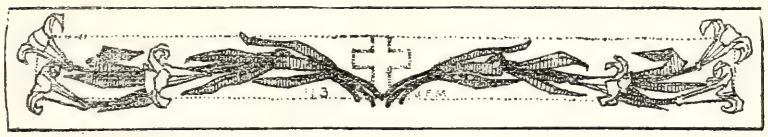
The democratic spirit of this grand Republic caused us to participate in this war, not only for personal reasons, but for mankind at large, for humanity. We are making the world safe for democracy; we are making it habitable for humanity. The American boys fighting in the front line trenches of France, our sailors patrolling the high seas, those laboring in the industrial plants at home; all, in short, are striving for a speedy realization of our aims. The debt which Belgium, Poland and Serbia will owe us at the conclusion of this war will be inestimable. We are only now paying the debt to France for her aid in our struggle for freedom.

Take President Wilson's actions in the present Russo–Japanese situation, as an example of democracy's impersonal character. Japan threatens to invade Russia for the obvious purpose of guarding American and Japanese interests there. All the allied powers have concurred in this plan except the United States. Why? Wilson sees in Japan's activities the intent to benefit herself at the expense of the demoralized Russians,—a procedure contrary to democracy's ideals, and hence he will only sanction Japan's movement providing that this Government guarantees to

enter Russian domains for the sole purpose of defending Japanese interests, not of increasing them.

When the Dove of Peace shall again have come and Mother Earth shall once more enjoy quiet and tranquillity, the world then shall form for itself a truer estimation of democracy; for the policy of this nation will see to it that a just and righteous settlement takes place, and that the individuals now attempting to shape the destinies of our present enemies, are not subjugated, but only that the policies and ambitions of their rulers are destroyed forever. Then shall the spirit of good will reign again among men.

EDWARD N. SOXMAN, '18.



A Soldier's Duty.

SPRING morning in sunny France—breezes bearing the fragrance of violets from shell-torn fields (our American violet has no fragrance)—*rouge-gorges, merles,* and *pincons* singing their unaccustomed songs in the tree-tops! No wonder Lieutenant Karl Hartman was gay, in spite of the sullen droning of the distant cannon.

No wonder he stepped so lightly out of his tent, whistling like the song birds overhead. He was very happy to be returning to action after lying three months in a hospital nursing a wound caused by a German bullet. As he turned his pale, handsome face to the east, a cloud passed over his countenance and the merry tune died on his lips. Before his mind's eye rose the picture of his once happy home in a quiet little village on the banks of the Rhine, now rendered sad and cheerless by the cruel fates of war. He saw the ruddy, cheerful face of his dear old mother, who, he knew, never forgot him for an instant; next his stern, but loving father, who, firm in his allegiance, had disowned the son that joined the American army and brought a stain (!) on the family honor.

After graduating from a reputable academy in Berlin, Karl had come to the United States to study electricity. While in this

country he discovered how the great masses of the German people had been cruelly deceived by the reigning power of that country. Accordingly, when the United States declared war on Germany, after careful deliberation, he had enlisted in the American army to fight for liberty and democracy under the Stars and Stripes.

While he was thus dreaming, he was awakened from his meditations by a messenger, who informed him that the colonel of the regiment desired to see him. When he entered headquarters, he saw an officer of high rank in earnest consultation with the colonel. "Lieutenant Hartman, this is General Pershing, who has a few questions to ask you. Have a seat." Complying with the request and wondering what questions they would ask him, Karl seated himself opposite the general.

"I understand you were born in Germany and are thoroughly acquainted with Berlin. Is that correct?" asked the general. "I was born on the banks of the Rhine and went to an academy in Berlin for four years." "There is a very important mission to be performed and you are exactly the man to carry it out. I want you to go to Berlin and obtain the formula for the manufacture of those gas bombs, that are proving so disastrous to our troops." "But, general," expostulated Karl, "the formula for the gas bomb was discovered by my uncle, who never for an instant allows it to leave his possession. To obtain it I would be forced to kill him."

"It is a soldier's duty to obey commands," answered the general. "It is a duty that you alone can fulfill and by so doing you will serve your country like a true son of democracy. One of our aviators will take you within fifty miles of Berlin and the rest depends on you." Karl rose, saluted and left the room with the words ringing in his ears, "To obey commands is a soldier's duty."

In a little room in one of the large laboratories in Berlin, Alfred Hartman sat studying intently the contents of a small glass vial. Suddenly he heard a sound like footsteps in the next room. He knew that all persons except himself had left the building, for it was past midnight. He remembered that he had left a note book lying on a table in that room. His uncle had told him to guard it carefully so he quietly hurried to get it. As he entered he saw a shadow silouhetted on the wall, and immediately a bullet fired from a gun equipped with a silencer flew past him. He whipped out his gun and fired at a black shadow

on the other side of the room. He switched on the light and rushed over to where the human target lay. He saw a young man dressed in civilian clothes lying face downwards, clutching in his hand a little note book. He forced the book out of the stiffening fingers and hastily examined it. It was his uncle's note book which he had been cautioned to guard. Stuffing the book into his pocket he tenderly lifted the body and turned it over so as to see the face of his victim. The face that met his view startled him more than finding the stolen note book. Was he dreaming? Was this Karl, his brother? A chill ran through his frame. He stared a second time at the handsome face. It was beyond doubt the face of his brother, whom he had not seen for years.

"Karl!" he cried; "You here!"

"Here it is, general," muttered the dying boy, "It was hard to do it, but I did my duty." His voice choked with sobs. Alfred asked, "Karl! Karl! don't you know me, your brother Alfred?"

Slowly Karl opened his eyes and on seeing his brother a smile of contentment overshadowed his countenance.

"Forgive me, Karl, for shooting you!"

"You have done nothing to be forgiven, for you did your duty as a soldier," said Karl now speaking with difficulty.

"But I ask your forgiveness for the sorrow I have brought upon you."

"Readily I do forgive you," answered his brother.

Karl's breath now came short and quick, and with much effort and at the same time grasping his brother's hand, he said, "Alfred, do not forget to tell the folks at home to pray for me. And tell them I died—doing—my—duty." A gasp, and all was over.

The beams of the rising sun were beginning to cast their rays through the window upon the figure on the floor, when Alfred Hartman rose and with heavy heart left the room, muttering, "This is duty!"

VINCENT J. RIELAND, H. S., '18.

The Fairies.

YOU may think that the hillsides are silent at night,
That the forests are lonely and drear,
That there's no one to bask in the moon's mellow light,
Or the brook's mirthful murmurs to hear.

But be not deluded, for wise men know well
That scarce hath the moon's visage round
Appeared in the Heavens ere woodland and dell
With echoing laughter resound.

There are tiny folk riding athwart the moon's beams,
Or climbing up moss banks at play,
Or swinging on rushes that border the streams,
Or skipping through primroses gay.

They are hiding on tree-tops, and rustling the leaves,
They are dancing in mystical rings,
Their laughter is borne on the wings of the breeze
Till the woodland in harmony sings.

There are princes and princesses there with their queen,
And fairies of lower degree,
But little they reck of their station, I ween,
Or of aught besides frolic and glee.

And so in the mystical dawning of life,
In childhood, ere reason's full day,
There are tiny folk heedless of sorrow or strife,
Caring naught but for laughter and play.

These wee people would seem to be sprites from above;
Their music is filling the air,
They are weaving the magical circles of love,
And the grown-ups are caught in the snare.

But, alas! the years ripening their charms will curtail;
In childhood alone they hold sway,
For just like their cousins of greenwood and dale
They fade with advance of the day.

PETREL STORM, 19.

A Writer of the West.

SCARCELY is there a section of our vast territory without its noted novelist, story teller and essayist. In the east they abound in great multitudes, not because the Atlantic breeze is more fecund in inspirations and aspirations, but because the weird lights of Gotham beckon irresistibly to the rising young authors of the west, south and intermediate points. Whereupon the most of them follow the phantom, migrate to Broadway, and promptly dull their own literary light in the sophistication of Greenwich Village and Washington Square, not to say anything of the "Great White Way."

Still there are to be found others who have conquered the incomparable lure and remain on their native soil, producing works of strength, vim and vigor, in which are truthfully depicted real living characters indigenous to America.

Such is Peter B. Kyne, erstwhile Californian and creator of the admirable shipping baron of the Pacific Coast, Cappy Ricks.

Who, having perused the various adventures of this quaint—but determined—old magnate of the Barbary Coast, has not been impressed by the curious blend of naiveté and ingenuity in the good old father-in-law of Matt Peasely? Indeed, not to appreciate such a genial character lays one open to the direst accusations. It is equivalent to a confession of hopeless pessimism and utter cynicism, for Cappy Ricks is endowed with many of the choice virtues, as well as some of the common failings of human nature. And, what is more to the point, Peter B. Kyne very wisely does not dwell upon the latter, nor does he canonize him for the former.

When I refer to Kyne's shipping stories, it would be an outrage to slight the stalwart Matt Peasely, who is as indispensable in the tales as Ricks himself. Furthermore, he is the individual who brings ginger and action into play as an offset to Ricks' age and firm convictions. In a way, Peasely is the real hero, although not, in my estimation, the most lifelike and original. He is the realization of what Kyne himself aspired to in his younger days, for it is a well-known fact that Peter B. Kyne once aimed to become a lumber and shipping power in the West. Like Matt Peasely, he started out with a dilapidated three-mast schooner, but, decidedly unlike Captain Peasely, met a quick and unromantic finish in bankruptcy.

Having thus failed to make a niche in the shipping industry for Peter B. Kyne, he did the next best thing by becoming the creator and absolute ruler of men who had. In this capacity he

was eminently successful, and he has immortalized many noteworthy characters as well as depicted conditions in the shipping industry on the Pacific Coast. Therefore, regardless of what he produces in the future, Peter B. Kyne will have a very definite position in American literature as the inimitable writer of western shipping tales wherein pirates and blood-curdling scenes fortunately have no part—that is if we except cold-blooded business pirates.

It is too early to assign any definite place in literature to Peter B. Kyne. One thing alone is decided, and that is: since the days of the incomparable Bret Harte, no writer has approached so near to a realistic view of affairs on the Pacific Coast as Mr. Kyne. Whether he will ever supersede the wild and woolly Harte remains to be seen, for Peter B. Kyne's literary career is just in its heyday.

Recently Mr. Kyne produced his first novel, a tale of the giant redwood of California, which is replete with virile strength, big business, and of course the inevitable lovers' difficulties. In all, it is a very commendable story, exhibiting Kyne's innate love of the man who does big things and accomplishes great undertakings in spite of trying ordeals.

Another noteworthy fact anent Mr. Kyne is that he is one of the few writers of any account who admire Senator La Follette. Not as regards the war, however, because Peter B. Kyne is decidedly enthusiastic in our war against Autocracy, and is or will be an active participant as a newly-made captain in the forces of democracy. Rather on account of La Follette's valiant fight in the U. S. Senate some years ago in behalf of the Seamen Act, does Kyne esteem him. In testimony thereof he wrote a laudatory article for the *Saturday Evening Post* some years ago in which he gave ample evidence of his admiration for the erring senator of to-day. He pointed out the justice and righteousness of this constructive legislation which did so much to give succor to the tyrannized seamen and sailors. He praised and lauded the Wisconsin statesman for his energetic, brilliant, successful fight in our august Congress. Now he sympathizes with a great character gone astray.

This is a brief summary of what Peter B. Kyne has done in the past. What he will do in the days to come is a matter for conjecture. The way of Mars is uncertain, often demanding great sacrifices and hardships, so it may be that Peter B. Kyne has made his last literary venture. At any rate he will remain

silent for some time, being engaged in the greater task of fighting for his country. But we sincerely hope there may come a time when the talented sponsor of Cappy Ricks will return to his natural bent, continue his vivid portrayal of American characters, and place himself on the same plane with, if not above, the famous Bret Harte.

DENNIS J. MULVIHILL, '18.



Catch the Spy!

I AM not one to take offense easily, and yet I think the Police Commissioner acted unkindly in spreading around that story about me. No doubt it is true in the main, but then the details were not told so clearly as they might have been, and that changes the looks of things considerably. Now it is right to give the people a correct idea of the state of affairs, and to prove that I did only what any patriotic American would have done in similar circumstances.

I have been engaged for some time on Government work, the nature of which I am not free to state. However, if our experiments prove successful—and from all indications they will—in a short time the U-boat will be about as useful to Germany as would one of Caesar's galleys. It was while I was engaged in this patriotic duty and partly because of it, that this humiliating incident occurred.

My partners and myself, in order to secure more privacy and excite less interest in our work, rented a small, one-story house with two rooms in a back and unfrequented street, and at this place we assembled nearly every evening to experiment and debate. It became habitual with me to go to this place immediately after supper, sometimes stopping in a drug store to furnish a fresh supply of chemicals. I met very few people on this street, either going or coming, but among the few there was one who seemed to pass along as regularly as myself. I did not want to become acquainted with him for two reasons. The first was that I wished to have no one suspect the work in which I was engaged; the second was a plain dislike for the man himself. He was a dark, mean-looking individual with a furtive glance in his eye. After passing him for some weeks, I began to suspect him, so, one night, I followed him. He went into a dark

alley and then into a house. The next night I found out where he came from. It was from a small and suspicious-looking grocery store. I saw him come from here several times with a small mysterious package under his arm. He carried this as carefully as if his life depended on its contents. One night I hid in his house in the alley and waited for him. I was thinking hard all the while, and I concluded that this man must be a spy. Presently two men came in instead of one, and the one that carried the package exclaimed, "Phew! I nearly dropped it," to which his accomplice said, "Great guns, be careful." My hair stood on end when I heard this. I felt sure he was carrying a bomb, and I beat a hasty retreat without having been detected.

The next evening I brought a policeman in plain clothes along with me. Shortly afterwards we saw the spy coming accompanied by a stranger. My companion suddenly turned on them and said: "I arrest you in the name of the law," and showed his badge. I was astonished beyond description to see the spy's companion do the same thing and say the same words to me. There was silence for a minute till my companion exclaimed: "Cochrane, what the dickens—" "Parker, what in thunderation—" was the reply. I turned all colors of the rainbow at once, but finally blurted out to the spy: "Explain your actions. Every night I meet you on this street carrying a package obtained from the grocery store." "Why, you simpleton," he broke out, "the proprietor of that store is a friend of mine and saves me a pound of sugar every day, and last night I was with my brother-in-law who also knows my secret. If the people knew this they would raid his store. But," he continued quite sarcastically, "what were you and your companions doing in that tumbledown shack, and for what purpose do you use those chemicals that I see you buying regularly?"

So the man had in turn been spying on me, and had mistaken my experimenting in behalf of the Government for bomb-making, and I had to produce some letters from Government agents to satisfy him.

I must admit that I felt very foolish, and by the expression on the other man's countenance, he felt much the same way. I am sorry to say the plainclothesmen failed to see the unpleasant side of the matter, and, as they departed, their remarks and laughter made me feel rather uncomfortable. The Police Commissioner did not look at it in the right way, for the story he spread around was slightly exaggerated. No one, I hope, will blame me for doing what I thought to be my duty.

JOHN T. AGNEW, H. S., '20.



The Rubber Industry and Its Future.

[Continued from April Number].

VALUE OF RUBBER AND ITS STANDARD USES.

RUBBER is almost an indispensable commodity and of unknown value. It is indispensable, because of the fact that, once it has proved to be of use, a substitute cannot be found to take its place. The value of rubber is unknown because we do not know what the future may unfold to this young but fast-growing industry.

However, we may realize its present value by imagining this world suddenly deprived of rubber. Fires, now quenched by the use of rubber-lined fire hose, would feast on cities. Gardens would wither away. More than half the wheels of industry would stop for lack of rubber belting. Engines and pumps could not be operated without rubber packing; factories and mines would close down.

Think of the railroad disasters if there were no rubber air-brake hose. With the disappearance of air and steam drill hose, the digging of our building foundations and the tunneling of mountains could proceed only at the pace of the pick and shovel. Without rubber gloves and surgical instruments, the surgeon would be badly handicapped. Sufferings, unsoothed by the ice bag and hot water bottle, would be unbearably acute. This is a glimpse. Picture the rest. Imagine your everyday world abruptly set back three-quarters of a century! A startling thought, but one that need not worry you. For, in the last three-quarters of a century, there has grown up a mighty industry, able to supply civilization with the rubber articles it needs.

The standard uses of rubber at the present day may be classified as follows:

1. Mechanical goods, such as rubber heels, horseshoe pads packing, tiling, automobile and other bumpers, artificial fish bait, garden hose, fire hose, etc.

2. Pneumatic and solid tires. Pneumatic tires may be classed under four heads: bicycle tires, motorcycle tires, aeroplane tires, and automobile tires. Solid tires can be classified under three headings: wagon or reel tires, heavy duty or motor truck tires, and cushion of high efficiency tires.
3. Molded work. Similar to the mechanical or druggist sundries line.
4. Druggists, surgical, and stationers' sundries, such as nursing bottles, nipples, syringes, atomizers, bulbs, hot water bottles, tubing, gloves, breast pumps, bandages, bands, erasive rubber, etc.
5. Dental and stamp rubbers. Unvulcanized rubber used by the dentist and stamps for various purposes, such as date and address stamps.
6. Clothing, carriage cloth, mackintoshes, and waterproof fabrics for balloons, aeroplanes, tenting, etc.
7. Boots and shoes.
8. Insulated wire.
9. Hard rubber or vulcanite.
10. Cements for tire cements, shoe business, puncture fluids, etc.
11. Notions, such as waterproof dress bindings, dress shields, childrens' aprons, diapers, etc.
12. Plasters made from unvulcanized rubber goods.

ITS FUTURE.

In the foregoing discussion, the workings and nature of the rubber industry have been treated. I shall now forecast roughly the future of the industry.

Practically all civilized persons to-day require, in some shape or other, more or less rubber in connection either with some business or industry, or with personal convenience or comfort.

The growth in the use of rubber—a practically valueless commodity prior to the discovery of the process of "vulcanization"—has been unique in industrial history. Not that the quantity of the material has become so large, in comparison with some others which serve as bases of manufacturing. It must be kept in mind, however, that the use of the principal metals, textile materials, leather, and so on, antedates history, whereas there are men now living who were doing important work in the world before Charles Goodyear patented his vulcanizing process.

It is probable that no other commodity ever came into such

varied use within so short a period as rubber. First employed practically for footwear and other waterproof apparel, rubber has come to be employed in so many things that it would be hard to remember them. A point of interest in this connection is that, thus far, rubber has never come into use to an important extent for any given purpose to which it is not still devoted; in other words, its advantages are so marked in many uses that, when once introduced, no substitute can be found for it.

For instance, take the automobile tire. For over a decade, inventors, zealous of fame and fortune, have been untiring in their efforts to discover and perfect a practical and satisfactory substitute for the present pneumatic automobile tire. But, notwithstanding that enough devices, ingenious, freakish and otherwise, to stock a large museum, have from time to time been submitted to the patent office, upon many of which letters patent have been granted, it is interesting to reflect that not once have the status and prestige of the present standard type of automobile tire been seriously threatened.

The automobile industry is said to be the greatest single industry of to-day, and yet "Rubber Tires" are the very foundation of the automobile. Without them a car is useless, impossible, nil. They afford not alone safety and comfort, but make possible high speeds over roads of varying conditions. They are like shoes to the human foot, with the same important function to perform.

From the above remarks you may conclude that I am of the opinion that the pneumatic automobile tire will not be supplanted. However, I firmly believe that some time during the future, possibly not so many years away, the pneumatic tire will be replaced. It is most unlikely though that a tire will be made without the use of rubber in some form. Moreover, it will take a good many years to bring about a change.

The fact that, with the great rise in the price of the raw material, there has been a steady increase in the volume of business done in manufactured goods, is eloquent testimony to the recognition of rubber as a necessity rather than a luxury. Nor must this increased demand be considered to have emanated from one source only. There is a tendency to give the motor tire the sole credit for the large expansion in the rubber industry. This article perhaps comes more before the public eye than many others; but though, of course, the tire is responsible for much of the increased business, a great deal of rubber goes nowadays to

places where it is concealed from the public vision. For instance, in a modern man-of-war, besides the engine valves and washers, there is the large number of armor plate bolt washers, the use of which is enjoined by modern practice. To these must be added stair treads and mats and various other articles which come from the mechanical goods department of the rubber works. Then the electric cable industry must not be overlooked; but, not to follow this topic further, it will suffice to say that the increase in the demand is a very general one from a variety of sources, and this under the prevailing conditions of price must be taken as a good augury for trade prospects for years to come.

If the ratio of increase in production and planting remains the same, the production of plantation rubber in the near future should reach 500,000,000 pounds. Such an output would probably mean a drop in price per pound of rubber. It would also mean a wonderful expansion of the rubber manufacturing industry in new and unguessed lines, as well as in the old. But will nature allow such areas of one growth to supplant all others? Will not rubber have its scale, its boll weevil, its bud rot? The future, only, will answer.

INFLUENCE OF WAR UPON THE INDUSTRY.

All of my remarks so far have not taken into consideration the influence that war has upon the industry. This is an interesting discussion in itself, and I feel that some space should be given it, though it be brief.

The Civil War gave an impetus to the rubber industry by creating a demand for rubber blankets for the soldiers, thus expanding the manufacturing industry. Present indications show that since the European War began, the manufacturer has had, in many cases, to enlarge his factory so as to increase production. New concerns have also sprung up to meet the needs of the military forces.

The United States of America has entered the European struggle and already the effect is noticeable in the rubber industry. The large manufacturing concerns are receiving orders from the Government for balloons, tires, boots and shoes, blankets, etc., not to mention the great demand that will later arise. This will undoubtedly mean a boom in the rubber industry of America. Factories will be enlarged and run at full capacity, rubber sources will be unmercifully drawn upon, and the manufacture of rubber goods will likely be doubled. But, what will be

the result after the war? Authorities differ in regard to this, some predicting a rubber panic, while others declare that prosperity will continue.

Whatever the outcome, one thing is certain. Discoveries and inventions will, most likely, be made under pressure of the war, and thus greatly improve the manufactured rubber supplies. The factories will continue their output, and the average percentage of net earnings should continue at about the same rate that has maintained recently.

PAUL F. MADDEN, Accounts, '17.



A Mixed Affair.

JACK LYONS had partaken of the flowing bowl, and in consequence, embraced each lamp-post for a long-lost friend.

His chum and room-mate, Dick Harrison, had also confided his troubles to King Barleycorn, and he also was viewing objects in a double sense.

As both rambled around the streets and by-ways, they happened to collide at the corner of Palisade and Brougham Avenues, and the following dialogue ensued:

Jack:—"I shay—hic—where you goin'?"

Dick:—"Speakin'—hic—to—me?"

Jack:—"Oh—hic—yur—pickled."

Dick:—"D'ye—mean—hic—to—insinu—hic—ate—I'm—drunk?"

Jack:—"The insinu—hic—ation is all mine."

Dick:—"I'm goin' to—hic—change your looks."

Jack:—"You try it once—hic."

Whereupon the two friends devoted the few remaining ounces of their strength to thrashing each other, and had nearly

exhausted themselves when a friendly passerby stopped the fracas with a little physical persuasion.

How they reached home, or when, is still a mystery, but they achieved the impossible by not arriving together.

The next morning, feeling a little the worse for the affair, they were aroused by their servant, and after taking a good look at each other, Jack asked:

Jack:—"I say, Dick, whom are you mourning for now?"

Dick:—"Please explain!"

Jack:—"Why the dark hue which describes an arc below your eye?"

Jack now grasped a mirror and after gazing in astonishment at the injured optic replied: "Oh, now I remember. Why, you see, it was this way: when I was coming home last evening, some drunk had the nerve to shove me off the pavement, and when I remonstrated with him, attempted to beat me up. Then I had to accommodate him and was cleaning the street with him, when a friend came to his assistance, but one of them surely is in the hospital."

Jack:—"H'm, h'm, h'm!"

Dick:—"Maybe you might tell me how it is that one of your jaws is larger than the other, also where several of your teeth are!"

It was now Jack's turn to gaze at the mirror. Then he replied: "That's easy to explain. When I was coming home a big thug pushed me against a house and told me I was drunk, and when I failed to agree with him we both proceeded to explain with our fists, but just as I knocked him down, one of his friends came to his assistance, but I truly believe he is now at the morgue."

Dick:—"Where did it happen?"

Jack:—Why, at Broughman and Palisade Avenues."

Dick:—"I say, Jack, I think we are . . . . . ."

Jack:—"Don't think it, Dick, I know it . . . . . ."

WILLIAM J. POWER, H. S., '18.

A Victory for Americanism.

[Extract from an article contributed to the New York *Globe* by Alfred W. McCann, '01, and suggested by the co-operation of Protestants in the "drive" for the Catholic War Camp Fund at Yonkers, N. Y.]

I HAVE been an eye-witness of miracles during the past ten days and have seen so many un-American institutions during that period break down and crumble to dust, possibly never to be rebuilt again, that my zeal to communicate to others the inspiration that has thrilled me is now white hot and the flame of it cannot be extinguished by any human agency.

America, with her inarticulate mixture of races and creeds, is at last becoming one family with but one chastening ideal and one mighty objective. The fragments of America have already fused, and to melt and disunite the holy union of its heretofore incompatible elements, will require the flames of hell.

I live in Yonkers, a city that has already given 1,500 of its sons to defend the proposition that under the dominion of moral law there are many principles so sacred that to defend them men in the very flower of their youth must be ready to lay down their lives.

The War Camp Fund of the Catholic Church, now being driven "over the top" under the leadership of the Knights of Columbus, to help the Government win the war, has anointed Catholic and Protestant Yonkers with an unction that on the surface of this planet is to be found nowhere except in the heart of an exclusive American ideal.

Yonkers's most prominent citizen, Leslie Sutherland; Yonkers's most prominent attorney, John C. Ten Eyck, and the Yonkers Y. M. C. A. Secretary, are all Protestants, and yet have served on the K. of C. general committee. The Protestant ministers almost to a man, and the thirty-four Protestant Four-Minute men volunteered to serve under the Catholic colors and to help in the Catholic drive.

I, a Catholic, have stood with these Protestants and lifted my voice with theirs, and I have seen, under the spell of the lofty sentiments which have sprung whole-heartedly from their lips, a thing in the picturing of which no human hand can find form or color commensurate with its significance.

The barriers of sectarianism have collapsed and are down. The lines of prejudice have been blotted out. Bigotry and misunderstanding have been swept away, and out of the maze of narrowness a majestic white-robed figure has emerged to bless a movement which, through the greatness of its power and the

singleness of its purpose, has touched the hearts of men who never knew that it was even possible for them to be within each other's reach.

It is under this spell that a mixed audience heard from the mouth of John C. Ten Eyck, when he spoke from the altar of the Holy Eucharist Catholic Church these words, the extraordinary nature of which is significant only by reason of the fact that they were uttered by a Protestant:

"The man does not live whose eloquence can express even a tithe of the service of the Church to the world and the civilization we enjoy. But even I can express my consciousness of some obligation to that church which was the only church of God when no other church was in existence. It was that church which preserved the gospel during the early days of the Christian era. It was that church which struggled for, maintained, defended and promulgated the principles of sound morals and human culture. It was that church which preserved the wisdom of the ancients, which otherwise would have been lost, and which preserved the great manuscripts in the safe places of the monasteries and ecclesiastical temples of Europe.

"There can be no conscience so accusing as the conscience of a non-Catholic who has permitted a Catholic boy to die without the last rites of his own faith.

"We Protestants are not so blind as not to know that Catholics love their faith above all other possessions; therefore, we Protestants must give those Catholic boys in their hour of trial what they ask.

"No honest American can question that this is the only way to help those boys, and it is our duty to provide all they need. If the sacrifice is great we still must make it, for nothing that we can do, whatever our beliefs may be concerning their beliefs, bears comparison to the sacrifices that they are making for us. In return, it is our business to see to it that all they demand is given to them.

"The Catholic soldier whose conscience is at peace with God is a dauntless soldier, whose faith in the life after life is greater than his fear of death.

"I am in this movement because I realize that it is absolutely essential if we are to obtain the maximum fighting efficiency of the soldier. The contribution of the Catholic Church to that efficiency is now recognized by the War Department and by General Pershing himself as so all-important that out of that

realization, under the sanction of the President himself, this 'drive' has sprung.

"I am in it, not in spite of the fact that I am a Protestant, but because I am an American."

All that these Protestants see lying prone upon that hundred-yard ribbon of earth smeared with abominations too horrible to be described, are the bodies of men, Catholic, Protestant and Jew, some of them broken bodies, who have fallen in the grim struggle; some of them mud-drenched, rain-drenched, blood-drenched bodies, aching with the misery of abandonment; some of them alert, creeping bodies, crawling forward, face to the ground, under the light of rockets overhead; some of them heaped in pitiless piles, gruesome reminders of the toll taken by machine-gun and rifle fire; some of these crying to the God of Catholic, Protestant and Jew for mercy with one last, long, guttural moan; some of them intrepidly hurling their feeble flesh into a hurricane of steel or a tidal wave of gas; some of them to the petulant stuttering rhythm of 75-centimeter thunder, rushing with bayonets poised across the charred and pitted lane of No Man's Land, their destination rat holes bristling with foes.

They see only the boggy earth, the rasp and shriek of blackened sky, the hellish spray of liquid fire and the godlike valor of the American clerks, mechanics and workers, who now, under their dirty khaki somehow have managed to cling in all the carnage and devastation to the one and only comfort of the deluge, unwavering faith in our Father who is in Heaven.



From the Camps.

VII. INSTALLMENT.

Indomitable Spirit of the French. Notes from Across the Atlantic. Chaplains, and Their Duties. With J. P. Egan in Texas. A Visit from a Flier, Cadet Morrissey. Interesting Clippings from Correspondence. Latest Enlistments.

IN a letter recently received from Valentine J. Oldshue, now directing the transportation of Red Cross supplies from Bordeaux to the front, he speaks enthusiastically of the indomitable spirit of the French, and their determination to prosecute the war to a successful finish.

"'They shall not pass!'" writes Mr. Oldshue. "With the boasted German offensive liable to break any day, those words are on the lips of every Frenchman, for France is as undaunted and determined to-day as she was in 1914. Having lived with these people since 1915, I ought to be able to speak with some authority, and I assure you that the spirit to-day is as fine as it was three years ago. France is holding almost as much of the line now as she was then; it was France which stayed the Austrian rush into Italy; it was France which held the line while England was getting ready and while we were making up our mind whether or not we were too proud to fight; and it is France which, to-day, is finding time not only to supply her own army with artillery and ammunition, but also our own.

"One must look for the first signs of weakening among the poor and the workmen; but it is not there, for they are just as confident and determined as ever. Their spirit is splendid, and you must hear them say 'La France' to understand true patriotism and love of country. 'It is long, this war, very long, but'—here he used another French expression, this man of the freight yards—*on les aura,* meaning 'We shall get them.'

"And those days and nights of gruelling work, those days of the ambulance, are beginning to reap their harvest for me now, for every once in a while one of these chaps notices the little ribbon on my tunic. 'You are an American,' he says, 'with a French decoration.' And when I explain that I had been a volunteer with the French for two years before America entered the war, why they just grip my hand. Appreciate it? You don't know how they appreciate it. Only the other day an old gentleman, one of the leading business men of the city, shook my hand, and with tears in his eyes murmured, 'Thank you. Thank you.' Do not things like this repay one for whatever one may have lost?

"I wish some of those at home who may think that the spirit of the people here is drooping, could have witnessed some things that I have seen these last few days. The new class of young fellows who go to the colors next month were called up for examination. Well, the days following one would have thought were fete days. During the day and evening, the streets were full of these young chaps wearing the colors and flowers, and all just as proud and happy as they could be. It was as if a great honor had come to them, that they had been accepted to fight for their France.

"Two evenings ago a score or more of them marched by my window, and I wish you could have heard them sing their national hymn. These chaps, all young fellows, are going off to war filled with the same spirit that held the line on the Marne and at Verdun. It would be different were these little groups and processions formal gatherings, for then one might suspect that they had been engineered by the authorities for effect, but such is not the case, for there is nothing formal about them; it is the magnificent patriotism of the French asserting itself in these new recruits. I saw a cart the other day filled with these fellows. It was all decorated with greens, and from either side flew a French and an American flag. Don't let us back home get it into our heads that we are the saviors of this war, for France would go on, England would go on, until there was not a man left—and then the women would take it up. You can tell the people for me that they need have no fear of a German offensive, for 'They shall not pass!' still holds good."

Major James I. Brennan, detailed to France on special duty, assisted at John Redmond's funeral Mass in Westminster Cathedral, London, and admired the glowing tribute paid by Cardinal Bourne to the dead Irish leader's many virtues.

We received a letter from Corporal Thomas W. Kenney, 6th Regt., 82nd Co., U. S. Marines, A. E. F., on the very day of Paul's funeral. At the time of writing, Tom was expecting orders to proceed to the front, and was in hopes of meeting some of the boys who used to climb the hill with him in his school days.

Corporal Desmond J. Schneider, Co. B, 28th Engineers, A. E. F., sends greetings from France to his comrades in the Fourth High. His thoughts found expression in verse which was passed by the censor! This speaks volumes for its good sense and metrical correctness. Write again, Desmond, and write often. We shall be glad to hear from you.

Rev. First Lieutenant James R. Cox, B. H. U. 27, A. E. F., provides priests to say Mass in each of eight camps, usually such as can speak English sufficiently to minister to our boys across the sea. In addition to his sacerdotal duties, Father Cox discharges the offices of postmaster, chief censor, band leader, general entertainer, and funeral director. His services in the last

mentioned are not conspicuously so much in demand as in some of the former activities as a general utility man. We note with satisfaction that Dr. D'Zmura, a specialist in internal medicine, is with him. Glorious things are in store for the doctor; may he live to annex them!

Father Rydlewski, C. S. Sp., is still chaplain to the Polish army at Niagara-on-the-Lake. He admires the men's conduct, and rejoices in their good spirits. Two nights in the week he treats them to movies from 7 to 8:45; the other five are devoted to religious, literary, musical and athletic entertainments.

Rev. James A. Manley, '14, for some time assistant at St. Lawrence's Church, Asheville, N. C., now ranks twenty-ninth in the list of Catholic chaplains in the U. S. service, and holds the title of First Lieutenant. During a brief furlough on his way from El Paso to cross the seas, he paid us a visit and expressed his delight with the work and the men he finds in the army. His Regiment, the 18th Field Artillery, is from forty to fifty per cent. Catholics, all fine specimens of strapping Irish Americans. It is composed of six batteries, each numbering 231 men; a headquarters company and a supply company. The guns throw a shell a distance of twenty miles, and are drawn by eight horses; on the other side of the pond they will be moved with tractors. In addition to his ecclesiastical duties, Father Manley discharges the functions of Postmaster, head of Statistical Board, Mess Officer, and Athletic Director, a position to which he was elected, and for which his activities in various fields of outdoor and indoor sports eminently qualified him.

John P. Egan writes from the Ordnance Detachment, San Antonio Arsenal, Texas: Since my arrival here, our course has been of a routine nature, with nothing exciting to relieve the steady grind. However, after my first ten days' work as a student, I was transferred to another class, and am now acting as instructor. The course runs through six weeks, and is so arranged that one subject is completed in a week with an examination on Saturday morning. On the streets one sees many soldiers but few civilians. It is estimated that there are 120,000 soldiers stationed in and about the city. Camp Travis, for draftees, is about three miles from here; on the opposite side of the town is Kelly Field, the home of the Aviation School. A

balloon school is located about a mile from the arsenal, as is Fort Houston, the permanent army post. Leon Springs, about ten miles away, contains the barracks of an Officers' Training Camp, where "Mike" Morrissey is in the last lap of his course. The arsenal, where I am stationed, is in the heart of the city, amid beautiful surroundings. The men, about 200 in number, are mostly college men—gentlemen of a high type.

During a brief furlough, Cadet Peter V. Morrissey, School of Military Aeronautics, Cornell University, spent a few interesting hours with us. He has had a world of experiences since he joined the service last October. Having mastered courses in gasoline engines, the construction of planes and other preliminary studies, including military tactics, astronomy, map-reading and drawing, he enjoyed the supreme sensation of gliding, in an aeroplane, through the air like a bird; but the side-slipping and banking tested his nerves as scarcely anything on earth can do. His flights total 170 hours, beginning at a speed of 40 miles, and increasing gradually up to 85 an hour. The highest altitude he reached was 8,000 feet, the cold there rendering necessary the use of leather helmet, coat and gloves. When ascending, the aviator feels as if he were riding in an elevator; at times, however, he experiences thrills due to the vibrations produced by strong winds. When coming down, he feels a sinking in the system as when an elevator suddenly drops or a liner plunges into the trough of a heavy sea, and he notices that the country below is rushing towards him as if to sweep him heavenwards. A faint idea of the aviator's sensations may be formed from a ride in a roller-coaster in which the dips are abrupt and precipitate. During the flight, no noise is heard save the intensified droning, as it were, of a colossal bumble-bee.

The course Cadet Morrissey is taking at present, is both theoretical and practical, an hour and a half's class instruction being followed with work on machines, etc. After three weeks' drill for seven hours a day, each prospective officer is called upon to command a company, which he often does to the intense amusement of those concerned. At times he is so embarrassed that when he should say Halt! he shouts out "Whoa" or "Wait a Minute."

Efficiency marks are given every week; they are based on studies, cleanliness of self and belongings, manner of approaching an officer, and a thousand and one other details. Examination

papers, when corrected, are forwarded to Washington. Failure to score 70 per cent. results in being obliged to repeat the work of the week.

Mr. Morrissey is nearing the end of his course. We wish him every success, especially in his ambition to bring the Kaiser a prisoner to America.

George W. Cooper is Battalion Sergeant Major, Hq. Co., 111th Infantry, Camp Hancock, and his brother, Charles, is Corporal in Co. M, same Regiment. George states that he was expecting orders to embark before the end of April. In common with the 30,000 men in camp, he entertained fears that he might not be called for active service abroad, and he is now elated that his fondest ambition is to be realized. Spiritual interests are not neglected. Three Masses are celebrated in each of the two K. of C. buildings. Evening services were conducted during Lent on Sundays and Wednesdays. The priests were kept busy by men eager to make their Easter duty. In Augusta, the three Catholic churches are the rendezvous of soldiers who cannot easily find accommodation elsewhere to assist at Mass; breakfast is served, and everything is done to encourage them to stand steadfast in the practice of their religious duties. The Catholic Women's Club attends to all the sewing and mending for the boys. We hope to hear from George after he reaches the other side.

From Florida, the land of sunshine and roses, comes a very interesting letter from Edward S. McGinniss, 414th Motor Truck Co., Camp Johnston, Jacksonville. It completely dispels the fiction that the life of a member of a Motor Truck Co. is a "cinch". Far from it. In the morning he receives instruction on trucks; in the afternoon he goes to school to study the gas engine; and in the evening, to learn French. He is called on to drive along a straight road, through woods, over grass and in sand, taking in turn a Pierce Arrow, F. W. D., White, Packard, Jeffries, and a Garford. For Saturday's weekly inspection, he has to make strenuous preparation, shining shoes, cleaning guns and scrubbing barracks. All extra clothes are laid out on the bunk, the mattress is turned over, shoes marshalled in a line, and blankets rolled up in the mess kit, which also contains half-shelter tent, pole and pins, toilet articles, suit of underwear, socks and extra rations, all attached to the soldier's cartridge belt, and apparently increasing by pounds with every mile travelled. When the rifles

of the company have been examined, the men march to the drill field, pitch their tent, lay out their equipment and stand inspection. This done, they march back to the barracks for a well-earned rest of a day and a half.

After acknowledging the receipt of the MONTHLY which he read with interest, Raymond M. Marlier, Aviation Section, U. S. Signal Corps, Princeton, N. J., expresses the hope that the war will unite more closely than ever, when peace is restored, the Alumni who have answered their country's call. Accustomed to study, he finds little change in life, except in the hours for retiring and rising. The course he finds not unreasonably difficult, and he accounts for the many disappointments to secure commissions to failure to start "at the crack of the pistol," and to keep up the running with undiminished energy to the finish. Elsewhere, in the Alumni columns, we chronicle some of Raymond's successes in prize drawing competitions.

Sergeant Austin McCann, one of three brothers to respond to their country's clarion call of duty, the fourth being the N. Y. authority on pure food, was married within the last month to Miss Elizabeth Bulger, of Lawrenceville. The ceremony took place in St. Dennis's Church, Yonkers, Father Hughes officiating. Austin is now a member of the 376th Aero Squadron, stationed at Garden City, L. I., and expects soon to be called on for overseas' duty.

Adrian F. Sanderbeck is in the Distributing Department at Newport News. We may soon hear that he has qualified for a commission, as he has had most of the preliminary training in regular and special ordnance courses.

Jim Garahan, of the Freshman class, has just been heard from. He had scarcely been in Waco, Texas, a week before his English, penmanship, type-writing and other desirable qualifications singled him out for the position of captain's clerk. He ambitions soon to be a performer in the spectacular flights he now admires—loop-the-loop, tail twists, upside down, and the game of tag played between banks of clouds. The Sunday after he wrote he was to figure amongst the many Catholics for whom an excursion had been planned. They were to be taken to the city in autos for Holy Communion and Mass, then breakfast in

the Hotel Raleigh, sight-seeing in the town and a delightful ride back to quarters when the attractions of Waco had begun to pall. "As b 4," his address is 37th Squadron, Aviation Camp, Waco, Texas.

James W. Tracey, a contortionist and gymnast of no mean ability, is performing "stunts" in France with the 15 U. S. Engineers.

Richard De Lowry, mentioned in our last number, seaman on the superdreadnaught, Pennsylvania, responded to a call for volunteers, and is now in European waters on board the torpedo boat destroyer, Balch, one of seven sisters that can travel at the rate of forty knots an hour.

Leo P. Gallagher, since his graduation in the Law School a Secret Service man in the employ of Uncle Sam, has joined the 23rd Engineers, N. Y., and may soon be heard of bridging space to Berlin.

Joseph C. McLaughlin, LL. B., of the Prep. Law class, applied for admission into the Pitt Ordnance course and was accepted.

His experience as an engineer of several years' standing secured for Robert Brown a welcome into the U. S. Engineers.

We have received a handsome picture from handsome Albert Reilly, now training in the naval station, Ill. The uniform becomes you to a nicety, Albert. You were ever the glass of fashion and the mould of form.

Our former shortstop, and a good one he was, J. S. Mulroy, is in Camp Green, N. C. Our third baseman, "Bud" Nyce, is there too.

William Hoch, commercial graduate of last year's class, has volunteered for service in the Navy.

Thomas McMahon, of the Evening Preparatory Law class, has been assigned to Government service, with a good salary, in the Department of the Interior.

Dan Fisher and Joe Butler, Freshmen in the Maryland College of Medicine, are registered with the Reserve Medical Corps.

Earl Cox, brother of the Rev. J. Cox, A. E. F., quit the Second High with the view of profiting of practice in the Army Medical Department of Fort Howard. He intends to be a doctor.

Valentine Madden put the finishing touch to a vacation by enlisting.

Brady McSwigan, too light for other branches of the service, even for camouflage, in which he is an expert, has been admitted to a course in the Signal Corps.

Ray E. Skeehan, of the School of Accounts, is corporal in the 319th Infantry.

Otto Richter, C. P. A. and B. Sc. in E. E., also instructor in the C. P. A. class, has been promoted to the rank of Ensign.

Coleman F. Connolly is a big gun in Battery F, 1st Penna. Field Artillery.

Harry Cunning is with the 336th Ambulance Corps.

Charles D. Smith is with the Naval Reserves, Delaware, Pa.

Norman R. J. Heyl, son of one of our first graduates, is in the Navy.

John D. Campbell, of the Pre-Medical class, has attained the object of his ambition. During the Easter holidays he was accepted as a member of the Medical Reserve, Base Hospital, Baltimore.

R. C. Cunningham, purchasing agent for the Reilly–Peabody Coal Co., has taken the Ordnance course in Pitt. Harry Schmitt, Esq., set him the example.

Vincent Carter, Arthur Gaynor, Andrew Burke, George Schlarb, Dr. Chester Sierakowski, Andrew Wehrheim, Joseph Miller, 319th Infantry, and Balsy Blum (Waco, Texas) are amongst the most recent volunteers heard from.

H. J.

Died In Service

Frank C. Turnblacer

Sergeant, 511th Infantry, Camp Lee
Died February 16, 1918

John J. Loulan

Sergeant, Co. H, 315th Machine Gun Btn., A. E. F.
Died March 29, 1918

Charles R. Holoban

Private, Co. A, 39th U. S. Engineers, Camp Upton
Died April 16, 1918



SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

Aviation After the War.

AT this time speculation is rife anent the prospects of peace and the status of the world after war has ceased. Lengthy discussions have taken place, and the multitude of words has disclosed more or less the different aspects of post-bellum affairs. Just as war has proved to be a matter of politics, economics, national aspirations and personal ambitions, so will be the problems at the peace table. More interesting to the average man, however, is: what influence will the war have on the common things of life?

In this respect the future of aeronautics holds a fascinating prospect for us. America alone expects to train ten thousand daring air pilots, not to mention mechanics and observers, to make the air safe for democracy. It is absurd to suppose that this vast host will be wiped out in the course of the war. Rather it is to be expected that the declaration of peace will release thousands of death-defying aviators, many of whom will find no thrill in common mundane affairs.

Little imagination is required to picture their hair-raising escapades. One can see swooping birds of the human species, whirling racers, roaming Bedouins of the sky—and yes! Barnum's tumbling aviators.

Who wants to die?

D. J. MULVIHILL, '18.

History in the Making.

FROM the time when the unalterable past first began to be chronicled on parchment, stone or wax, it has recorded the vital activities of communities and nations, their relations with one another, and their mutual interdependence. In so doing, however, it has, in the main, pictured the operations of individuals, the union of whom constitutes the commonwealth. The units make the nation: their activities constitute its history.

To the majority of people, however, the past is a mere name, and the writings that relate its happenings, are, at their best, but thrilling and entertaining productions. Such people scarcely realize the reality of these bygone happenings or the influence they exercise upon modern life and present conditions. And yet Julius Caesar, over nineteen hundred years ago, virtually established the present boundaries of Europe, and practically allotted to its peoples the very territories they occupy to-day; and these boundaries and allottments, be it remarked, have scarcely been altered, despite the lording desires and political machinations of almost twenty centuries.

All know that upon the outcome of the world's events of the last four years, depends not only the present but also the future. But do they realize that what is occurring to-day will be history to-morrow; that the history of man's past has never recorded events of such import, or that there never have been years so pregnant with action? Do they perceive that they are living in a period that rivals in its importance to mankind at large, the age of Alexander the Great, that of the mighty Caesar, of the Crescent that issued forth from Asia, or that of the master strategist, Napoleon Bonaparte? Do they realize that what a two-cent newspaper now exploits in red letter type for commercial purposes will be eagerly read in leather-bound volumes by succeeding generations?

A true estimation of the foregoing will aid them in obtaining a clearer perception of their responsibilities and duties, not only to themselves and to their country, but of equal importance, to posterity. Let each one feel that the account of this Republic's achievements is virtually a story of his own activities; that he is one of the many furnishing the material to the historian. The nation's history is his history. Then, in order that this record of the United States may be a source of pride to himself and an incentive to posterity, he will assuredly spur himself on to a more faithful discharge of his duties and to a willingness to make even greater sacrifices.

EDWARD N. SOXMAN, '18.

United We Win.

THE world at present is passing through the most crucial stage of its history. Nowhere in the past, not even in the days of the terrible Attila, can a crisis be found comparable to that which the armies of Liberty and Freedom are facing and braving right now. Each succeeding day brings us nearer to a more perfect realization of our situation. The crying need, the urgent demand, of the hour is for the whole-hearted support of our minds and bodies. Neutrality is the by-word of the quitter, coward and slacker.

The army of sincere men and women—of conscientious and patriotic men and women—must be increased day by day nntil it comprises the whole population of this wonderful democracy. The union and conjunction of all the composite elements of the country will be a further step—an onward march—toward the valley of the Rhine, and the subsequent achievement of President Wilson's aims and ideals. In no other way can the people of the United States display their patriotism, exemplify their co-operation in behalf of the common cause, and for the boys "over here" and "over there", than by supporting the Government unselfishly and ungrudgingly. The arms of the officials at Washington and of General Pershing "somewhere in France" must be upheld. It is the duty of every American citizen to do his best for flag and country. Now is the time. Now is the moment to strike the key-note of political redemption and salvation.

The hordes of General Hindenburg must be crushed, must be driven back to Germany. The solid front—the undivided loyalty and allegiance we give to flag and country—will do this for America and the Entente. Let us show the world what we Americans are capable of accomplishing. Let us demonstrate the vim and dash that have carried the Stars and Stripes "over the top" in every one of her wars. The hand of Columbia beckons us. Suffering humanity implores us. Duty impels us. We are going to win. Nothing can stop us.

JUSTIN J. GALLAGHER, '19.

CHRONICLE

College and High School.

Results of Examinations.

THE results of the third term examinations were proclaimed to the students on their return to school after the Easter holidays. The following obtained first place in their respective classes: J. J. Gallagher, J. R. Mulvehill, C. J. Kronz, E. J. Brett, E. C. Wachter, L. McMahon, C. J. Wirl, F. E. Braun, W. J. McCarthy, S. P. Balcerzak, G. J. McNally, J. G. Ritter, F. J. Maturo, F. V. Bielski, A. J. King, E. P. Kearney, F. Starzynski, N. J. Schramm, P. G. Sullivan, V. P. Burby, A. J. Blieszner, V. Owczarzak and M. C. Wheeler.

In several classes the competition was very keen and the averages exceptionally high. We congratulate the following on their admirable totals: E. C. Wachter, J. J. Kettl, L. H. Brandl, F. E. Braun, J. J. Harvey, Glen McGarry, A. J. King, A. A. Pachel, N. I. Schramm, Joseph Rozenas, P. G. Sullivan, R. C. Guthrie and A. J. Blieszner.

In all, one hundred and seventy-seven honor certificates were awarded.

Our Annual Play.

Dr. Clinton E. Lloyd has started to rehearse the play, "It Pays to Advertise", to be presented in the Lyceum Theatre on Wednesday evening, May 15th. The following cast has been selected:

Mary Grayson, Cornelius H. Becker; Johnson, Thomas C. Brown; Comtesse de Beaurien, Richard H. Ackerman; Rodney Martin, Kenneth A. Leopold; Cyrus Martin, Joseph L. McIntyre; Ambrose Peale, Joseph A. Burns; Marie, Herman J. Heilman; William Smith, M. Noon Glynn; Donald McChesney, Francis J. Ligday; Miss Burke, O. Leo McIntyre; Ellery Clarke, Edward J. Quinn; George Bronson, Wilmer H. Brickley.

In addition to musical and vocal selections. students from the several classes will contribute three interesting drills under the direction of Professor Eckls, and a series of pyramids planned and prepared by Rev. E. N. McGuigan.

There is a large advance demand for tickets. To stimulate their sale, Rev. Treasurer J. P. Danner has offered handsome and useful prizes for those who reach a certain minimum. Advertisements have been secured in large number, and plans have been made to issue an artistic programme. We are confident that the play, like its many predecessors, will be a success from every point of view.

Public Speaking Contests.

The annual contests for medals awarded for the best speech and the three best renditions of standard recitations were held in the University Hall on Friday evening, April 19th. Though the attendance was fair, it was not at all worthy of the occasion or of the efforts of the students. The oratorical contest was amongst the best in many years, and the youthful public speakers of the High School Department demonstrated abundance of native talent developed under the skilful training of their teachers. Frank C. McGirr, Esq., announced the decisions; the gold medal for oratory was awarded to W. F. Turley, and the silver medals for public speaking to K. A. Leopold, E. C. Wachter, and R. A. Ackerman. Following is the programme:—

March.....“Imperial”.....*Bagley*
Students' Orchestra
Director, Professor C. B. Weis

PUBLIC SPEAKING CONTESTS

DIVISION I.—Silver Medal

Vincent P. Burby.....“Instigation Scene from Julius Caesar”.....*Shakespeare*
Christian J. Hoffmann.....“A Legend of Service”.....*Henry W. Van Dyke*
Adalbert J. Blieszner.....“The Fool”.....*Robert W. Service*
Richard H. Ackerman.....“John Burns of Gettysburg”.....*Bret Harte*
Gavotte.....“Keep the Home-Fires Burning till the Boys Come Home”.....*Novello*
Students' Orchestra

DIVISION II.—Silver Medal

John J. Kettl.....“Moral Courage”.....*F. W. Farrar*
Edward J. Meinert.....“The Three Pirates”.....*Albert Lee*
Edward C. Wachter.....“The General's Client”.....*Adapted*
Robert R. McCartney.....“What of It?”.....*Grantland Rice*
Chorus.....“Voices of the Woods”.....*Rubenstein*
Soprano Choir
Accompanist, Rev. F. X. Williams

DIVISION III.—Silver Medal

O. Leo McIntyre.....“Too Late for the Train”.....*Anon*
Andrew J. King.....“Supposed Speech of Regulus”.....*E. Kellogg*

GERALD A. SCHROTH.....“Rienzi to the Romans”.....*Mary L. Mitford*
KENNETH A. LEOPOLD.....“The Vagabonds”..... *J. T. Trobridge*
FOUR-PART SONG .....“The Rosary”..... *Nevin*

FACULTY QUARTET

REV. J. F. MALLOY — REV. F. X. WILLIAMS
PROF. G. B. BINLEIN — PROF. W. H. BRICKLEY

ORATORICAL CONTEST—GOLD MEDAL

WILLIAM F. TURLEY....“America’s Contribution to the World War”.....
WILLIAM F. GALVIN. .....“A Lasting Peace”.....
M. NOON GLYNN.....“Religion in Politics”.....
JAMES J. MCCLOSKEY.....“Wake Up, America”.....
OVERTURE .....“Crown of Jewels”.....*Pannella*

DECISIONS OF THE JUDGES

REV. GEORGE J. BULLION, ’09, Assistant Rector, Holy Rosary Church
FRANK C. McGIRR, ESQ., LL. D.
JAMES P. KELLY, ’84, Treasurer, American Steel Company

FINALE.....“So Long, Mother”.....*Van Alstyne*

STUDENTS’ ORCHESTRA

LECTURE BY DR. VERHEIJEN.

The last Sunday evening’s entertainment of the year was featured with a lecture by the Very Rev. Canon J. Viscount Verheijen, LL. D., J. U. D. His subject was “General and Professional Education”; his treatment of it was thorough and exhaustive, suggestive and illumative. “A man’s education,” he said, “cannot be determined altogether by having regard to his calling, seeing that it is one end of a good education to determine what should be one’s true vocation. The choice of a profession is at the same time most difficult and most momentous; our usefulness, success, happiness, sanctification and salvation depend not a little on the measure in which we are in harmony with our place and work in the world. How, then, shall we find out that work and that place? It is only after the school-boy age has passed and the student life is advanced, that a youth may be said to be provided with the data for making his choice. Therefore, in the process of education, it is only after the rugged propaedeutics of school discipline has been long left behind, when the light of the world of thought has become a growing experience, and the free play of their powers under the discipline of a general many-sided culture has begun to be felt, that it is possible to discern where in the wide field of human endeavor lies their special vocation. Vain would be the result of years passed here in study if beyond the hope of future success in the world, beyond all ulterior aims and ambitions, there has not been

awakened some breath of the student's ardor, some sense of enjoyment to be derived from the development of the intelligence."

THE 1917-18 CONCERT SEASON.

The entertainment of April 14 brought to a close a very successful concert season, during which a large number of promising debaters and entertainers had satisfactory "first night" experiences. The recitations were chosen with a feeling for timeliness, and delivered in a manner that invariably pleased. Many good chorus numbers were sung, those of the soprano choir and of the faculty quartette being especially charming. The orchestra, while somewhat less numerous than its immediate predecessors, early in the season reached a high plane of excellence; solo work, in which most of its members appeared, evoked enthusiastic plaudits from the audience times without number. Some interesting lectures, several of them illustrated, and some fine gymnastic exercises, added variety to the programmes.

But in the matter of dramatic numbers, the season just closed was quite exceptional. No fewer than eight playlets were produced, most of them comedies. Those who saw "The Miracle of the Chimes", played just before Christmas, have declared that in scenic beauty and poetic loveliness it has never been equalled anywhere in this section. The medieval spirit, the real Christmas feeling, that ran through it, made on every one a lasting impression. The vision, gradually appearing through the back wall of the cottage, to the accompaniment of the soft treble voices of the Adeste, was a surprise in the nature of the miraculous. The illusion was perfect when through the stillness broke the sound of the chimes.

One other playlet deserves special mention, the farce, "A Sea of Troubles", suggested by Hamlet's mixed metaphor about "arms against the sea," which was considered so meritorious that the producing company was asked to travel—and actually did, repeating their success at St. Patrick Night's entertainment in St. Mary's Odeon.

SYMPATHY.

We convey the expression of our heart-felt sympathy to Joseph P. Murray bereaved of a father, and Leo S. Watterson, of a brother.

E. J. QUINN, '19.

School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce.

Our alert and active instructor in Accounting Practice, Mr. E. A. Ford Barnes, C. P. A., laid up for the past five weeks with pneumonia, is slowly recuperating. We will welcome him back.

Mr. R. N. Miller, C. P. A., has successfully lectured before the Accounting Practice and Cost Accounting classes.

The Hamilton Debating Society converted a recent meeting into a farewell reception to John J. O'Donnell who was called to the colors, and is now a full-fledged "rookie" at Camp Devens, Mass. Private O'Donnell was presented with a wrist watch by his comrades.

During April, Professor Shearman's class in Economics will hold several debates on the Tariff and other cognate topics.

The Debating Society appointed a committee to arrange for its annual dinner at the Fort Pitt Hotel. The S. E. S. Club will meet about the same time.

The Evening School Association is not inactive; its officers contemplate holding a dance when real spring breezes blow. Another social event arranged is a dansant scheduled for Wednesday, April 24th, at the Conservatory of Music.

The classes in Fundamental Accounting are forming class clubs, to keep intact the body of students that attend the sessions on Wednesday and Thursday or Tuesday and Friday evenings; a literary club, a dining club, and a dance may result from their activities.

RUFFENACH–RUSH.

NOTE.—We regret that we are obliged to hold over for next issue contributions to the following Departments: Alumni, Exchanges, Athletics, and Duquesnicula.

EDITOR.



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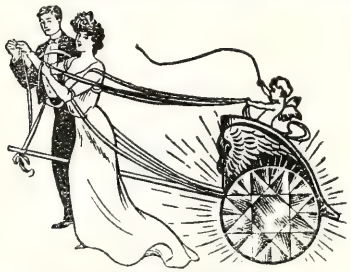
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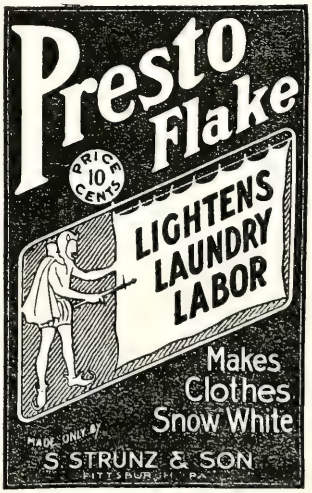
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Duquesne Monthly

A Literary Magazine

Vol. XXV. JUNE, 1918 No. 9

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR
BY THE STUDENTS OF DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY

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Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXV. JUNE, 1918. Number 9.

The Course of Time.

OH! let the soul in slumber break,
Arouse its senses and awake,
To see how soon
Life, with its glories, glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on!

How pleasure, like the passing wind,
Blows by, and leaves us nought behind
But grief at last!
How still our present happiness
Seems, to the wayward fancy, less
Than what is past.

And, while we eye the rolling tide,
Down which our flying minutes glide
Away so fast,
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream of joy
Already past.

Let no vain hopes deceive the mind,
Nor happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day.
Our gilded dreams of yore were bright;
Like them the present shall delight,
Like them decay.

Our lives like lasting streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall

O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
The sea of death whose waves roll on,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble riv'lets glide
To that sad wave:
Death levels property and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting-place;
Life is the running of the race;
And death the goal;
There all our steps at last are brought;
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

Long ere the damps of death can blight,
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
Hath pass'd away;
Youth smiled, and all was heavenly fair;
Age came, and laid his finger there,—
And where are they?

Where is the strength that mock'd decay,
That step that rose so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
That strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows weariness and woe,
When age comes on.

Say, then, how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here;
Dreams of sleep that death must break,
Alas! before it bids us wake,
Ye disappear.



America's Contribution to the World War.*

AFTER almost 150 years of incessant struggles to keep alive the spirit of Democracy, America finds herself at grips with a foe that is bending every energy to extinguish it. With stubborn determination, and with all the power that forty years of military preparation have given her, Germany has set herself to the task of smothering the spirit of Americanism with which Washington and Jefferson, Lincoln and Grant, worked so faithfully to imbue their countrymen. This love of liberty is so interwoven in every fibre of our being that any attempt to destroy it forces us to exclaim with Patrick Henry, "Give me Liberty, or give me Death!" Such an attempt Germany has made, and we have answered her attacks with a valor and fortitude that leave no doubt about the final issue of the struggle.

The question uppermost in our minds to-day is: what has America contributed to the World War? This is the question I shall try to answer.

Our contribution as to man power has been augmented by the Selective Draft Law, passed by Congress, and signed by the President, which has placed 10,000,000 men at his disposal to fight for the cause of Democracy. The Aviation Corps by the 1st of July will have mobilized 10,000 fliers, 90,000 mechanics, and upwards of 20,000 machines. Congress has appropiated $700,000,000 for Aviation alone. General Pershing is commissioned by the War Department as head of the American Expeditionary Force in France. To him has been delegated the great responsibility of caring for the health and morals of the American soldiers; he is the man who has tendered the services of hundreds of thousands of the best American blood to France —France, always the friend of America and now herself in dire need of the help we owe her as a debt of gratitude.

---

*This address won the Gold Medal at the Oratorical Contest, April 19, 1918

But let me ask a question. Can the French and British forces by any possibility bring victory to the forces of Democracy without the aid of the American soldiers? No. The destiny of the world lies in America's hands. The eyes of the world are turned to us as to its last hope.

At almost the same instant when President Wilson declared war on Germany, the flower of American manhood hearkened to his call, and cheerfully offered their lives for the sacred principles he has so well pointed out to us.

Many of our young men left the quiet academic halls of our colleges and universities for the din and roar of war. When they reach the firing line they will freely unbosom themselves to whatever terror or danger there may be in war or death. And right here let me say that 329 students and alumni of Duquesne University have willingly offered their lives on the altar of freedom. Three gold stars shine in our Service Flag as a last tribute to three who have already made the supreme sacrifice. Statistics record the fact that 50 per cent. of the men in the Navy, and 40 per cent. of the men in the Army are members of the Catholic Church. That they will perform their duties faithfully and well we know from the Catholic training they have received,—a training that has taught them that a strong and tender devotion to one's country goes hand in hand with a true spirit of religion. It was this that inspired them to offer their services and their very lives for a cause they deem just and holy. Many of these college-bred men, moreover, had all but reached the aim and ambition of their lives, to the preparation for which they had devoted their happiest years.

Already many of our boys are in cantonments receiving their training for the conflict. Some are on the high seas hunting down the infernal submarine; others are "over there" in the trenches, following "Old Glory" into the thick of the fight, amid shot and shell, amid horror and desolation, and the most heart-rending human suffering.

To supply our soldiers with ships, munitions, and other equipment, the wheels of industry, throughout the country, are running at top speed and producing at maximum efficiency. Together with this, America has willingly undertaken the tremendous task of feeding the countries that are our associates in the war. To date, we have sent them enough food to sustain more than 31,000,000 people, in addition to supplying our own men with 6,750,000 pounds of food daily.

But, not content with supplying millions of the best men of America for the cause of Democracy, not content with sustaining the lives of millions more, for whom and with whom they are fighting the common enemy, America has graciously consented to stake billions of her money power for the justice of the cause. With this in mind the President has authorized the sale of Three Liberty Loans, of War Savings and Thrift Stamps, which to date have totaled more than $11,000,000,000.

Since the beginning of the war the United States has attained the dignified and responsible position of world-banker; a feat never before achieved in the economic history of any nation. Not only is the United States free from any foreign debt, but Europe has sent us more than $1,000,000,000 to pay for war material. At the same time Europe is indebted to us in the sum of $5,000,000,000. This sudden rise was due to the great expansion of the country's industries and the great exportations of food to Europe accompanied by an unparalleled prosperity.

Every twist and turn of the war, every revolution of the hands of the clock, brings forth some new problem. But American ingenuity and skill have met them and solved them. The spirit of Americanism and American ingenuity is dominating this war. It will make armies out of mobs and bring victory out of despair. Step by step we shall make the world a decent place to live in.

And now, having taken a glance at the immensity of the work performed by the country in the supplying of men and munitions, food and money to carry on the war, permit me to ask, my friends—what have YOU done? Have you assisted in the saving of every ounce of food that lay within your power? Are you standing idly by, not making any sacrifice while our boys are "over there", content with living in water and blood up to their waists, willing the moment the command is given to go "over the top" and pay the supreme sacrifice? What have you done in return? Have you bought Liberty Bonds, War Savings and Thrift Stamps? Do you abide by the motto of the President, "Down with Prussianism, Long live Democracy"? If not, you are a slacker—a slacker and nothing less. Everybody must be up and doing. We must all be 100 per cent. Americans.

The most momentous crisis in the history of the world has come. The oppressive, domineering spirit of autocracy must be crushed. America needs the co-operation of every man, woman and child in the country.

But in spite of all this, in spite of the fact that the very

Liberty of the world hangs in the balance, some of us seem to forget our heavy responsibilities. All the world is crying out to us in the throes of its agony, and still we remain silent and apathetic. This attitude of ours must be changed.

O spirit of Washington, come back once more and give to General Pershing those remarkable powers of generalship which you so well displayed with your bleeding army at Valley Forge. Give to our President those farseeing visions that inspired you when, harassed on all sides by the enemy of freedom, you came out of the conflict victorious and handed down to us the priceless heritage of Liberty. Give him of your courage and patience, so that he may transmit to succeeding ages the sacred principles upon which America was founded. Help him to remember in all its fullness that "Eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty," to the end that when the war is over, the heavenly dove of peace and the laurels of victory will have settled forever on the dear land that is their rightful home—America.

WILLIAM J. TURLEY, '21.



Forgive and Forget.

FORGIVE and forget! Why, the world would be lonely,
The garden a wilderness left to deform,
If the flowers remembered the chilling winds only,
And the fields gave no verdure for fear of the storm!
Oh! still in thy loveliness, emblem the flower,
Give the fragrance of feeling to sweeten life's way;
And prolong not again the brief cloud of an hour,
With tears that but darken the rest of the day.

Forgive and forget! There's no breast so unfeeling
But some gentle thoughts of affection there live,
And it finds that the keenest of pleasures is healing
Wounded hearts until they can forget and forgive.
Then away with the cloud from those beautiful eyes,
That brow was no home for such frowns to have met!
Oh, how could our spirits e'er hope for the skies
If Heaven refused to forgive and forget!

ANON.

The Double-Locked Room.

"GENTLEMAN to see you, sir," announced the butler to his master when Philip and I entered our apartment on the B'l'v'd. "In the waiting room?" asked Philip. "He is, sir, and very nervous," was the butler's reply. Philip Montegue raised his eyebrows slightly and entered the consulting room, and as he did so he turned to me and said, "Come in, Tom. It may be worth your while." Then to the butler, "Show him in."

It would be well to know that Philip Montegue was a private detective, and one of the best in the city. He was six feet in height and built in proportion. His firm mouth and chin told of a strong will power; his high, broad forehead and piercing gray eyes, of a natural astuteness of mind. He had an income on which he could live comfortably. For the last five years he and I had lived in our apartment on the boulevard. I, too, had some money, and together we enjoyed life in our own way. At different times I recalled some of the cases that brought out his quick perception and keen mental faculties for unravelling repulsive crimes, while the police were trying to find a motive. Indeed a murder afforded us about as much excitement as a taxicab ride would to Dario Resta.

The gentleman who followed the butler into the room was tall and of a commanding aspect. He introduced himself as Spottiswood Atkinson, a lawyer. "I am Philip Montegue, and this is my friend and colleague, Tom Miller," said Phil. "Won't you be seated?" As the lawyer seated himself, Philip continued, "Now Mr. Atkinson, tell us the entire story. Be brief, but do not omit any detail that may in any way materially alter the case."

Mr. Atkinson began: "Three months ago a medium-sized gentleman of dark complexion and slender build called on me. It was ten o'clock on September twenty-fourth, to be precise. This gentleman asked me if I could let him have a room in my house, adding that I would be well repaid for any trouble that he might cause. He stated that, although at present he was physically perfect, there was a great danger that overshadowed him, but that this would in no way revert to me as the matter was purely personal. Believing him to be partly unbalanced by some serious mental strain, I assured him that I would be glad to help him, either professionally, or as a friend. His fate, he said, was inevitable, if a certain thing occurred. After about an hour's conversation, we went to my home, and I let him have the second story middle room. I found him to be a quiet, self-possessed fellow who travelled much and who would tell of what he saw

during his travels. We became close friends, and all went well until November 19th. On the evening of that day, he came to me and asked if I would object to his having a burglar alarm on all the windows and new locks on all the doors. I told him that I did not mind, and he had it done. This completed, he was himself again. Last evening, after dinner he and I were recounting the events of the day as we were accustomed to do. I related a curious incident that occurred late that afternoon, soon after I had reached home, and while he was out for his customary stroll. I will now recount to you the incident which caused him so much anxiety.

"Just as the clock struck half-past four, two gentlemen were announced by my man. I often do business with my clients after hours, and the call excited no suspicion. One was about fifty, the other thirty-five: the elder was short and stockily built; the younger was tall and lithe. Both were clean shaven. Just as they had finished introducing themselves, as Mr. Brown and nephew, the telephone rang in my outer office. I hastened in to answer it, but after I had lifted up the receiver there was no response. When I walked back into the office the men were gone.

"This morning when the maid carried his coffee to my guest, she called him several times and received no reply. She then rapped loudly on the door. Her knocking awoke me and I hastened to find the cause for it. On learning the trouble I listened at the door. From within came only the ticking of a large Dutch clock. A chill gripped my heart. What if the inevitable, as he called it, had occurred? Stepping back a few paces I flung myself at the door. There was a sharp snap as the lock broke, and I found myself gazing upon the ghastly countenance of my client. His mouth was open, as if it had been forced that way. In his wide staring eyes a look of mingled fear and hate lurked, even in death. His features were horribly distorted. I grasped a chair for support, or I should have fallen. Turning, I staggered from the room and summoned the doctor. He came about fifteen minutes later. I had explained to him a little over the 'phone, and now I led him to the room. The doctor gasped and trembling placed his stethoscope to the breast of the dead. 'This is a case for a detective—not a doctor. This man died of inhalation of gas.' I asked him to stay there and see that nothing was touched until I had seen you. He agreed, and I came immediately."

The lawyer mopped his perspiring brow nervously. I handed him a glass of Scotch, and Montegue rang for the butler. "Bring the car to the door at once," he said. "We shall do all we can for you, Mr. Atkinson," said Philip, helping him to the elevator. We got into the car and rode quickly to the lawyer's residence.

Upon entering the death chamber, Montegue pulled his magnifying glass from his pocket, examined the body, the bed and the room. He went to one of the windows and threw it open. A loud clanging was heard all over the house. It was the burglar alarm. Montegue smiled and threw open the other window. This time there was no alarm. The wires had been cut. A thick vine covered the side of the house. Slipping his hand into a cavity he drew out a bag. He examined the contents, and then said to Mr. Atkinson, "I will be back at three o'clock. If nothing unforeseen occurs, I shall put the police on the trail of the murderers. I think that you will find that your valet has disappeared."

I passed a memorable afternoon with Mr. Atkinson, trying to convince him that Phil would do just as he said. At three o'clock precisely Philip Montegue entered. Mr. Atkinson surrendered. The detective smiled reassuringly at Atkinson and said, "I will tell you all that I know.

"Do you remember," he began, "the theater robberies in London some few years ago? Well, the watchman in one of the theaters was killed. The job was done by the Loughreigh gang. The crowd was caught and Parks turned State's evidence. Two of the gang were executed—two others got fifteen years. They vowed to avenge the death of their pals, and your client, Mr. Atkinson, was Parks. He knew if the gang ever found him he would die. That is what he meant by 'the inevitable.' On November 19th he heard of their release; he asked you about the burglar alarm. Two weeks ago the valet that you had for a year left you and another applied almost immediately. Yesterday two men came to see you and left abruptly. That is, all but the old gentleman who hid himself in the Dutch Clock—not, however, before he cut the alarm. Last night, by the aid of the vine and a rope, the young fellow came through the window."

At this point Montegue drew from his capacious overcoat pocket the bag that he had taken from the window sill. From it he drew four trunk straps, two pieces of rope, and a rubber hose in the form of a funnel.

"Having entered the room," continued Montegue, "they proceeded to bind and gag Parks. Parks could neither move nor call for help. They then tied the tube to his nose, attached it to the chandelier, and turned on the gas. When they were quite sure he was dead they untied the gag, turned off the gas and, having put the room in proper order, left by the window.

"The police are on the trail. Whether or not they land them does not concern us. Come, Tom, we must bid Mr. Atkinson good-bye."

In our apartment, he told me how he recognized Parks. He told me of the chafed wrists and ankles, of the cut on the temple, of the long scratches made on the bed by the buckles of the straps, of the lint on the lips of the dead man that remained after the gag was removed, of the rubber fiber on the chandelier, of the fresh scratches on and in the Dutch Clock, of the broken vine—all combined, they had solved the mystery.

THOMAS ASHLEY, High School, '18.



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IRON AND STEEL.

NO metal yet discovered possesses anything like the importance of iron, and no other useful metal is so widely distributed in large masses throughout the crust of the earth. Nature has bountifully provided mankind with abundant supplies of that metal which is so eminently adapted to the wants and requirements of industry. It is not only valuable in its free state, but, in combination with other elements as alloys, it has an endless variety of applications. Notwithstanding the enormous sources of mineral wealth with which this country is endowed, the development of the iron and steel industry has proceeded with extreme slowness, and 100 years ago we were pottering with this invaluable material in what may be termed homeopathic doses as compared with the colossal scale on which we are now operating with it.

Iron was mined in the time of the Romans, but for centuries afterwards little or nothing was done in iron smelting, and so scarce was the metal that iron articles were classed in the time of Edward III. among his majesty's jewels. The Spaniards, in designing the Armada, calculated on the superior excellence and abundance of Spanish iron compared with English, as an important element of success. In the middle of the eighteenth century four-fifths of our iron was imported from Sweden. It must, however, be borne in mind that all ancient iron was smelted with charcoal, which greatly limited the production, not only from the restricted nature of our timber forests, but also from the fact that the old methods were adapted only to the purer kinds of ore. Dudley introduced the smelting of iron ores with coal and coke in 1620, and slowly from that time the industry increased. The change from charcoal to coke necessitated a more powerful blast, and blowing cylinders of larger dimensions were introduced by Smeaton about 1760 at the Carron iron works. In 1784 Cort introduced his historic method of puddling in a reverberatory furnace, using coal as fuel for refining pit iron instead of charcoal, as in the old finery. He also invented grooved rolls for rolling the puddled iron, which gave another impetus to the trade.

The invention of the steam engine was another important factor in the development of iron making. It enabled mines to be sunk to a greater depth, and thus increased the coal and iron supply. The locomotive has also effected remarkable changes in the transport of materials, and is at the present time an essential portion of an ironworks outfit.

The introduction of the hot blast by Neilson in 1828 soon doubled the output of iron from blast furnaces, and is now almost universally employed. Following close on the adoption of the hot blast came the method of collecting the waste gases of the blast furnaces, and utilizing this waste heat for heating the blast itself as well as for other heating purposes. The chief improvements in the blast furnace of the latter half of the nineteenth century, are the adoption of the cupola type in place of the old solid brick structures, the great increase of capacity, the discarding of the forehearth, and the mechanical arrangements for charging and dealing with the pig iron and slag. In connection with this may be mentioned the very close association of the blast furnace with the steel-making plant. Another immense stride was made by utilizing the waste gases for heating the blast by

means of brick regenerative stoves, the regenerative principle of which we owe to Siemens.

With respect to steel two great names stand prominently forward, viz.: those of Bessemer and Siemens, who respectively invented the processes associated with their names. The basic process for steel making was practically solved by Thomas and Gilchrist, who made the first public announcement in 1878. The most prominent feature of the present day is the invention of the tilting open-hearth, the contemplated sizes of which may be described at least as titanic. Fifty-ton furnaces are now common, and two hundred-ton furnaces are mentioned for the near future. Steel, of the mild type especially, is ousting iron in many of the departments in which it held an apparently impregnable position.

Mechanical testing and chemical analysis were formerly the only means employed in testing and research, but the microscope and pyrometer have immensely added to our knowledge of the nature and properties of iron, and are destined to play a conspicuous part in the future.

ORES OF IRON.

Iron in the metallic state is of very rare occurrence, and this may be accounted for by its great affinity for oxygen and other non-metals. Large masses of iron, known as meteorites, are occasionally found in different parts of the world; they are easily distinguished from the masses of terrestrial origin, as they invariably contain nickel (which very rarely occurs in ordinary iron ores), and the metal is usually found in a mass containing crystals. The mass is nearly always covered on the surface with a thin coating of oxide, which protects the metal from oxidation. Berzelius gives the analysis of a mass from Siberia weighing 1600 lbs., and of one from Bohemia weighing 103 lbs. Stromeyer analyzed an enormous mass found near Treves, which weighed 3,300 lbs.

The following are the names of the various ores of iron, which are found and mined in various sections throughout the country: Magnetite, Franklinite, Ilmentite, Chrome Iron Ore, Haematite, Goethite, Limonite, Bog Ore, Spathic Iron Ore, Blackbank, and Iron Pyrites.

FUEL.

By this term is meant substances that may be burned in air to give heat capable of being applied to economic purposes. The

two chief elements employed are carbon and hydrogen, the latter in fuels being always associated with carbon. In all fuels containing carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, the proportion of hydrogen may be equal to, or greater than, but never less than, that required to form water with the oxygen. The amount of hydrogen united with oxygen is not available as a source of heat, so that the excess of hydrogen over this amount is called "disposable" hydrogen, and that in combination, the "non-disposable" hydrogen.

The amount of heat a unit weight of a body is capable of yielding when completely burned is termed its calorific power. The heat is measured by either the number of units of weight of water raised 1 degree C. or by the number of units of weight of water evaporated.

But a little space must be devoted to a consideration of the fuels used in the making of iron and steel.

Coal is of a vegetable origin, and resembles wood and peat in character. It may be divided into three distinct classes—Lignite, Coal and Anthracite—the first being the least altered and the last the most completely changed. As we descend the series, the oxygen diminishes and the carbon increases; but the chief characteristic of different kinds is the ratio of hydrogen to oxygen, and the carbon left on distillation in a closed vessel.

Certain fuels, as soft peat, coal dust, etc., are unsuitable for use in the natural state, but may be prepared by compression, as in peat; or caked, as in coal dust, by mixing it with coal tar, pitch, or other cementing material. Wood and peat have their calorific powers increased by artificial drying.

When wood is heated to a temperature of 400 degrees out of contact with air, water, acetic acid, tar, carbon dioxide, carbonic oxide, hydrogen, marsh gas, etc., are left. Charcoal always retains some oxygen and hydrogen, but the amount is less the higher the temperature employed in its production.

Coke is obtained when coal is strongly heated, in a closed space or vessel, with a limited amount of air supply. It may be prepared in various forms, as porous and light, or dense and compact; it is sometimes soft and tender, at others, hard and resisting. Coking may be carried on in piles, like the making of charcoal, in kilns, or in ovens.

EXTRACTION OF IRON FROM ITS ORES.

Processes for the extraction of iron from its ores may be

classed under two heads, viz.: "Direct" and "Indirect" methods, which are represented in a general manner in the accompanying scheme.

In the direct method, the ore is reduced to iron or steel in arrangements such as the Catalan forge or Siemens rotator, then hammered, reheated, and finished with the hammer or rolls. In the indirect method, the ore is calcined, reduced in a blast furnace, run into pig moulds, puddled, hammered, rolled, reheated, and finished in the rolls for bar iron. If steel is desired, the bars are heated with carbon in the cementation furnace, then melted in crucibles for cast steel.

In the old method, the finery and open fire were used instead of the puddling and reheating furnaces.

Pig iron is treated in the Bessemer converter for Bessemer steel; in the Siemens furnace for Siemens steel, and melted in the cupola for foundry purposes. The bloom or iron produced in the rotary furnace, or any similar method, may be made into steel by treating it in the Siemens or open-hearth furnace.

Iron ores are sometimes subjected to preliminary operations preparatory to the smelting process, according to their nature and to the facilities for obtaining supplies. Such preliminary operations consist of weathering, magnetic concentration, and calcination.

THE TYPE OF INDUSTRY.

The iron industry is classed as a continuous, synthetical type of industry, which begins with the preparation of the raw materials for the blast furnace, and continues throughout the various processes of manufacture until it is turned out in the finished product. The industry is carried on in a long, low building, usually consisting of but one floor, and the product is conveyed in ladles, on conveyors and cranes from one process to another.

The various changes which the product goes through in manufacture are both chemical and mechanical.

W. D. RUSH, Accounts, '19.

[The Processes of Manufacture, Early Iron Enterprises in Allegheny Co., and Iron and Steel Statistics will be treated in the July number.—ED.

Holden's Reform.

IT was a hot, sultry afternoon in Arizona during the month of August. The streets—or rather the street, for Leadville could boast only one road that was justly entitled to the name, was bathed in dust. The usual number of loungers could be seen seated in front of the village store.

A tall, clean-cut man about twenty-five came down the street and entered the store, nodding, as he passed, to the various loungers. He had a dark, penetrating eye, yet his very countenance betrayed the gentleness of his heart.

"Has any mail arrived for me, Mr. Larson?" he inquired of the proprietor. "None to-day, Jim," was the reply. "How is everything at the mine? You haven't been down for a long time. Did you hear that Alice has just returned from school in the East?" "No, I didn't. I suppose she is quite a young lady by this time." "Well, she imagines she is anyhow," answered her father. "And I am," replied a voice from the doorway. Turning, Jim saw Alice standing in the doorway, dressed in a grey riding-suit. "Why! Hello, Alice. I should say you are a young lady. Glad to see you back." At the same time, the picture of a girl dressed in a grey suit arose before him and filled his mind with sadness. He pictured the girl from whom he had parted in New York four years ago. He had left to make good for her sake. For her sake, he had come out into this forsaken country to begin life anew. And he had made good. He was now superintendent of the Arizona Mining Co.

"Well, I have to ride up to the post, so I will go," he said to the storekeeper. "I will see you to-morrow before I leave again for the mine." "I will ride up to the post with you if you don't object," said Alice. "No, not a bit. I shall be glad to have your company." So together they left the store. As they rode off, one of the idlers remarked: "That girl is the only one in Leadville that could ever make Jim Holden talk. He is the quietest man ever rode on these plains." "He is the squarest and whitest man on the plains, also," answered another.

As they rode along slowly, Jim remained silent and thoughtful. "Jim, you are unusually quiet. Why don't you say something?" "I was thinking of New York. How do you like New York, Alice? Are there many new buildings? Did you meet many New York girls?" "One at a time, please. New York is a wonderful place, but I prefer the clear sky and bright sun of Arizona. There are many new buildings, and nearly all the girls at school were from New York. There was one girl, a chum of

mine, with whom I spent a couple of days before leaving. Her name is Ruth Fleming, and she lives at Sixty-sixth Street and Madison Avenue. She . . . . . Why! What is the matter, Jim? You are as white as chalk."

"Oh, nothing, only my leg. I broke it last summer, and every now and then it bothers me. You were telling me about your girl friend."

"She is a nice girl, a member of a very amiable family. She has a sister, Lucy, who knew a man out West. He was engaged to her, but he led such a dissipated life that he disgraced her and his own family and had to leave for the West. Don't you think he was a horrid man?"

"Yes, I do," he replied, "but if she only knew how hard that man has tried to make good, how hard he fought to overcome his evil habits, perhaps she could forgive him. She told me that she still loves him, and expects him to return some day a new man.

"Alice, we have known each other for a long time. I am going to tell you something I never told anyone before. I am that man. I loved Lucy Fleming, and for her sake I came out here and suffered the torments of hell to overcome the demon rum. I have conquered, and I hope to return soon."

"Jim, forgive me for those cruel remarks I made a few minutes ago. Let us forget this incident, and have a good, long ride." They made a quick run of a couple of miles, and returned to the village.

On reaching home, Alice at once went to her room and, throwing herself on the bed, she wept bitterly, sobbing to herself: "Jim, Jim, I love you; oh, my Jim!"

When Jim returned to the post office, he found two letters and a New York paper for him in the mail-box. One of the letters was from Chicago, and informed him that the mine had changed ownership, that the new owners were from New York, that they were coming out to inspect the mine as soon as possible, and that he should be prepared for them. On picking up the paper, he espied in the headlines the words, "Lucy Fleming married to Albert Morgan." He staggered, and leaned up against the counter for support. His dream had been shattered. Alice, coming in, saw him, and asked what was the matter. Unable to answer, he handed her the paper. As she read the notice, she understood what was his trouble. "I am sorry for you, Jim." She looked up into his eyes, and in them Jim read the intense love that she had for him. Suddenly she turned and ran from the room.

On the way back to his office, the picture of those eyes was constantly before him.

A week later the owners of the mine arrived in Leadville. They hired a carriage, and on the way one of the elder men questioned the driver about the manager of the mine. "He is the squarest man that ever walked on Arizona soil. The men would do anything for him," replied the guide.

Jim awaited the carriage at the mine. When the vehicle arrived, an elderly man alighted and came towards the office. Suddenly he stopped and stared at the man standing in the doorway. "Jim! my boy, my long-lost Jim!" "Father," was all Jim could answer.

After the rejoicing was over, they inspected the mine, and Jim returned to Leadville with his father. He immediately conducted him to the store. He introduced him to Mr. Jackson and called Alice. "Alice, this is my father. Father, this is my future wife." At these words Alice blushed furiously, and at the same time pressed Jim's hand as an acknowledgment that his love was returned.

VINCENT J. RIELAND, High School, '18.

A Thwarted Vengeance.

I NEVER shall forget the feeling of indescribable joy which I experienced on that beautiful June morning when the huge iron doors clanged shut behind me and I started up the street, my feet once more feeling the good old pavement beneath them, and a twenty-dollar bill in my tightly-closed left hand.

Probably you read in the paper, maybe not, about my being found in the stable of the famous Firefly at the Belmont Race Course, lying drunk, as they said, but doped as I know, with the hypodermic needle in my hand, which had also doped Firefly, and caused her to lose the Millionaire Sweepstakes.

I was, if you remember, her stable-boss and trainer. What object would I have in "cannonballing" the Black Beauty, as I called her? Why should I bring disgrace, if animals possess such an emotion, upon the real pride of my life?

But the evidence was too strong against me, and now I am a free man once more, but not until the flame of Father Time had licked up three more years in the conflagration of the world.

Now my main object in life on this June morning was to find the man or men who did this foul deed, and to prove my innocence before the world. I had been seized from behind while giving a final massaging to Firefly's muscular legs, and the only thing I remember was the sting of the needle in my right forearm. Yes, I am ashamed to admit it, but I was out for revenge after those three horrible years in Sing Sing. There were a few men whom I knew to dislike me, and I in like manner also disliked them, but knew of none who would be low enough to stoop to a trick like this. There was "Bookie" Nasseur, "Jockey" George, "Bill" Flynn, a cheap "track trailer", and others, but none of these I thought would have nerve enough to use such means to disqualify Black Beauty and to disgrace me.

It is true that it took nearly all my money to go from Ossining to good old New York, but that is exactly what I did. I "put up" at a cheap joint in the Bronx that night, and early the next morning I got a trolley and went straight to the tracks. You couldn't have kept me away with a block and tackle. You don't know what a lure the old ponies have for you unless you have at some time or other followed the course.

When I hopped off the surface car, the track looked the same as ever, the only change that had been made was an addition to the grandstand. I met several fellows I knew, but after speaking to them a few minutes, they always left me with some excuse. Finally I sighted "Bookie" Nasseur looking about ten years older and seemingly in poor health.

Before going over to see him, I asked some fellows what "Bookie" was doing, and the reply was that "Bookie" made his roll about three years' previously.

I was suspicious, and decided on a plan of action. I was determined to walk up behind "Bookie" and say, "Well 'Bookie', I heard all about it." If he asked what, I would say about making the money, and if he was guilty, I could tell by his facial expression.

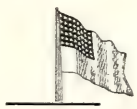
Slowly I walked up behind "Bookie" and carried out my end of the plan. Upon hearing his name, he turned suddenly, and I thought I saw fear in his surprised look.

After talking for a few minutes about current events I saw him sigh somewhat resignedly, and say: "Harry, I never knew three years to go so slowly. I am compelled by my conscience to tell you that it was I who cannonballed Firefly, but I never realized how serious a crime it was until you were 'cooped' for

three years. I have tried to forget, but I cannot; now I throw myself at your mercy."

I was so nonplussed that I didn't know how to receive the sudden confession. I merely stood there bewildered, and seeing how genuinely acute his sorrow was, I really felt for him, and was touched beyond expression, when he spontaneously promised to make a public acknowledgment of the injustice he had done me, and thus re-establish my good name in the eyes of the sporting fraternity. I need scarcely say that he kept his word; he made ample amends for the sufferings I endured, and helped to secure for me a position to which I would otherwise have vainly aspired. This done, he sailed for Australia; I understand from his letters and reports I receive from friends in that far-off land, that he began life anew, with the evident intention of doing justice to all, and with charity to those who need it most.

P. C. LAUINGER, High School, '18.



From the Camps.

Leonard J. Kane was up to see us during his furlough on May 3. Having passed the examinations at Wissahickon Barracks in seamanship, ordnance, navigation, regulations, infantry drills and signalling, he now goes as Ensign to Annapolis, where he will have a course of a month's duration, and when particular stress will be laid on etiquette. Of the original 120 who began the course with him, 80 were eliminated and sent to Pelham Bay for incorporation with the Merchant Marine.

Leo Brennan writes that he attended a school for non-commissioned officers; at its close, he was made Sergeant. He has met several of the Alumni, and can see them sailing in their airships or drilling in the neighborhood with the thousands of Infantry, Cavalry and Artillery assembled in Camp Travis.

"Mike" Morrissey, William C. Styslinger and Richard Murtha, all of whom attended the third series of Officers' Training Schools at Camp Stanley, Texas, have qualified for commissions in the Infantry as Second Lieutenants. Congratulations!

John C. Moorhead writes that he is with Motor Truck

Co. 423, Block M, Jacksonville, Fla. In school John distinguished himself as a scholar, first-class first baseman, and genial companion.

Joseph W. Szelong, of the Fourth High, was missing from school in the early part of the month. His absence excited suspicions in the minds of the uncharitable; on inquiry it was found that he had enlisted, and had at once joined his Regiment.

Another professor, Hugh Norris, has received the commission of Second Lieutenant.

John Gillespie and his brother Teddie, both of Boston and stars in the original Minim Football team, are serving their country in France. John is Lieutenant in Co. A, 101st Infantry, and Theodore is Regimental Mail Clerk in the same Regiment.

Daniel J. McNichol, of East Liverpool, is also with the American Expeditionary Force in France.

Thomas Brislin, of Crafton, is in training at Detroit, Baltimore.

John F. McGraw is entitled to our cordial congratulations. He took the Officers' Training Course at Fort Hancock, and was recommended for a lieutenant's commission.

Ray Siedle is one of the 80 Cadets practising flying at Carlstrom Flying Field, Arcadia, Fla. One hundred machines are at their service, and the weather conditions are ideal.

George P. O'Leary was picked for the Third Officers' Training School at Camp Travis. We rejoice to hear that he graduated with flying colors, and that he has been recommended for a lieutenancy. He ranked eleventh in his Company of 170 men. According to a recent ruling of the War Department, the graduates will be sent back to their organizations to serve as Sergeants and to be commissioned when needed. He finds that drilling recruits is great sport, and has made the discovery that new men can pick up almost as much from association as from instruction.

Walter Dowling has attained the rank of Captain. He is now Supervisor of seven gun factories in the Boston district.

Gilbert King profited of his experience with the Artillery on the Mexican border, and took the Officers' Course at Camp Lee. Gilbert is now Second Lieutenant.

Ray A. Pierotti, Hq. Co., Co. G, 305th Ammunition Train, Camp Lee, was Captain of the regimental basketball team, which won all of 22 games played, and carried off the trophy. The presentation was made by the Colonel; Ray, when accepting it, was called on for a speech, and he responded with a ten minutes' "spiel".

Another star basketball player of ours was with him, Charles Williams, of Wellsburg. The one was as strong in the backfield as the other under the basket.

The Schenot family has given three boys to the Colors; Stephen J. and August W. with Co. 63, Paris Island, S. C., and Leo P. with Co. 4, Barracks 456, Camp Holabird, Baltimore.

"Jack" D. McGonigle, for a number of years with an engineer corps of the Department of Public Works, enlisted in the Medical Corps, and is now at Fort Jay, Governor's Island, N. Y.

Walter Bauer, commercial graduate, is training for foreign service at Camp Lee.

Joe Burkley, one of Pittsburgh's most prominent young business men, is with the Medical Corps at Camp Hancock.

Joe Hudock, Commercial '17, was drafted early in April. He was making good in a lucrative position in connection with the Oliver coal mines.

Egidius C. Bechtold, Science 1916, volunteered to serve in the Aviation Section and was accepted. He was notified early in May to proceed to Princeton to take up the course of instruction preparatory to flying. We wish him success.

In addition to those mentioned in previous issues of the MONTHLY, we have been notified that the following also have joined the Colors: Ray Fuerst, George T. Holler and Harman D. Toohill, Camp Lee; James W. McGurk, Camp Upton, L. I.; Carl Seyler, Camp Hancock; and James W. Tobin, Columbus, O.

Leo D. Yunker, after the usual term of probation in an officers' training school at Camp Lewis, Washington, successfully passed the test, and is now recommended for a second lieutenancy. In a letter we have just received, he gives an account of the great day in his army life—the day of his graduation.

"General Greene," he writes, "inspected the more than four hundred graduates. Having passed them in review, he presented each man with his diploma, accompanying the presentation with

a few words of fatherly advice. In the presence of a large multitude gathered to enhance the occasion, he delivered an address in which he urged the men to be loyal and true to their country, and conscientious in the discharge of their duties to God. This appeal coming from the lips of an ardent American and exemplary Catholic of the highest type, made an impression as deep as it was timely, and elicited appreciative applause from all present.

"Our battery was so well trained that twice in the day General Greene complimented it. In the evening, to show our gratitude to our officers, we gave them a farewell banquet, and presented the Captain with a gold wrist watch. Before we parted, tears glistened in every eye.

"We are loath to leave Seattle. On every hand we experienced genuine hospitality and the greatest kindness. Some of us had all our expenses defrayed in the leading hotel in the city, and all of us are beholden even to strangers for many a delightful automobile ride."

Many of the present students remember Willie Prescott. Six weeks ago he entered the service of the U. S. Medical Detachment, and was sent to Camp Greenleaf to a Medical Officers' Training Camp. "I always think with pleasure," he says, "of the school that gave me the right start in life. My heart was always with it, and always will be. There I made my first Holy Communion, and there the President prepared me for Confirmation. I hope to meet many of my school companions, for I feel confident that the boys of D. U., like the members of the Faculty, will respond promptly and numerously to their country's call." Letters addressed to him, 12th Co., 15th Btn., Camp Greenleaf, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., will be welcomed.

The majority of Western Pennsylvania school boys have read with genuine interest the story of Ned Rieder by the late lamented Father Wehs. The original of the hero, Edmund Bamitzrieder, offered his services to his country early in May; they were accepted, and he was sent provisionally to Columbus. Well, Ed, when you return, as we sincerely hope you will, give us a story or two that will throw Empey's "Over the Top" into the shade. Don't disappoint.

Lieutenant Herbert Sullivan's letters are as welcome as his visits used to be. Our former professor keeps in touch with the monument on the Bluff. Through the pages of the MONTHLY he

gleans a knowledge of the happenings in the class-room and campus. "The notes from the Camp bring back reminiscences galore, and I am proud to see that many of the young men I helped to mould are now soldiers and sailors, officers and men, in the service of our country. Those who are too young to volunteer can also serve by developing character and cultivating their God-given talents. They and we should grasp our opportunities, whether they present themselves at the firing line or in the security of academic halls. From time to time, it will be well for us to apply to ourselves the acid test suggested by K. A. Leopold's editorial, "What kind of Slacker am I?"

Lieutenant Sullivan is a member of the 335th Field Artillery. He is at present taking a post-graduate course in the School of Fire for Field Artillery, Fort Sill, Okla. His main studies are new methods in close shooting and position warfare. Examinations in the subjects taught are held weekly; twenty-five per cent. fail, and are assigned to other branches of the service or return to civil life.

The religious interests of the men are well taken care of, there being four army chaplains at Fort Sill and four at Camp Pike, Little Rock, Ark.

From a letter just received from Dr. Cyril Lauer we learn something of the life of a doctor serving with the forces across the sea. At 7 A. M. the sick and wounded report to him; at 8:30 he breakfasts, and then goes on horseback to visit bed cases; at 1 he dines, and subsequently examines men or reads until supper at 7:30. The hours that follow are his leisure hours. When his regiment moves, he too has to go, sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback, occasionally by rail or auto, but, as a rule, along beautiful avenues lined with handsome shade trees planted a few feet apart, and through a picturesque country, every squre inch of which is tilled by old men and women, young boys and girls. And what old men and women they are! hale and hearty at from 60 to 75, and rarely, if ever, sick, though they often work in mud and rain. No sacrifice is too great for the men at the front!

Very flattering pictures of our lately Commissioned Officers and Volunteers for the Navy have been appearing in the Pittsburgh daily papers. Just as we go to press, we notice with satisfaction in the *Sun* the military pose of Ben B. Hilldorfer, a quondam pitcher, not only for his class, but also for the Junior teams. It is a long and momentous stride from the position of assistant manager in his father's extensive business to the deck of

a warship. Yet Ben has made it with neatness and precision. If it comes to throwing bombs, south-paw delivery, at a distance of twenty yards, Ben can hit the mark every time.

Andrew F. Loxterman, of the School of Accounts, '18, is another of our pitchers to join the Navy. James Sweeney, catcher, is in training with Ray Miller, a star first-baseman at the Naval Station, Newport, R. I. With their mental attainments, nerve, and physical development, we expect great things of them, and feel confident that they will bring glory to their country and reflect credit on their *Alma Mater.*

Here, perhaps, the writer may be permitted a digression to express his admiration for the profoundly religious sentiments manifested by our men in camps. Disinterested witnesses bear testimony, even in the *Literary Digest,* to the throngs that assist at Mass on Sundays, and from other sources we know that the frequentation of the Sacraments is practised by many as often as military duties will permit. They will prove as edifying at home and in foreign lands as some of the sons of the First Daughter of the Church, whose names are on many lips and in many hearts. We admire the aerial achievements of that most famous of French aviators, Lieutenant Guynemer, and of that other distinguished "ace", Lieutenant Georges Flachaire, who lately visited our city and treated us to exhibitions of the movements that a skilled aviator may describe in battle evolutions of the most thrilling types, but we are edified when we hear from eye-witnesses that fidelity to their religion and its devotions is nearest to their hearts. Guynemer was never so happy as when he could daily assist at Mass and receive Holy Communion; before and after that most solemn act of faith and love, he seemed totally absorbed in prayer. And we are happy to record that, on Ascension Thursday, a little before 9 o'clock, G. Flachaire, in his aviator's blue uniform and with his hero's medals on his breast, humbly entered St. Paul's sacristy, excused himself for not having been able to get to the Church on the previous evening, and respectfully requested one of the Fathers to hear his confession. Down on his knees in a corner of the sacristy, he sincerely acknowledged his shortcomings. The faith that was in him was manifested as he respectfully approached the Communion rail and received his God. At the end of Mass, he left his pew, and completed his thanksgiving, kneeling before Our Lady's altar. When one is at peace with God, one fears neither man nor devil.

H. J.



SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

Wanted—New War Metaphors.

IT does not require the perspicacity of a Boileau or a Pope to perceive the dearth of adequate figures of speech which characterize the modern war correspondent's description of battle scenes. Not that they are entirely devoid of similes. On the contrary, they are amply interspersed with such ancient metaphors as were popular and appropriate in sixty-four.

A moment's thought will suffice to show the ineptness of such hackneyed expressions as "a hail of bullets," used to depict some heavy engagement on the Somme front, when the ordinary post-prandial strafe is literally a raging blizzard of flying shrapnel, a deafening thunder-storm of exploding bombs and a noisome, inky wrack of poisonous gas clouds, and yet our war-writers dole out remorselessly antique metaphors of this order.

Occasionally, however, one does encounter a striking comparison, an up-to-date simile, in the war news of the day. An instance of this came up recently when, in describing a great artillery duel in Flanders, the writer happily hit upon the idea of using the roaring, glaring blast furnaces of Pittsburgh at night to give the reader a concept of the tremendous noise and belching fire attendant upon artillery activities. The picture thus conjured up, gave a vivid idea of the battle which no other known comparison could have produced.

Such comparisons are entirely too rare. Of course they seem, at first sight, far-fetched and exaggerated. But, on second thought, what is more unnatural, more exaggerated than this vast conflict? At any rate, such metaphors serve the purpose and are more becoming than those hallowed with age and long deserving

decent burial. Let us hope that some modern Saakespeare will devise a few more timely figures of speech.

D. J. MULVIHILL, '18.

Where Custom Prevails.

THE Academic term of 1917–18 is rapidly drawing to its inevitable close. Another milestone in the scholastic career of each and everyone of us is within sight. These terminations of scholarly endeavor have been followed by periods of rest and of jollification for the majority,—intervals termed "vacations" by common usage. The coming respite, however, bears quite a different aspect to College America, and why? It is being ushered in with attendant circumstances dissimilar, indeed, from those of former years,—circumstances which give the lie to the term "vacation".

We are urged, in short, to go to work; temporarily to lend our help to sustain the productions that are liable to decrease on account of the depletion of the laboring classes. The fields for endeavor are many and diversified. Workshop, office and farm are sending broadcast their calls for recruits. Rare chances and wonderful possibilities, indeed!

Will students answer the summons? A reply in the negative is inconceivable. The collegian knows not self when his country calls. Many who have never before experienced actual toil—work in which the returns depend upon results—will earn their livelihoods by the sweat of their brows. Yes, and they will still denominate this season—supposedly one for relaxation and enjoyment—by the term "vacation".

EDWARD N. SOXMAN, '18.

The Ottowa Report.

THE rumor coming from Ottowa to the effect that the American troops need not take an important part in the fighting "over there" until they make a sufficiently large and powerful force, must be a canard of enemy fiction. Nothing would be more detrimental to the Allied cause than such an arrangement. The report is, according to Lord Reading, the British ambassador at Washington, totally false and utterly lack-

ing in truth. He asserts it is the work of German propagandists, or, at least, can be traced to their underhand machinations. A military decision like this, affecting the standing of the American boys in Europe, and lacking the sanction of General Foch, is essentially opposed to the plans agreed upon by the Entente at the Versailles Council.

The Allies are, at the present time, passing through a most crucial crisis. The German war machine is at the height of its efficiency, and any break in friendship with our sister republics would prove a forerunner of defeat and disaster. Union and co-operation for the common cause must be maintained at all costs. Universal freedom and liberty are high above mere political bias, prejudice or bigotry. Let criticism be placed aside for the present, and let energy of determination take its place. Let England rid herself of men of the caliber of General Maurice; they are a hindrance, a drawback, a detriment to world-wide democracy; they are the tools of the enemy, the playmates of fancy, the Arnolds of patriotism.

JUSTIN J. GALLAGHER, '19.



The Big Play.

PLAYS innumerable have been written on all the old hackneyed themes; they have been written around all phases of crime. The public have been almost buried under a deluge of *thief* plays; the eternal triangle has been served up *ad infinitum* and *ad nauseam; important* papers have been lost, and three or four acts of suffering, misunderstanding, and thrilling situations have been struggled through before the all-important *papers* have been recovered; and even the immortal bard of Avon has constructed plays which depended on the "mistaken-identity" excuse for comedy situations. It was not, however, until the present period that the theme which represents the very life-current of business and commerce was utilized. ADVERTISING, as a theme for fun, sounds prosaic, and yet the funniest and most consistent farcical comedy written in many a day is built around that idea. "IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE" is a genuine comedy with farcical jollity. Its authors have rightly called it a

"Farcical Fact". It is unique among farces and among comedies; it is too real to be simple farce, and too funny to be merely comedy.

Cyrus Martin, a millionaire soap manufacturer, conspires with his stenographer, Mary Grayson, to throw his son, Rodney, on his own resources and to force him to bring into play the latent business talents he must have inherited. That son's love for the stenographer furnishes the father with the desired opportunity, and Rodney is driven from his home. The happy discovery of an old soap recipe determines him to become a soap manufacturer and his father's most dangerous rival. Miss Grayson stimulates him to action. Peale impresses him with the untold possibilities of judicious advertising; a campaign is begun, and, as a result, wherever he goes, the father is confronted with ads proclaiming the praises of "13 Soap, Unlucky for Dirt." By turns, Rodney is buoyed up with hope and threatened with financial ruin, but he finds in Mary a source of confidence and inspiration; his energy and resourcefulness win her love and his father's admiration. Advertising proves its value; orders pour in for thousands of cakes of soap. Cyrus recognizes at last that "It Pays to Advertise." He makes a handsome offer to Rodney for his good will and trade-mark, and engages the leading members of the company at magnificent salaries.

In the development of the play, Ellery Clark, the spineless son of a rival soap manufacturer, and a designing French "Countess" are introduced with telling effect and to the intense amusement of the audience.

While it was a friendly audience that crowded into the Lyceum Theater, May 15th, to see the "Red Masquers" in the first amateur production of "It Pays to Advertise", the spirit of friendliness was eventually overcome by the worth of the farce itself. Such laughter as that inspired by these University lads is judgment from which there is no appeal. Two pretty stage pictures, a wealth of lovely costumes, and life-like characterizations presented in a manner that evidenced long, careful and successful training—this sums up Duquesne University's big annual dramatic offering. The programme—by the way, itself an artistic success—proclaimed the performance the ninth play of the present school year. The training incidental to those other less public appearances certainly stood the participants in good stead that evening.

"It Pays to Advertise" is a farcical fact—and fun and in-

formation are doled out to the audience in about equal measure. The story is simplicity itself—cast-off millionaire's son starts in soap business in opposition to father, and by clever advertising finally brings the latter to the point of buying him out as dangerous competitor. It was a venturesome thing for those Red Masquers to attempt a production in which the characters are so much more important than the story. But they evidently succeeded.

Without doubt, Joseph Burns, as the press agent with a "bug" for advertising, carried off first honors. There was a glibness about his delivery, a confidence in his manner, a spontaneity in his ready wit, that carried the house with him at every stage of the play. A very clever impersonation was that of Richard Ackerman, in the role of the swindling Countess de Beaurien. For half the play this "lady" conversed in fluent French, and only dropped into Americanese when her scheme was discovered. The part of Rodney Martin, the son who starts out in business for himself, was handled with great naturalness by Kenneth Leopold. The exacting role of the father, who pretends anger, gout, and several other unpleasant things for the sake of his unambitious son, was successfully assumed by Joseph McIntyre. Mary Grayson, his business-like but very feminine co-plotter, whose fortunes become bound up with Rodney's more than pa expected, was capably and charmingly portrayed by Cornelius Becker. Many of the situations rested on her shoulders, and "she" carried them through with an assurance that was delightful. Wilmer Brickley, Noon Glynn and Francis Ligday were business men of different types, and helped to maintain the tempo of the piece. In the small part of Ellery Clark, the foppish "model son", Edward J. Quinn, got many laughs. Leo McIntyre as an office girl, Herman Heilman as a French maid, and Thomas Brown as the butler, completed a well-balanced cast. No, they didn't, either. The six sandwich men deserve a mention, too. They could not have been more natural.

The staging of the play was not far below Broadway standards. A special set of scenery was constructed for the second act. Both men and women wore up-to-the-minute costumes. There was neither halt nor lull in the action. Dr. Clinton E. Lloyd directed the piece, and in saying this we say enough.

The play was followed by a snappy set of drills, conducted by Professor Eckl, in which the students of the High School department showed their prowess. There was a graceful flag

drill, an intricate and skilfully executed wand drill, and a series of fast and furious exercises on vaulting horses, evoking much laughter and rounds of applause. The climax of this second part was capped by the boarders' pyramids. In the twinkling of an eye, under the coaching of Father McGuigan, they built up beautiful and symmetrical figures—towers, wheels, monuments—displaying a remarkable agility and strength.

The Glee Club was heard in one charming number, the lullaby, "Kentucky Babe". Father Williams directed and accompanied them. The University Orchestra, under the baton of Professor C. B. Weis, contributed a delectable programme of music.

CHRONICLE

College and High School.

Students are now busy preparing for the final examinations. The Commencement Exercises are to be held on June 16 for High School graduates in the University Assembly Hall, and on June 18 in Soldiers' Memorial Hall for graduates of the College, Law and Commerce departments.

On May 3 Rev. Thomas F. Price, representing *The Field Afar,* a publication issued by the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, addressed the student body in order to arouse more interest in missions conducted in pagan lands, to raise funds for the purpose of educating missionaries, and to foster vocations for the difficult missions of China and India. We wish him success in his three-fold object.

In view of their approaching final examinations and possible subsequent dispersion, students of the Fourth High determined to celebrate their four years of companionship. A committee consisting of P. C. Lauinger, A. J. King and G. A. Schroth, being appointed to devise ways and means, a banquet was decided on; the place selected was the Colonial Hotel, and the date, Tuesday evening, May 21. Needless to say, a full representation assembled around the festive board, and the gathering was greatly enhanced by the presence of the Very Rev. President, Father Hehir, and the teachers of the class—Rev. Dr. Verheijen, Rev.

C. B. Hannigan, Rev. E. N. McGuigan, J. A. Burns, Esq., and Professor D. D. Zuver. When the substantial things of the evening had been attended to amidst "a feast of reason and a flow of soul," Tom Ashley, as toastmaster, ran the speakers through a diapason of all the flights of oratory, judiciously and entertainingly interspersed with music and song. The evening will be remembered as marking an epoch in the lives of the students, and the associations it will awaken in their minds for years to come will be of keenest pleasure even if alloyed with the regret that it can never again be exactly duplicated.

Law School.

We consider the Law School exceedingly fortunate in securing Hon. W. A. Magee as lecturer on Public Service Corporations and Taxes. Mr. Magee is acknowledged to be the greatest authority in Pennsylvania on these subjects.

The Vice-Dean, John E. Laughlin, is a very successful "four-minute man."

L. P. McGuiness, '18.

School of Accounts, Finance and Commerce.

Arrangements have been made to conduct Day and Evening Sessions during the summer months. Credit towards a degree will be allowed for all courses taken.

Day Classes for commercial teachers will be in session from July 8 to August 6, under the personal supervision of Professors Barnes, Collins, Deviny, Lacey, Miller, Ottman, Shearman and Walker, assisted by Mr. C. C. Lister, head of the Department of Writing of New York Public Schools, and other special instructors. The subjects taught will comprise Business English, Banking, Commerce and Industry, Commercial Law, Economics, Economic History, Industrial Management, Latin-American Commerce, Logic and Ethics, Methods of Teaching Commercial Subjects, Military Drill and Officers' Training Class, Public Speaking and Debating, Psychology, Penmanship, Rhetoric and Composition, and Transportation.

College and High School Classics will be taught in the main building.

Evening Classes will be conducted from June 10 to September 20. The subjects taught will be U. S. Government, Fundamental and Advanced Accounting and Accounting Practice.

We wish to convey to Dr. W. H. Walker, dean, the expression of our sincere sympathy for the death of his father, which occurred in Erie on April 27.

RUFFENACH–RUSH, '19.



BASEBALL.

THE 'VARSITY.

FOR the first time in many, many years Duquesne University is without that aggregation of athletes familiarly termed the "'Varsity". The great war has been brought home to her as well as to scores of our American universities, and she has at last bowed to the inevitable. However, it was not until the season was well under way that the athletic deans finally decided to abandon the "Varsity" temporarily. Despite the drain occasioned by enlistments there was still material for a fair team. An attempt was made to arrange a good schedule, but the list of colleges and universities which had abandoned sports was so large and constantly growing, that it was impossible to draw up a schedule. Therefore the 1918 baseball season will see no "Duke" 'Varsity on the diamond.

THE UNIVERSITY HIGH.

Material for the University High team this year is abundant and good. After much deliberation their coach has finally chosen a band of youngsters that will give a good account of themselves against all comers. Many of them are veterans, and fit very nicely into the machine now being put together.

McGrath, a product of Third High, is the mainstay on the slab. This effective lad has been showing lots of "stuff" and gives promise of a very successful season. Marecki and Brett are two promising slabmen who can be relied upon to assist McGrath very creditably. The receiving end is well taken care of by Doyle and McNally, two clever receivers. This is McNally's first year on the High team, and he has made a very good impression by his all-around playing. Vitt, Gaffney, Davies and McBride complete the infield, and with some practice and experience will

form a veritable stone wall on the defense. Rooney, a star on the offense and defense, has landed the berth in left field. Kettl has been holding down center field to the satisfaction of all, and is proving very handy with the bat. Caye, a new man, is cavorting in right field.

Most of these lads are good batters, and guarantee a merry time to opposing fielders. To date, their batting has been very timely, and has featured most of their contests.

The game with Charleroi High School on May 10th is an excellent example of the team's playing. The Dukes got the jump on their opponents in the very first inning by scoring two runs. McGrath was master of the Charleroi batters at all stages of the game, holding them runless until the ninth inning. Then he appeared to loosen up a little, and the Charleroi youths garnered three runs. The fielding of the Dukes was good throughout the game, and at times bordered on the sensational. The delivery of Clark seemed to puzzle some of the home boys, but Doyle and Caye easily solved it and drove the ball to all quarters of the campus. The game resulted in a victory for our boys by a 9 to 3 score.

Pollock, Eagye and Clark performed best for the Charleroi aggregation. Summary:

Two-base hits—Davies, Caye 2. Three-base hit—Caye. Bases on balls—Off McGrath 4, off Clark 3. Stolen bases—Duquesne 8, Charleroi 2. Umpire—Moran.

The Juniors.

The beginning of the 1918 baseball season found Father Zindler, coach of the Juniors, in a bad way for material. Most of the regulars from last year's team had either moved up to the "High" team or left school. The pitching staff in particular was in poor shape, and it was necessary to develop some hurlers from the younger ranks. Poppe, Kamin and Scenesky were finally selected to do the pitching. Wirl and Bielski qualified for the catching position. O'Connell drew a berth in left field, and has been performing there in fine style. The other outfield positions are being taken care of by F. Mahoney and Zubol. The infield, composed for the most part of midgets, was a trifle off on fielding early in the season, but is gradually rounding into shape. O'Neil and Carl in particular are showing up well. The batting of the team to date has not been as good as desired, but gives every hope of improving.

To this, more than anything else, is due the poor showing

the Juniors made in their first three games. In almost every inning they put men on the bases, but the "punch" to put them across the plate was lacking. Father Zindler has worked hard to remove this weakness, and is securing good results.

After getting away to a poor start, the Juniors have finally struck their stride. They registered their first victory on May 9, defeating the Sacred Heart High team in twelve innings. The game was exceptionally interesting, both teams playing good ball. It was a pitchers' duel from start to finish, each allowing but four hits. Brinkman fanned 15 of the Dukelings, while 11 of the Sacred Heart lads fell victims to Poppe's offside slants. The score by innings:

DUKES	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	—4
SACRED HEART	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	—3

Stolen bases—Juniors 7, Sacred Heart 13. Hit by pitched ball—Maloney. Sacrifice hit—Byrnes. Double play—Bielski (unassisted). Struck out—By Poppe 11, by Brinkman 15. Bases on balls—Off Poppe 3, off Brinkman 4. Umpire—Doyle.

The record of the Juniors to date is as follows:

Juniors, 7—Lecrone Club, 11.
" 0—Crescent A. A., 1.
" 8—W. P. I. D, 9.
" 6—P. J. Sullivan Jrs., 7.
" 9—St. Peter Jrs., 9.
" 4—Sacred Heart High, 3.
" 14—Red Socks, 4.
" 6—P. J. Sullivan Jrs., 5.

The Minims.

The Minims have been somewhat slow in getting started, but now that a beginning has been made, they appear determined to make up for lost time and to prove equal to expectations engendered by the successes of their predecessors of happy memory. Following are the names of the candidates: Absalom, Agnew, Cain, Cherdini, Doherty, James Doyle, Egan, Gunde, Hall, Hurley, McMahon, McQuade, D. Rooney, Stanton, Sullivan, Walsh.

Noonday League.

Every student has opportunities to figure in athletics, class games being conducted during the midday recreation hour. Up-to-date, results have been as follows:

Commercial 4, IV. High 2
I. Scientific 9, I. High 6

Seniors and Juniors 1, IV. High 0
Commercial 2, III. High 1
IV. High 5, Seniors and Juniors 0
II. High A 10, I. Scientific 4
I. Scientific 7, I. High A 4
I. High C 6, I. High B 1
II. High A 9, I. Commercial 7
Seniors and Juniors 12, III. High 2.

J. R. MULVEHILL, '20.

Alumni.

THE Faculty and students of Duquesne are justifiably proud of the number of priests it has already contributed to this and other dioceses and to missions at home and abroad. Each year sees a goodly proportion of our classical graduates deciding to give their lives and their best endeavors to swell the ranks of the priesthood, and each year sees, too, its quota of alumni going forth to do their share in ministering to the spiritual needs of God's people. At the ordinations in St. Vincent's Seminary, Latrobe, on May 25, twelve of our past students received sacerdotal ordination at the hands of our Right Reverend Bishop Canevin; Reverends G. A. Baumer, H. A. Carlin, H. M. Connelly, M. L. Drelak, M. J. Hegerich, E. A. Heinrich, L. F. Lavelle, L. D. McNanamy, F. J. Mueller, J. P. Strako, J. Szwed and M. Yesko. To all these young levites we tender our most cordial congratulations, and we assure them that they will have a remembrance in our prayers that they may be faithful to their promises, exemplary in their lives, ever progressive in their personal sanctification, and indefatigable in their labors for the salvation of souls.

WE wish also to congratulate the Rev. Paul Curran, O. P., on his ordination on May 10, in the Dominican Chapel of the Catholic University, Right Rev. Dr. Shahan officiating. Father Curran celebrated his first holy Mass on the following Sunday in St. Peter's Church, McKeesport. May God bless his future efforts in the pulpit!

NEXT month two more of our past students, Rev. J. Sonnefeld and Rev. E. Fisher, ordained priests in the Holy Ghost Seminary, Ferndale, Conn.

DURING the month, two of our past students entered the holy state of matrimony, Herbert L. Daschbach, 313th Machine Gun Battalion, Camp Lee, and Michael F. Obruba, of Duquesne, Pa. We wish both every blessing, and hope that they will enjoy wedded happiness for many years.

TO Thomas Connelly we offer the expression of our heart-felt sympathy in the loss of his brother John, who died early in the month as a result of a railroad wreck.

WE had occasion lately to welcome Harry Malone for a short visit. He is now manager of the Chicago office of the Credit Insurance Adjustment Co. His jurisdiction extends over six States. Harry finds time to study law in Loyola University, and expects to finish his course next month.

FATHER SANDERBECK is replacing Father Coakley in several activities connected with the Cathedral parish. He evidenced his dramatic ability in directing the Passion Play, and his improving oratorical powers in his Easter sermon.

HENRY F. DEPP, who left here in '13, is now serving Uncle Sam in the capacity of instructor at the Langley Laboratory of Aeronautics, Carnegie School of Technology. His efforts will, we hope, produce striking results across the water.

"ED" STACK paid us a flying visit during the month. He is in the coal business with his brother in Lorain, Ohio. We were pleased to hear from him that his brother, Frank, '07, is one of the most prominent attorneys of his home town.

WE have heard from many sources that Timothy Dunn, Crafton, Pa., in the opinion of competent judges, is one of the most effective four-minute speakers in the city of Pittsburgh.

ANTHONY J. ENZ is the official representative of the Canada Life Assurance Co., with offices in the Union Arcade, Nos. 407 to 458.

D. J. NEE, '18.

Duquesnicula.

THE Philosophy Class were pondering over the definition of creation. The phrase "*ex nihilo sui et subjecti*" was a poser for quite a number. Someone had written it rather carelessly on the board. "What is *nihil sui?*" asked the pro-

fessor. "Aw," was Joe McIntyre's instant reply, "it's the dots on the three i's ye've just forgotten to make."

Pat Diranna surveyed a soiled composition-book. His story, "The Luck of Thunder Ranch", would have to be recopied. "There's no such thing as luck," observed Kruk. "Success comes only to those that labor." "There ain't?" returned Pat. "Ever see anybody upset an ink bottle when it was empty?"

The Freshman English Class had a choice of two subjects for their Monday theme. Tom McCormick, by heroic efforts, got his done in time. And this was the encouragement he received when the comps. were reviewed in class: "Tom, I am sure you have expressed some clever ideas in choice language, but as the only words I can read are 'steamboat' and 'icicle', you will kindly rewrite your essay—or story—at three P. M."

This is Noon Glynn's contribution:

The Freshmen, the pride of the school,
Are bright, as a general rule.
Alas! shed your tears:
They have three more years
With never a moment to fool.

At the Fourth High banquet the awkward waiter dropped a couple of Ashley's nickels in his ice-cream plate. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said in apology, "I—I—" "Oh, don't mind that," Tom broke in, "The doctor told me I needed some change in my diet."

"That was some dinner," said Garrigan to the treasurer, "but I know where you can get a chicken dinner for ten cents." "Where?" gasped the other. "At the feed store," grinned Garry, now a safe distance away.

A Third High boy, who should have stayed to finish the year' stepped into an office with a very important air. "Is there an opening here for me?" he inquired. "Yes, sir," snapped the man at the desk, "right behind you, sir."

"Did you hear that the circus grounds and Forbes Field had been shelled?" asked Cunny, with a long face. Visions of long-distance guns somewhere in the Allegheny mountains rose before us. "Yes," pursued the lanky editor of the *Bingle,* "there was a great sale of peanuts at both places."

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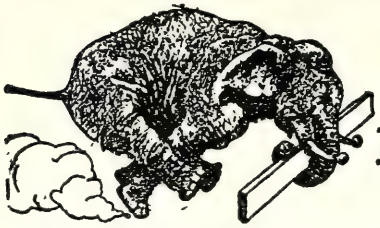
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Duquesne Monthly

Volume XXV. JULY, 1918. Number 10.

At Parting.

FOR years we've chummed together, lad,
Through winter, spring and fall,
In fair and stormy weather, lad,
On campus and in hall.
To-day our pathways must diverge,
And clouded is thy brow:
So long we've chummed together, lad—
Shall a farewell part us now?

Oh, we have sung together, lad;
We've laughed at tricks and jests;
For light as air-borne feather, lad,
Was the joy within our breasts:
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And troubled seems thy brow:
So long we've chummed together, lad—
Shall a farewell part us now?

Yes, we've been sad together, lad;
At heavy tasks we've toiled;
Our projects oft have gone awry—
Our little plans been foiled:
But lasting friendship's rich rewards
Should bid thee clear thy brow:
So long we've chummed together, lad—
No words can part us now!

LUKE O'BYRNE.

War and Industry.

THE most necessary implement for carrying on a successful war is Industry. However great a nation may be, however strong her army, she is never greater than that on which she depends for her strength and the maintenance of her army,—that is, her industries. The industries of a nation are her very life. For, just as in time of peace, the prosperity and progress of a nation is in direct proportion to the scope of her industries, so when that country is ravaged by a hostile foe, her very freedom depends on her industrial efficiency.

War is a necessary evil—has been since the dawn of civilization and doubtless will continue to be as long as there are two nations existing. Now, for every evil existing a corresponding necessary good exists to exterminate this evil. Industry is this necessary good, and it is more than this; it is the safeguard of the life, liberty, and progress of a nation.

Of course, all countries are not gifted with the same natural resources. Some are obliged to depend upon others for the greater part of their ordinary necessities. Such countries would expand what industries they have and depend on importation for the rest. We can thus easily see how a nation that is abounding in natural resources, and whose industrial system is thoroughly worked out, would have a number of other countries depending on it. If these countries were suddenly deprived of their privileges of importation, and war was declared on them by the stronger nation, would there not be a decided advantage on the one side? A nation that has neglected her industries or is without adequate ones, if she never before realized it, will become suddenly cognizant of the fact when she is plunged into war.

You may ask how Industry can play such an important role in the history of a nation. The answer is self-evident. First of all the ordinary necessities of every day life must be looked after. In this regard Agriculture is the most important industry of every country. It is far in advance of all other industries, primarily, of course, because of its necessity; and secondarily, on account of the vast profit connected with it.

Now, when an army is put into the field, the enormous rate of consuming requires an impulse in producing. An immense tonnage of coal and ore must be mined to keep the mills operating. Manufacturing must be run at top speed to produce clothing, arms, ammunition and other necessities for the fighting men. Large forces of workmen must be collected for the constructing of ships, aeroplanes, submarines, engines and machines of every

description. Motors, tractors, trucks, tires and accessories are needed in amazing quantities. These supplies must be transported over thousands of miles involving a complicated problem for the railroads and also for shipping overseas.

But most important of all is the production of steel. A country with a large steel industry can produce the vital elements for carrying on the war. Steel rails and cars for transportation can be had. Armor plate for ships, submarines, aeroplanes and automobiles can be turned out in large quantities. Steel is the necessary element in the manufacture of bayonets, revolvers, cannon—arms of all kinds. Nearly all the ammunition of the present day warfare is steel. There must be steel shells for the famous seventy-fives and steel bullets for the peppery machine guns, steel in every form and shape from the factory to the front line trench.

When war was declared, Germany, the greatest industrial center of Europe, was waiting eagerly to display her wares to the world. She had planned long and carefully for such a chance as this. She was groomed to the minute for immediate fighting. Her vast and well trained army was completely supplied with modern equipment, the latest successes of her industrial geniuses. She was prepared to supply her men with food and clothing as well as to transport them over a vast area in the shortest time. The result was the awful drive of 1914 through the beautiful land of the Belgians. Destroying, annihilating and causing untold miseries, the German hordes advanced almost to the gates of Paris itself. It was undoubtedly the industrial superiority of Germany that enabled her to accomplish what she did. For the courage of the French and Belgians is surely on a par with, if not superior to, that of the Germans. It was simply the victory of a gigantic, well-prepared army over a weak, ill-equipped but valiant foe. Then the industries of the Allies began to be revived. They were given the minutest attention, for on them depended the fate of the war. In a short while they began to improve and immediately a decided change was felt at the front. No longer could Germany be called the master of the situation. This was before we entered the war. The entrance of the United States into the conflict further improved the situation. For the Allies now have a nation which, besides presenting millions of the best fighting men on earth, is also giving to the cause her vast industries and abundance of natural resources. A country whose capacity for production is limitless and whose peoples are renown-

ed for their ingenuity must necessarily make itself felt. And we are already making ourselves felt. Every eye in the civilized world is fixed intently in our direction, and the outcome is not in the least doubtful. What people can boast of such a country as ours? What country has so many industrial centers as United States? What country has within its borders such a model of energy and efficiency as our own city of Pittsburgh—the steel city of the world! Pittsburgh and its people are moulding the events of history in their fiery furnaces and busy factories. Her slogan, "Pittsburgh Promotes Progress", demands a wider application than it ever got before. Pittsburgh promotes progress for Pittsburgh; PITTSBURGH PROMOTES PROGRESS FOR THE UNITED STATES; PITTSBURGH PROMOTES PROGRESS FOR THE WORLD—FOR IT PAVES THE WAY FOR THE TRIUMPH OF DEMOCRACY.

DUDLEY J. NEE, '18.



A June Song.

VON HINDENBURG 's driving on Paris again;
The fighting is fearful, we hear,
But that news does not thrill me as much as it used,
For the summer vacation is near.

There are submarines loafing quite near us, it seems;
They think we'll go crazy with fear,
But they're out on their reckoning for who cares a rap
When the summer vacation's so near?

The Pirates are still rather far from the top;
They're hanging too much in the rear;
That's maddening, no doubt, but I just can't feel sore
With the summer vacation so near.

The exams are enough to make any one blue;
Like nightmares to me they appear,
But even exams lose a lot of their sting
When the summer vacation is near.

PETREL STORM, '19.



The Guidepost of Society.

[Valedictory]

THE graduates of to-day face a situation unparalleled by any that confronted their predecessors. The year 1918 finds civilized peoples engulfed in a world-wide war—a veritable cataclysm of destruction. Those ideals of humanity, of civilization, and of religion, which are as sacred to us as our very existence, are seemingly threatened with annihilation. The twentieth century has changed from a period of progress and perfection to a time of evil and of retrogression. We are struggling in a maelstrom of perverse agencies. Nations have become huge armies with centralized activities. The world, in short, is at war.

Realizing, however, that the happenings of to-day have their influence in determining the character of the future just as the past had its part in begetting present conditions, what I ask you, can we look for, in the time that is to come? What will the future bring? This question is agitating the minds of many of our people to-day. Some, almost wholly engrossed in procuring the means of subsistence, refuse to countenance such thoughts as the contemplation of the future. Others, building upon false foundations, and aided and abetted by overactive imaginations, are conjuring up and propagating impressions that are really fanatic. Still others, true students of the past, model representatives of the now, leave the future in the hands of the Creator. These latter employ themselves rather in dwelling upon and co-operating with that constant, determining factor which has never ceased working throughout all history—an agent which is making its influence felt to-day—the directing force of tomorrow—the agency of love—love of God and love of neighbor,—in short, universal charity.

But how, you may ask, has this agent, charity, determined the past—that cycle of vast and far-reaching changes? You have only to consider the activities of the Catholic Church in civilizing the peoples of Europe, our forefathers, and you will

perceive its accomplishments. What actuated the indefatigable laborers among the barbarians in the early centuries of the Christian era? What agency determined the perseverance of the Church in her mission? Charity was the ever present factor—a love modeled after the divine charity of Him who died on the Cross.

This saving agent has never ceased its activities. It is at work at present, although we may be so engrossed in material happenings as not to perceive and acknowledge its influence. It was the non-observance of this great virtue by several of the powers of Europe that precipitated the present terrible conflict. Nations, in their mad rush for worldly supremacy, temporarily abandoned the more sane principles for others of ambition, pride and greed, but they are slowly yet inevitably returning to the path from which they deviated. In the observance of the true principles of the natural order lies the salvation of mankind—the hope of society. The manifestations of the influence of these norms are indeed many and diverse.

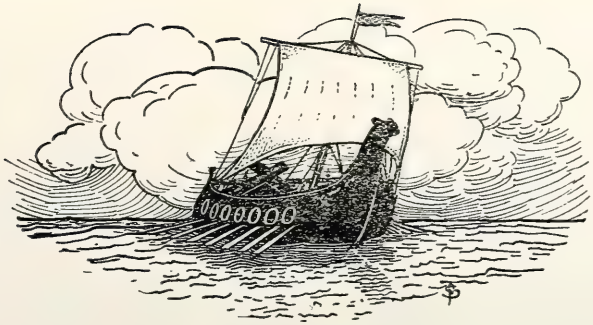
Behold athestic France returning once more to the Master and His Church; think of the stories of God's anointed ones telling of the patience, faith, hope, and paternal love, existing among those fighting in the trenches "over there". Witness Belgium, Poland and Servia, turning to the Holy Father as the protector of their trampled rights. Reflect on the continuous works of mercy on the part of the Pope. Mark how the great nations of this earth, at one time his bitterest enemies, now look to him as the supreme and impartial judge of their proceedings; as the champion of right and the archenemy of wrong; as the mighty factor in the procuring of an early peace; as the only neutral power in the coming settlement of all hostilities. Witness the Knights of Columbus, the Young Men's Christian Association and kindred organizations engaged in benevolent works where creed and prejudice are forgotten, and where all are working hand in hand to care for the temporal and spiritual wants of the fighting men. Observe the stupendous undertakings of the Red Cross. See their white clad workers ministering to the wants of the sick, wounded and dying soldiers. See them rebuilding and reclaiming devasted areas in the battle regions; see them feeding and supporting famished refugees in the war-torn districts of Europe. Recall how every red-blooded American only recently delved deeply into his revenues and willingly and gladly gave thereof in order to support all these works of mercy

and of fraternal charity. Ponder over all these things and you will be forced to acknowledge that something more subtle and sublime than military and industrial affairs is affecting our present lives. Charity has been the unchanging guidepost of the past. It will be the directive criterion of the future.

During the academic career of the graduate of a Catholic university, this virtue has ever been inculcated. It was one of the first lessons that engaged his young mind in the parochial school. This lesson has been magnified with passing years. This is the added endowment with which the Catholic university equips its sons. The time, however, has come when we must depart from this dispensary of a Christian education—from the scenes of our collegiate endeavor. Those ties of friendship, formed during our undergraduate days, must be broken asunder. Parted in body, though not in spirit, we shall ever strive to reflect in our lives the guidance received within the hallowed walls of old Duquesne.

Farewell, then, beloved professors and youthful co-laborers, through so many blessed years. *Alma Mater,* farewell!

EDWARD N. SOXMAN, '18.



The Fundamentals of Manufacture.

IRON AND STEEL.

[Continued]

PROCESSES OF MANUFACTURE.

THERE are numerous processes of making steel, varying with the uses to which the product is to be put. Among the various processes there are four which are common throughout the steel centers of the United States; namely, cementation, crucible, Bessemer, and open-hearth processes.

Cementation is the name given to the process whereby two solid bodies, one of which is a powder, react on each other, without fusion, so as to alter the nature and properties of at least one of them. The powdered body that produces the required change is termed the cement, and the body acted upon is said to be cemented, or to undergo the process of cementation. One of the methods of making steel is by cementation, in which bars of malleable iron are embedded in charcoal, and exposed to a high and prolonged temperature in a closed vessel from which air is excluded, for a considerable period or until a portion of the carbon has become so incorporated with the iron as completely, alter its composition, structure, and properties. In fact, the fibrous bar iron has been changed into a heterogeneous crystalline mass, the surface of which contains numerous blisters; hence the name, "blister-steel".

Case-hardening is also a process of partial cementation, in which a casing of steel of varying degrees of thickness, is imparted to iron goods according to the depth of the conversion required. The advantage of this is its cheapness, and the production of a hard exterior and a soft, pliable interior. For this purpose, charcoal, carbonaceous matter, such as burnt leather, and cyanide compounds, such as ferrocyanide potassium, are used as the carburisers. The iron articles are packed in an iron box with animal charcoal. The whole is heated for varying periods, in a muffle furnace, according to the degree of carburisation required. The conversion may extend to a depth of a quarter of an inch in four hours. The article is hardened by plunging into water while red hot. Small articles are case-hardened by cyanide, reheating to decompose the powder and then plunging them into cold water.

Crucible steel was introduced as the high-class material known best as cast steel, by Benjamin Huntsman, who was born in 1704, and made his historical casts of steel about 40 years

later. It seems that at the time the blister-steel was imported from Germany or Sweden, or a raw puddled bar had to be used. Huntsman had first to find a sufficiently refractory material for making his crucible, as at that period very little was known of the chemical constitution of fireclays, and it was also difficult to get the necessary fuel for his furnaces.

The bars of blister-steel are broken up small and melted in crucibles in ordinary wind furnaces. Each crucible holds about 56 lbs. of steel for the first heat, 50 lbs. for the second heat and 45 for the third heat. The reason for this diminution in quantity in successive heats in the same crucible is, that the slag that forms on the top of the metal corrodes and cuts the crucible, and if the second charge of metal were the same in quantity as the first, the slag would corrode the crucible further in the same place and render it too weak to support the weight when lifted up for teeming.

Bessemer steel is made by a process of blowing air through molten pig iron in a vessel, termed a converter, whereby the carbon, silicon, etc., are oxidized, together with some iron. This oxidation produces a high temperature, keeping the mass in a liquid state, and purifies the iron without the aid of ordinary fuel. Two distinct modes of working, employing totally different classes of pig iron, are adopted. In one, the converter is lined with acid material, generally ganister; and in the other the lining is of basic material, calcined dolomite chiefly being used. This is termed the basic Bessemer process, while the former is termed the acid process.

In the Bessemer process the increase of temperatures goes on progressively from the moment of blowing to the conclusion of the blow. The oxidation and refining of the metal proceed simultaneously through the whole mass of metal, and it thus differs from reverberatory methods of refining, in which the oxidation is greatest at the top. In the acid process, practically the whole of the phosphorus and sulphur remain in the iron; hence, only the purer varieties of pig iron can be employed.

The Bessemer process was first patented in 1855, and was described in a paper read before the British Association, in which the inventor claimed a method of making wrought iron without fuel. The excitement caused in all iron-making countries was immense, as it was thought that the wrought-iron industry was doomed, since the three tons of pig iron refined in a puddling

furnace in twenty-four hours could be refined in the Bessemer vessel in twenty minutes.

In this process, the molten iron is put into a large retort through which a current of air is blown violently. The oxygen of the air unites with the carbon in the iron and burns it out. The product is then really wrought-iron, which is changed to steel by the addition of the proper amount of carbon in the form of high-carbon steel called "spiegeleisen".

The open-hearth process consists of the production of cast steel on the hearth of a regenerative gas furnace. Three modifications have been adopted: (1) pit and scrap, or Martin process; (2) pig and ore, or the Siemens process; (3) a combination of the two former, which is now generally adopted, and termed the Siemens–Martin process. The first, or Martin, process consists of melting malleable iron with pig iron, preferably low in silicon and containing manganese. The second, or Siemens, process is worked with pig iron and pure rich oxides, the latter replacing the scrap iron of the Martin process. The third, or Siemens–Martin, process is similar to the Siemens process in the mode of working. The process generally consists of taking the molten iron and putting it in a basin over which flames from a gas-fed fire beat for 8 to 10 hours, or until the carbon content is reduced to just the right amount, which is determined by chemical testing.

EARLY IRON ENTERPRISES IN ALLEGHENY COUNTY.

The beginning of the iron industry at Pittsburgh dates only to a comparatively recent period. George Anshutz, the pioneer of the manufacture of iron at Pittsburgh, was an Alsatian by birth, Alsace at that time being under the control of France. He was born near Strasburg on November 28, 1753. In 1789 he emigrated to the United States, and soon afterwards located at a suburb of Pittsburgh, now known as Shady Side, where he built a small furnace on Two-Mile Run, completing it probably in 1792. In 1794 it was abandoned for want of ore. It had been expected that ore could be obtained in the vicinity, but this expectation was not realized, and the expense entailed in bringing ore from other localities was too great. The enterprise seems to have been largely devoted to the casting of stoves and grates. The ruins of the furnace were visible until about 1850. After the abandonment of his furnace, Mr. Anshutz accepted the management of John Probst's Westmoreland furnace, near Laughlins.

town, and remained there about one year, whence he removed to Huntingdon Co., where, in connection with Judge John Gloninger and Mordecai Massey, he built the Huntingdon Furnace in 1796. He died at Pittsburgh on February 28, 1837, aged 83 years. Many of his descendants reside in Pittsburgh and its vicinity.

The Clinton Furnace, built in 1859, by Graff, Bennett & Co., and blown in on the last Monday of October of that year, was the first furnace to be built in Allegheny County after the abandonment, in 1794, of Anshutz's Furnace at Shady Side,—a surprisingly long interval, if we consider the prominence of this great iron centre in the manufacture of rolled iron after its second large rolling mill, the Union, was built in 1819. This furnace was built to use coke made from coal from the Pittsburgh vein, but it did not prove to be a good furnace fuel, and coke from the Connellsville region was soon substituted with great success. This success led to the building of other coke furnaces at Pittsburgh and in Allegheny County. Their aggregate production of pig iron, in 1833, was greater than that of any State in the Union, Pennsylvania of course excepted.

The charcoal iron industry of Pennsylvania still exists, but its glory has departed. About 1840 a revolution was created in the industry of the country by the introduction of bituminous and anthracite coal in blast furnace, and soon afterwards the manufacture of charcoal iron in Pennsylvania furnaces commenced to decline. About 1830 rolling mills in many parts of the State began to puddle iron extensively, and this innovation drove out of existence many charcoal forges which had been employed in producing blooms for rolling mills, as well as to be reduced to bar iron under their own hammers. Most of the charcoal furnaces and forges and all of the primitive charcoal bloomaries have been abandoned.

Since about the middle of the last century, Pennsylvania has been noted as the leading iron and steel making State in the Union. For many years it has produced one-half of all the pig iron, one-half of all the rolled iron, and more than one-half of all the steel made in the United States.

There is a tendency to shift the iron and steel industry, using Lake Superior ores from Pittsburgh to Lake Shore points, such as Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago and Gary. The whole triangular region between Buffalo, Chicago and Pittsburgh is dotted with iron plants of gigantic size and capacity. This change is due to the economy that results from having the blast

furnace located beside the ore dock where the steamer unloads; this is possible at any point on the shores of the Lakes from Buffalo to Chicago.

IRON AND STEEL STATISTICS.

Furnaces.

In order to show the importance of the iron and steel industry in the United States, the representative figures of five leading States in the production of iron and steel are herein summarized:

The number of furnaces in blast on December 31, 1916, in Pennsylvania was 157; in Ohio, 77; in Alabama, 47; in New York, 27; and in Illinois, 24.

Pig Iron Production.

The total amount of pig iron produced in the U. S. at the close of 1916 was 39,434,797 tons, while the production for each of the five States just referred to was as follows:

Pennsylvania, 15,506,284 tons; Ohio, 8,602,895 tons; New York, 5,982,416 tons; Illinois, 3,922,512 tons, and Alabama, 2,762,885 tons.

Imports and Exports.

In 1916 the total production was 39.434,797 tons; the exports of domestic products amounting to 286,728 tons; and the amount of domestic products retained for consumption amounted to 39,148,069 tons. The imports of pig iron were 118,187 tons; the exports of foreign production were 790 tons, making a total retained for consumption of 39,265,466 tons, or an average of 40 per cent.

W. D. RUSH, Accounts, '18.



A Lasting Peace.

[An Oration]

TO talk of peace in times of peace is a sort of agreeable speculation. To talk of peace in time of war is a solemn obligation. We must be prepared for peace as well as for war.

Peace propaganda and discussion in the United States, while the world was at peace, or while this country was merely a neutral with the rest of the world at war, has been more or less an academic and unprofitable exercise, in which sentiment played a greater part than reason. That attitude has undergone a decided change. Now that we are at war we should have a clearer mental vision. It is no more a far-off European conflict, with the great Democracies and the giant Absolutisms of Europe locked in a life and death grapple on the fields of Flanders or France. No! To-day, at this very hour, American youths in khaki are on the high seas on that perilous journey "over there". They are on the roads of France proceeding toward the trenches. They have gone "over the top"; and remember, you "descendants of those who fought because others had died at Lexington", that some of our boys have already died that the greed of an Emperor might be satiated. They have died, not for the particular advantage of France or England or Italy or Belgium, but for America and Americans, that the principles which our flag represents may be safeguarded and respected by all nations for all times.

We are no longer onlookers and critics of this world-embracing contest. Too well do we realize its vastness. Sorrowfully do we picture its destructiveness. We have entered it, not with any purpose of greed or any aspirations for territorial aggrandizement, but "with malice towards none and good will towards all." Humanity's good and ultimate peace are the object of our endeavor. The peace that we seek is not a mere indolent absence of strife, not a valueless pleasure and contentment, but that security which comes when a righteous decision ends the age-old struggle between vice and justice—the peace that is realized only when the forces of evil have been conquered—that peace which is the final goal of society—peace as the triumph of justice—a lasting peace.

Let us for a moment carry our thoughts forward to that hour which we all so ardently pray may soon be a reality—that hour which mothers, fathers, wives, sisters and brothers all the world over so anxiously await—when the thunder of cannon and

the crackle and roar of shot and shell have been stilled, when the scenes of devastation and sacrifice shall have been abandoned; that hour when our khaki-clad, war-tired brothers and friends shall have joyfully received the happy command of "homeward bound"; when the powers of the world, grievously wounded, chastened in spirit, have assembled to settle their difficulties and re-establish the laws of nations for all times—the hour of the peace conference.

Picture the representatives of the nations that have been engaged in this long and cruel conflict, sitting around the peace table to settle the quarrel which has caused pain and sorrow and destruction, the like of which was never known in history. Picture the delegates of the great and powerful peoples of the earth, whose very stature and physiognomy are picturesquely typical of their might. Note the strict attention of those nations which have remained neutral throughout the war. Behold Belgium, in her sorrowful condition, pleading her own cause; Poland with her request of the restoration of the fatherland; Ireland with her plea for an Irish Republic. What grave and burdensome duties await their accomplishment at the hands of the members of the peace congress: to regulate the new order of things that has arisen as a consequence of the destruction of formerly existing conditions; to determine the fundamental rights of nations; to fix the principle of nationalism and self-government; to find a way out of numberless difficulties, till they come to the gravest of all the problems confronting them, one which is the underlying principle and foundation of a durable peace. And this problem is, to find a common conception of rights and obligations—of justice and injustice; to agree upon the unbiased distinction between might and right; to arrive at a true concept of the relations that should exist between the powerful nation and the weaker one; to assure inviolably the right of the smaller nation to exist and develop, and the duty of the powerful nation to curb lawless ambitions. Who is finally to decide these delicate questions? What power will eventually balance the scales of justice and make the world safe for all nations and all peoples?

The world has been fighting for principles—Democracy, on the one side, Autocracy, on the other, each contending that it is right and that its opponent is in the wrong; still, neither is an impartial judge. There is not a nation in the world to-day that is entirely disinterested. The war, its outcome, and the peace congress affect them all. Though some have stood aloof and

kept out of the conflict, it was for the selfish motive of what they expected to gain or feared to lose. Scan the powers of the world and you will find but one that has, in the real sense of the word, remained neutral,—only one, the power which is both temporal and spiritual, the power whose emblem is the Cross, the power at whose head is Christ's earthly Vicar, the holy Pontiff, Benedict XV. The head of the great Universal Church whose members are in every country of the world, the co-sufferer with all the nations, the Universal Pastor, he has nobly and generously striven by his counselling and warning to bring the combatants to a mutual understanding. His diplomatic efforts have not taken immediate effect, yet these efforts have not been entirely unsuccessful, for unless many of us are wrong the final verdict of the congress of nations will be based on the general principles pointed out by the Holy Father. Why? Because these principles are grounded not on selfishness or greed, but on charity and love for humanity's sake; they advocate a noble cause—the cause of justice. To realize this in its fullness, to reach this blessed goal, there is but one road to take—but one right road. It is only through the Pope, the common father of all, acting as the supreme arbiter, that there will reach unto all humankind a common conception of rights and obligations, of justice and injustice, that the deep red in our golden-starred service flag, which signifies the best blood of the whole round world, shall not have been shed in vain; and that the war-weary world will hear at last the glad tidings of peace as the triumph of justice,—a lasting peace.

WILLIAM F. GALVIN, '18.





From the Camps.

IX.

A LETTER from France brings us news that will be welcomed by many of our Alumni now in the Aviation Service. An American camp has been established in the neighborhood of the seminary where many of the Holy Ghost Fathers were ordained, and the chaplain appointed to attend to the spiritual interests of the airmen is no other than Father Fleck well and favorably remembered by our fourth high men in the Academic course.

The same letter is authority for the statement that many of our Alumni are now in training in the centre of France and that they produce an excellent impression on the clergy serving there. The Americans elicit flattering encomiums from the French officers who train them, as being excellent soldiers, very desirous to improve, enterprising and courageous.

Judging from his letters, we do not hesitate to say that the life of Dr. Cyril Lauer in France is anything but monotonous. We select the following paragraphs from his latest communications: The last "push" I have been in surpassed all its predecessors, and that is putting it mildly. We were separated from the rest of the army for some days, practically surrounded and effectively cut off from all help by a bombardment of light and heavy bullets or shells. We were peppered, sniped, machine-gunned, and even attacked by low-flying hostile aeroplanes, three of which, by the way, we brought down with rifle fire. Our major, intelligence officer, and several other officers including U. S. R. doctors, were either killed, wounded or captured; and yet, thank God, our battalion, including myself and aid post, though in a most exposed position, escaped without the loss of a man. On our way to the farm house on the outskirts of a French village, where we are now quartered for a much-needed rest, we spent a few days in a large city, where I admired the magnificent cathedral in which I received Communion last Sunday, the beautiful public gardens, the open squares, and the surrounding country, intersected with canals abounding in skiffs belonging to the families that live on the banks, and on which also I noticed many large barges conveying the wounded to base hospitals.

Dr. Lauer has been recommended for a captaincy.

John J. Scully (G Co., 23rd Engineers, A. E. F., U. S. P. O. 716) writes: A line from the land of the Big Adventure may not be without interest for some of my old friends at Duquesne. France is not what it's cracked up to be. The Old World idea of living in the past is pretty much of a joke to the Americans. The dinky little railways, and horse-drawn two-wheeled carts present a marked contrast to the honest-to-God railroad and the army trucks that the A. E. F. brought with them. At present, my Company is engaged in pushing the work on the docks, warehouses, and railroads, for handling the incoming supplies from the States.

It takes lots of nerve to buck this army game. I joined up to fight, and the duty sergeant knocked me down to a pile of land anchors and mud fans and says, "Take your pick, and strike a blow for humanity."

I drew something like forty francs and nine hundred centimes last pay day, and this month I get the overseas' increase. Money changing is simple: you plank down a ten-franc note for whatever you want, and you get a handfull of paper money that looks like tobacco tags, and enough little coins with holes in them and sous as big as identification discs to fill two mackinaw pockets.

I'm sorry that I did not take up French instead of German at D. U. I'm attending a class in French three nights a week, but I find it pretty hard to pick up the pronunciation. I can recognize Latin stems when I see them in print, but the people talk so fast *je ne les comprends pas.* However, I have one-half the language down pat; I know all the gestures now.

I manage to get to Mass about twice a month. Before leaving the States I made my Easter duty, and that helps a lot, I assure you. I often feel sorry for the fellows outside of the Faith, for there are lots of times when a man needs the consolation of religion.

I shall be glad to hear from my friends at D. U. I think of them every time I march down Rue Duquesne near the barracks.

Verner J. Lawler and Francis J. Lawson are in the Quartermaster's Corps, Mechanical Repair Shop Unit 301, now serving their country somewhere in France. Verner tells us in his interesting letter that his thoughts often take wing across the ocean to the well-remembered halls and campus of Duquesne. He works hard every day, enjoys the life, and finds that the life agrees with him. In the town near which he is stationed is a

grand old cathedral church begun in the year 500, reconstructed in 800, and completed five hundred years later; it is a wonderful piece of architecture with its antique altars and woodwork, its ancient stations of the cross, its plain floor devoid of pews, but presenting instead straight-back chairs with straw bottoms, and its glorious windows of stained glass pictures. He rejoices that he has every facility for fulfilling his religious duties, for weekly Confession and Communion, and for saying his daily prayers. The lessons taught at Duquesne are not forgotten, and the spiritual superstructure is easy once the foundation has been properly laid. Verner will appreciate the prayers as well as the letters of his former schoolmates. He wishes his *Alma Mater* prosperity, and sends his best wishes to the Faculty, the students, and especially the editors of the MONTHLY. His address: 301—Q. M. C., M. R. S. N. A., A. E. F., via New York.

Corporal Thomas W. Kenney writes a cheery letter from the front trenches in France. He had a close call one day; a shell glancing from a ruined building exploded quite close to him, and he covered the fifty yards to his dug-out in the fastest time he ever made. By this time, he says, he is more accustomed to shot and shell. He is in good health, and has been inoculated against everything except an omnivorous appetite.

John R. Mahoney, Co. D, 15th Engineers, A. E. F., had an uneventful voyage across the ocean; boxing was the chief pastime. A short stay in England was featured with substantial meals of potatoes and mutton, and the regiment, on its arrival at a French port, was welcomed with a shower of flowers.

Mr. John P. Madden, professor of the First Scientific and First High Mathematics, is now with Motor Co I., Camp Greenleaf Annex, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga. He finds much that is new and much to like in his new life. His camp is situated on the hills of Chickamauga Park. The nights are cool, but during the day the mercury mounts to 104, though even then the weather is not more oppressive than at 90 in Pittsburgh. The men are treated royally by the commissioned and non-commissioned officers, and the lieutenant in charge, acting as captain, is a Duquesne University graduate. Drill is conducted all the morning, but there are frequent commands of "At Ease" and "At Rest", the latter permitting repose for a period beneath shade trees. In the afternoon, on account of the heat, drill is reduced to one hour.

Smoking is allowed at all times except in the mess hall and during actual drill, but cigarette stumps must be deposited in cans provided for the purpose.

At least one hundred thousand men are now in training at the several camps around Fort Oglethorpe. Mr. Madden has been assigned to duty with the Medical department. When proficient in infantry drill, he will be instructed in First Aid, removing the wounded from No Man's Land, and in driving trucks and ambulances.

Faculty and students join in wishing Mr. Madden good luck and distinguished service.

Lieutenant George P. O'Leary received his commission recently, and was transferred from Camp Travis to Camp Lee, Co. 9, Inf. Replacement Camp. He justifiably feels proud that the Government has seen fit to repose a certain degree of confidence in him, and that he has stood its tests to a successful conclusion. His stay out West since he graduated in '07, has weaned his heart away from the East, and he pines for a peep at California's mountains or a dip in the surf along the Pacific beach. He has got into the way of looking at things from a western view-point, and he is enamoured of the life in the western States. His transfer, however, enables him to gratify the long-cherished desire of seeing a section of "Dixie", and especially Richmond. "It is a typical Southern city," he thinks, "with wide streets, old landmarks, wretched negro quarters, and an impressive air of stateliness. During our trip we experienced such hospitality that the memory of it will be treasured for many a day. Perhaps the fates will be still kinder to me and will provide an opportunity for visiting the Academic halls that I love so well and the Fathers who made my life so happy and inspired me with ambitions that ennoble and sanctify."

Towards the end of May, William J. Turley resigned his seat in the Freshman class, and, like his many predecessors, enlisted in the army in quest of fame, fortune, adventure, and the greater glory of his country. With the draftees he left for Virginia, from which he writes partly as follows: "The farewell reception tendered to us by our Pittsburgh friends was characteristic of Pittsburgh patriotism and Pittsburgh good will. On the way to our destination, the send-off we experienced was the constant subject of favorable comment; so touched were we that tears of appreciation and regret glistened in every eye. On leaving the train for

camp, we were met by a detachment of soldiers and mounted police headed by a band, and escorted to the scene ef our future labors, situated on the banks of the Potomac River at a distance of seventeen miles from Washington, D. C. The Saturday after we arrived, we accepted an invitation to take a boat ride to the nation's capital; needless to say, we enjoyed the scenery on the way, and the sights the city presented to our enraptured eyes. Two priests from the Catholic University say Mass for us in the K. of C. building at 6 and 8:30. The majority of men in our regiment, and, if I am not misinformed, in the entire camp, are Catholics. They edified me beyond expression by all going to Holy Communion here last Sunday; in the evening they show their devotion to the Blessed Mother by reciting their rosary on their knees. After Mass, to my surprise, I ran across "Dave" Gorman favorably remembered in D. U. for his proficiency in the class-room and on the stage. Letters will be welcomed; address Co. C, 4th Engineers' Training Regt., Camp Humphreys, Va.

Ebert J. Anderson, Co. A, 15th U. S. Engineers, A. E. F., writes: "Just a line from a Sammy who enthusiastically began his training with the Duquesne Infantry and just as hopefully continues it Somewhere in France. I am perfectly satisfied with the choice I made, and am delighted with the upright, clean young fellows in our regiment, and also with the officers including Captain Corbett who drilled us so often on the campus.

Joseph M. Kavanaugh has been transferred from Fort Slocum, N. Y., to Detroit, where he is now serving as cost accountant at the Liberty Motor Division of the Ford Motor Works.

J. C. Threnheuser, Pittsburgh Unit, U. S. Naval Hospital, Great Lakes, Ill., finds life so full of work and comfort that he has had no time to become lonesome. Food is supplied in plenty and variety; prunes, oranges, bananas, oatmeal, jam, eggs, bacon, roast pork, beef, vegetables, rice pudding, and sometimes pie, make up the daily menu.

Over 30,000 men are in training at the Naval Station, and 1,000 men are treated in the hospital; most of the sick are southerners unaccustomed to the climate and victims of spinal menengitis, mumps, pneumonia and fever.

It's a glorious sensation—sometimes—to feel that you are serving your country.

Professor Joseph A. Burns volunteered for the Naval Aviation Service and was accepted. He left for a course of training in Boston on the evening of June 5th. Practically all the students of the Fourth High, assembled at the Naval Station, to see him off. As a testimonial of their regard and a token of their good wishes, they presented him with a handsome wrist watch. For the last eight years, Mr. Burns played a prominent part in college activities, distinguishing himself in the class-room, winning the medal for oratory, captaining the 'Varsity football team, starring with the Red Masquers, teaching mathematics, and qualifying for legal practice before the Pennsylvania Bar. Readers of the MONTHLY will look forward with pleasurable anticipations to his contributions.

Ben B. Hilldorfer, U. S. Naval Training Station, Newport, R. I., acknowledged, on the occasion of his visit to his *Alma Mater*, June 4th, that the disciplinary rules, to which he was subjected as a student, proved the best preparation he could have for his training under Uncle Sam. He is up at 5:30 with a busy day before him. He drills quite a deal, boxes, swims, rows, washes, scrubs and holystones the deck; ties every kind of knot, practises at a rifle range, and washes his own clothes. He enjoys his "chow"—cereals, white bread, pork, beans, steak, roast, ham, liver, sausage, stew, coffee and tea. He sleeps in a hammock seven feet above the deck, or suspended from the ceiling when in barracks. Ben, it is a great life; you will not weaken.

Towards the end of May, James S. Garahan was transferred from Waco, Texas, to Carnegie Tech, Pittsburgh. During his brief apprenticeship in the Aviation Service, he has taken on weight and an improved color. He is one of one hundred and fifty young men taking a four weeks' course in aeroplane construction and repairing; theory and practice are combined, attention being concentrated on woodwork, fabric, heavy metal, wiring, brazing, sketching and assembling of parts. The work of the day is done by six, and the men are free until 11.

We learn that W. M. Gast is sergeant-major and instructor at Fort Monroe, Va.; Adrian is sergeant and bookkeeper at the base hospital, Camp Lee; and George is corporal with the expeditionary force in France.

Jerome A. Czarnowski, '09, writes from Ward 70, Base Hospital Annex, Camp Lee, Va., "I make quite a good washerwoman and housewife. I enjoy doing my personal little chores.

So far all my time has been taken up with clerical and typist duties in the hospital office to the exclusion of military drill."

George Birmingham has had a course in ordnance. He has been promised his commission as lieutenant as soon as he can add six pounds to his weight; as he is now at home in Pittsburgh, he will not have long to wait.

Joseph J. Hewitt, B. C. S., '17, is taking the course in the Officers' Training Camp, Fort Custer, Mich.

Andrew Loxterman, transferred to Co. 170, Jamestown, Va., is already gunner's mate working an 8-inch rifle. Though only two weeks with the Colors, he has already noticed that the man with an education gets the preference over men who have been in the service for years.

John J. Curran, of Washington, Pa., is now at Base 55, Hospital Group, Camp Greenleaf, Chickamauga Park, Ga.

Sergeant "Mike" Morrissey, after passing the Officers' examinations in Camp Stanley, Texas, covering military tactics and methods of French warfare taught by French and British majors, has been transferred, whilst awaiting a commission, to the 1st Reg. Camp Gordon, Atlanta. On May 30 he paid a visit on his way home for a ten-day furlough. A telegram just received states that he has received his commission.

We are pleased to note that John F. McGraw and Albert A. Mountain qualified for commissions at the end of the officers' training course, Camp Hancock.

Victor Bossart is taking the new officers' course at Camp Hancock.

The following, we understand, have arrived safely in France: George W. Cooper, Leo Doyle, John C. Dambacher, Thomas Noonan, William K. Moorhead, Leo Zitzman, Charles McCrory, John C. Moorhead and Kilian Schaming.

Clarence Buisker gave up a position worth $125 a month to learn military tactics in Camp Lee.

Leo Yunker received his commission as Lieutenant on June 1, and is now stationed at Camp Jackson, S. C.

David Turets is with Psychological Co. I. M., Camp Greenleaf, Chickamauga.

Russell (Oresto) Floro is a Private in Co. D, 24th Engineers

A. E. F., and Lawrence (Florenzo) is a corporal in Co. M, old 18th Reg. now in France.

John McGeehin (Ridgway) is in the Ordnance Depot, San Antonio.

James O'Neil is at the Naval Station, Cape May.

William T. Ferkany is on board a U. S. destroyer.

Clarence R. Dullard is in Camp Humphreys.

Professor W. H. Brickley has received orders to report at the Marine Detachment, Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In our next issue, we hope to have a long paragraph on his past and future activities.

Regis C. Cunningham is at the Medical Supply Depot, Base Hospital, Camp Upton, Long Island, N. Y.

Vincent Murphy, of Parkersburg, W. Va., has been promoted to a captaincy.

John Artho is now in training in Columbus, Ohio.

Ladislaus Koprowski has joined the Naval Hospital Unit at Newport, R. I.

Little Joe Heidenkamp is the centre of a charmed circle in the Expeditionary Force in France.

John Miljus, on the reserve list of the Brooklyn Nationals, is now in Camp Lee, and may be expected to do some fancy twirling for his Company.

Charles Clair, we hear, has received his commission as Lieutenant. Congratulations!

We also congratulate the following on having joined the Colors: Paul C. Ackers, Andrew Burke, Sylvester Dieterle, George A. Fox, Arthur Gaynor, Francis J. Hohman, James H. Keane, Owen Kelly, Ellsworth Locke, Henry Ringel, Michael Yates, Sylvester Burke, Leo B. Gallagher and Edward P. Young.

Our drummer for many years, George Weis, has been but a few brief weeks in the army, and he is already corporal. His sterling qualities and ability as an entertainer will win for him many friends. At present he is with the 7th Co., 2nd Battalion, 155th Depot Brigade, Camp Lee, Va.

H. J.

The Graduate's Armour.

(Baccalaureate Sermon, by the Rev. H. B. Altmeyer, LL. D.)

"Take unto you the armour of God, that you may be able to resist in the evil day, and to stand in all things perfect." Ephes (vi--13)

YOUNG Knights of the Cross:—Within these sacred walls, under the eye of your spiritual mother, you have spent your vigil. It has been quite a long vigil; for your spiritual mother, having put upon you the helmet, the buckler, the cuirass and the greave, wished to examine and to test every part of the armour before sending you outside of the fortress, to fight the ancient foe of God and Truth, now less bold but more insidious.

Young Knights of the Cross, you have devoted several years to the study of the classics and the sciences, but all the while, under the direction of experienced and able Christian masters. The last two years, you took up the study of Catholic philosophy, which was to be the handmaid of your faith. In the study of the classics, you held converse with the best, brightest and most polished minds of antiquity. Besides having come in contact with the best thoughts and ideas of all times, in the study of the classics, your minds received a training they could receive in no other way. Your wills were disciplined and strengthened by constant and riveted attention on the chiselled phrases and sublime sentences of the Greek and Latin authors. You were trained to think and reason correctly in the beginning, not by the study and application of abstract principles, but by the concrete method, or by example. In other words, in the reading of the Greek and Latin authors, in which are found correct thought and reasoning, you were taught to think and reason correctly; and in the memorizing of foreign words and idioms, and of striking and beautiful passages, your memories were developed. In these days of fads, it is well to insist that the memory, being one of the God-given faculties of the soul, must not be neglected in education. It is the store-house of the intellect, and to it the intellect must go for mental food. In the study of the sciences, you have seen that there can be no conflict between true science and God's revelation. The apparent conflict is between the false doctrines of some scientists, and the hasty conclusions of some theologians. I know that your professors have taught you and emphasized it, that there is a difference between a well-established principle of science, and a half-baked theory, no matter how formidable the name of the scientist may be who has advanced it.

Knights of the Cross, in all the difficulties that may arise to perplex and disturb the mind, ever remember that the God of Revelation and the God of Science are the same—the God who created the universe and imposed upon it laws, is the same God who created the human mind and gave to it the Book of Revelation.

After your minds had been trained, first by nature's method, and developed—the simple method suited to the minds of even little children,—you began the study of Catholic philosophy. In logic you analyzed and studied the principles which underlie all correct thinking and reasoning. In the study of Natural Theology, you found that many of the truths of Revelation are also truths of reason. Psychology, that much abused word—as much used and as little understood as the word liberty—is in the mouth and on the lips of sciolists at all times. You know what psychology means—the study, by pure reason, of the soul and its powers. In cosmology you studied the world and its origin—the doctrine of creation as taught by reason and confirmed by revelation. In metaphysics you went beyond the appearances of things and investigated the very inner nature of being, which is the highest knowledge reason can acquire. And in ethics, you studied the principles of the moral law and the reasons underlying them.

I have called particular attention to your philosophical course, because we do not want you to drop your text books when you have gone forth from the University, but to keep them ever near you, and to look at them occasionally. Most of the intellectual and moral errors of the present day are due and can be traced to an ignorance of the elementary principles of philosophy. One of the greatest defenders of God's truth, during the last half of the nineteenth century, Dr. Brann of New York, has said that in all his controversies with infidels and materialists, he never had to look beyond his text-books for an answer and a refutation.

Knights of the Cross, whilst your intellects were being trained, your hearts and wills were not neglected. During your vigil inside this fortress of truth, you were taught the great principles of religion, and drilled in the practice of your faith. And thus there was imparted to your minds a new light—superior, much brighter, more certain than the light of reason—coming from the very throne of God—to be your future guide. And to your wills there was given a new strength—much

stronger, steadier and more perfect—a divine strength to uphold you in your future conflicts.

Young Knights of the Cross, you are about to enter a world where the militant Christian must be a spiritual strategist. You are not to be privates in the ranks: you are University men; you are to be the generals and the leaders in this army of Christ. You are to fight not only an offensive, but a defensive warfare. Formerly the enemies of truth and virtue were bold, defiant, coarse and brutal. Bald infidelity and rank socialism and aggressive heresy were the foes. The ancient enemy has changed his plan of attack. He has become very subtle. As I behold him, he has taken the form of agnosticism in philosophy, indifferentism in religion and eugenics in morals. "There is no such thing as truth. Truth changes. To-day is one thing, to-morrow another." These agnostics confound opinion with certainty. Truth means that a thing IS. And when the mind sees it to be such, it grasps it, holds to it, and rests in it, because it knows that it is. "It does not matter what a man believes, one religion is as good as another. It is what one does that counts. The Golden Rule and philanthropy is our creed." No man can live rightly, unless he is guided by right principles, which must come from true philosophy and Christian revelation. No man can keep even the Golden Rule unless assisted by God's grace, because nature of itself tends downward. Philanthropy is good, as far as it goes, but it is earthly and of the present, and its fruits shall be so. "No one should be permitted to marry unless the State examines him and declares that he is physically and mentally fit for parentage. A large family is a curse. One or two children is sufficient—quality, not quantity, is their shibboleth. Teach the young how to sin and to avoid the consequences. Chloroform the idiots, imbeciles and weaklings. Only the healthy and strong should be allowed to survive." This is damnable paganism over again. It stikes down at one fell blow all the laws of morality. These eugenics wish to usurp the very place of God Almighty in the direction and governance of His world and the universe.

Young Knights of the Cross, behold the enemy as he will come before you in the magazines, in the newspapers, in the secular university, in the pulpit, on the stage and on the lecture platform. You have been trained to meet any kind of intellectual and moral foe. Duquesne University, in the name of the Catholic Church, has put upon you the spiritual helmet, buckler, cuirass and greave. She sends you into the conflict with absolute confidence, for she has tested your armour and prowess. She commands you to enter the battle with the words of St. Paul upon your lips and in your hearts: "Take unto you the armour of God that you may be able to resist in the evil day and to stand in all things perfect."



SANCTUM

EDITORIAL

What Now?

THE season which ancient custom has awarded to relaxation, recreation, indolence and blissful idleness, is at hand. The balmy breezes of mountain and seaside haunts call with the same siren voice as of yore. Man gazes dreamily into the distant azure, sniffs the heavy, smoke-laden, gas-tainted fumes of his own busy city, and longs for the sequestered nooks of other days. But with an effort he drives away tempting thoughts and knits his brows with a new determination to do his best for the boys "over there".

Assuming—not presuming—that the college undergraduate is a man, he also must meet the alluring thought of an easy vacation with the same inflexible will. He must, as the case may be, hump his graceful athletic pose or throw out his cigarette-raked chest (if he happens to be in the clutches of Old Nic-otine) and prepare to *work* or *fight*. Laziness is out of vogue this year and vacations of more than two weeks' duration are in bad form, punishable by fine and imprisonment.

The college man, therefore, has a splendid opportunity of rounding off his Freshman, Sophomore or Junior year by a practical knowledge of work. As for the graduate (what need be said?) if he has not already made the inevitable decision, his well-wishing Uncle Samuel stands ready to do it for him.

D. J. MULVIHILL, '18.



BASEBALL

University High.

THE University High recently brought to a close a most successful season by defeating an Alumni team by the score of 3–2. During the whole season only one defeat was marked up against them, while in seven contests they succeeded in bringing home the "bacon". This is a very good record attained, despite the fact that postponements and cancellations were more numerous than in previous years. While these unfortunate occurrences threw the Dukes off their stride several times, yet they had sufficient "pep" and energy to counteract them. The article of ball displayed in most of the games was of sterling variety. Hard and timely hitting, coupled with fast fielding and strong pitching, featured most of the contests.

McGrath and Marecki were the mainstays in the box, neither suffering defeat. Marecki, who graduates this year, has had a long and successful career on the various Duke teams. The catching was very ably managed by Doyle. His hitting and base-running, as well as his catching, were important factors in the success of the team. Vitt, at short-stop, and Davies, at second, have wound up very successful athletic careers on the Duke teams. Their work this season has been excellent both in the field and at bat. Gaffney, at the hot corner, put up a fine game, fielding his position faultlessly at critical stages of the games. Captain McBride held down the first sack very creditably. Kettl, Caye and Rooney, the hard hitting out-fielders, formed the "wrecking crew", their bats making several victories possible. Brett and McNally, pitcher and catcher, respectively, showed up well in their positions.

In view of the magnificent work of the Duke team, many followers have become imbued with the belief that it is in line for the scholastic championship of Western Pennsylvania. Certainly their record has entitled them to justly claim the championship, but the chances of being formally recognized as the champions

are slight, as the title contenders will not give them a chance to prove their claims. Score of the Bellevue game:

										R.	H.	E
BELLEVUE	2	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	x	4	4	1
DUKES	0	0	0	1	0	2	0	0	0	3	9	5

Base on balls—Off Brett 3, off Allen 1. Struck out—By Brett 2, by McGrath 6, by Allen 4. Home run—Kettl. Stolen bases—Dukes 9, Bellevue 1. Umpire—Fattas.

The McDonald game:

									R.	H.	E
DUKES	0	1	1	0	0	0	4	1	0	7	7	6
McDONALD	2	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	3	6	4

Two-base hit—Caye. Three-base hits—Rooney, Carter. Struck out—By Marecki 9, by Clark 13. Base on balls—Off Clark 7. Stolen bases—Duquesne 8, McDonald 3. Umpire—Stevenson.

The Alumni game:

									R.	H.	E
ALUMNI	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	2	6	1
DUKE HIGH	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	1	3	5	4

Two-base hit—Whyte. Struck out—By McGrath 2, by Marecki 8, by Kenna 11. Bases on balls—Off Marecki 3, off McGrath 4, off Kenna 6. Stolen bases—Dukes 1, Alumni 3. Umpire—Mulvehill.

The season's record:

Dukes, 7—Union High, 2
" 17—Crafton High, 3
" 14—Monaca High, 8
" 3—Bellevue High, 4
" 9—Charleroi High, 3
" 7—McDonald High, 3
" 14—McKeesport High, 3
" 3—Alumni, 2.

JUNIORS.

The Duke Juniors leave behind them a fine record of victories. The few games lost were lost by narrow margins.

The energetic student manager, Robert Sullivan, arranged a very difficult and large schedule, but the Dukelings lived up to his expectations. Of the 15 games played, the Juniors registered 9 clean-cut victories. St. Peter's Juniors played them to a tie in a very exciting game. The Dukelings also played a 10 and a 12 inning game with Sacred Heart High School and St. Mary's High School of Mt. Washington, respectively.

The pitching corps was exceptionally good. Poppe's benders proved beyond a doubt that he was a hurler. Scenesky sprang

into prominence rapidly by pitching several one and two hit games. Bielski and Wirl made the opposing runners realize that bases could not be stolen with impunity.

Buckley, better known as "Harry", captained the team in a way that could not fail to produce results. He gave his teammates a good example, always playing a fast game at third, and was an expert in pilfering bases. J. Mahoney, the reliable first-baseman of last year's nine, distinguished himself in many difficult plays. F. Mahoney, his brother, tore off some spectacular stunts. O'Neil was always on the job as short-stop. O'Connell, Carl, Zubol and Kamin let no games pass without showing their opponents how to field, at times performing feats that bordered on the sensational. Mascot Staub always kept the players in good humor.

The players that showed the greatest strength in batting were: Bielski, Scenesky, O'Neil, Buckley and O'Connell. The record:

Duke Juniors,	7—	Lecrone Club, 11
" "	6—	P. J. Sullivan Jrs., 7
" "	0—	Crescent Jrs., 1
" "	8—	W. P. I. D. M., 7
" "	9—	St. Peter's, N. S., 9
" "	4—	Sacred Heart H. S., 3
" "	14—	Red Sox of Carrick, 4
" "	17—	Holy Rosary, 0
" "	6—	P. J. Sullivan Jrs., 5
" "	10—	St. Mary's, Mt. Washington, 9
" "	1—	Ambridge Nationals, 5
" "	7—	Ambridge Nationals, 6
" "	2—	Lecrone, 6
" "	16—	Sacred Heart H. S., 5
" "	5—	Crescent Jrs., 4.

THE MINIMS.

The Minims closed their all too brief season without the humiliation of a defeat. Their only regret is that the season was too short to permit them to show their superiority over all teams of their class during a more extended period. When we say that the material was of the finest, and that Father McGuigan trained it, we feel that we have said enough in its favor.

On the mound, Stanton and McMahon proved to be stars of the first magnitude; the latter allowed only three hits on an

average in the games he pitched, and the former showed his ability to keep opponents from scoring. Captain Cherdini, Egan, Cain and Snyder wielded the bat effectively, while Gunde, Absalom and Sullivan fielded faultlessly everything that came their way in the out-field. Catchers McQuade and Walsh, together with Ritter and Hurley of the infield, rounded out a team that can compare favorably with any of its most distinguished predecessors. The scores:

Minims, 16—St. Anselm's, 1
" 7—St. Mary's of the Mount, 3
" 7—Greenfield Echoes, 4
" 16—Sterrit, 0
" 20—St. Mary's, N. S., 0

Totals: Minims, 66; other teams, 8.

R. J. MULVEHILL, '20.

Commencement.

THE session just ended marks the completion of Duquesne University's fortieth year. Commencement week was opened on Sunday, June 16th, with the graduating exercises of the High Schools, Academic, Scientific and Commercial. The University Hall took on a festive appearance, when, at 8:15 P. M., the assembled friends rose to honor the sixty-two graduates, who, clad in cap and gown, walked in procession from the library to the stage. The following programme of exercises was rendered with great credit by the classes:

March, U. S. A. Arr. by Panella . Students' Orchestra
Salutatory . . . . . P. C. Lauinger
Song Over There, *Cohan* . . . Graduating Classes
Address Present Opportunities of the Commercial Graduate, John L. Kettl
Overture Sunshine and Flowers, *Flath,* Students' Orchestra

CONFERRING OF CERTIFICATES AND MEDALS.

Address . . Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, LL. D., President
Chorus Morning Invitation, *Page-Veazie* . Glee Club
Valedictory The High School Graduate's Debt to His Country, Andrew J. King

Exit March American Cadets, *Hall,* . Students' Orchestra
Vocal Director, Rev. Francis X. Williams, C. S. Sp.
Musical Director, Professor Charles B. Weis.

CLASS ROLL: (1) Commercial Testimonials have been awarded to Rupert R. Hepp and William C. Kohle; (2) Certificates in Accounting have been awarded to John P. Bernacki, Leo H. Brandl, Edward F. Brett, Francis A. Domachowski, George D. Foley, John L. Kettl, Walter F. Lynam, James A. Lynch, Lawrence J. McMahon, Stanley C. Posluszny, Thomas A. Roth, Gerald R. Walsh and Carl Raymond Wirl; (3) Certificates in Stenography have been awarded to Aloysius B. Adams, William L. Aland, Lawrence C. Bott, Leo H. Brandl, Edward F. Brett, Irwin J. Doody, James F. Doyle, Gilbert L. Givvin, Raymond C. Huckestein, John L. Kettl, Robert R. McCartney, Edward J. Meinert, Paul P. Schmidt, Edward C. Wachter, George M. Wilson and Carl R. Wirl; (4) Certificates on Completion of Scientific Course have been awarded to Earl V. Johnston, William J. McCarthy and George K. Walton; (5) On Completion of Academic Course, (a) Testimonials have been awarded to James S. Connolly and Gerald W. Moran; (b) Certificates have been awarded to Thomas I. Ashley, Michael A. Cusick, John C. Davies, Charles E. Dilmore, John H. Ferrick, Lawrence J. Garrigan, Thomas J. Gillen, Stanley T. Gujski, Herman J. Heilman, George B. Hudock, John P. Joyce, Hugh E. Kelly, Andrew J. King, Philip C. Lauinger, Kenneth A. Leopold, Owen L. McIntyre, Jerome G. Marecki, Charles J. Martin, Lawrence J. Mueller, Joseph F. Niemiec, Alfred A. Pachel, John S. Pawlowski, William J. Power, Edward L. Reilly, Vincent J. Rieland, Gerald A. Schroth, Herman J. Sieber, Hubert A. Vilsack, Stanislaus P. Vitkauski and Leo S. Watterson.

MEDALISTS: Silver Medal for Public Speaking, Division I., Richard H. Ackerman; Silver Medal for Public Speaking, Division II., Edward C. Wachter; Silver Medal for Public Speaking, Division III., Kenneth A. Leopold; Gold Medal for Christian Doctrine, J. Briley Walsh; Gold Medal for Accounting, Lawrence J. McMahon; Gold Medal for Stenography, John L. Kettl; Gold Medal for Excellence in Academic Department, Andrew J. King.

Tuesday morning, June 18th, at the solemn Mass of Thanksgiving, Rev. James A. Riley, C. S. Sp., of Norwalk, Conn., was celebrant, Rev. M. S. Retka, C. S. Sp., deacon, and Rev. A. B. Mehler, C. S. Sp., subdeacon. The assembled students, including the graduates of the College, the Law School, and the School of

Accounts, who wore the customary academic costume, were addressed by Rev. Henry Altmeyer, of Huntington, W. Va. We are pleased to be able to reproduce elsewhere in the MONTHLY this scholarly discourse. Following the Mass, the results of the final examinations were proclaimed in the University Hall.

Tuesday evening, the Soldiers' Memorial Hall threw open its doors to admit the great crowds of alumni and friends who came to witness the Commencement proper. The Right Rev. Regis Canevin, D. D., Bishop of Pittsburgh and Chancellor of the University, presided. The programme, as befitted a war-time closing, was brief and simple. Forty-four degrees were conferred.

PROGRAMME OF EXERCISES.

U. S. National March Arr. by Panella, Students' Orchestra
Latin Salutatory . . . . Stanislaus A. Gawronski
Oration Industry and the War . . . Dudley J. Nee
Overture Crown of Jewels, *Panella,* . Students' Orchestra
Oration The Lawyer and the War . Albert F. Yunker
Oration The Civilian and the War . Alfred W. McCann
Selection Somebody, from "Her Regiment", *Victor Herbert* . Students' Orchestra

CONFERRING OF DIPLOMAS AND MEDALS.

Address, Right Rev. J. F. Regis Canevin, D. D., Bishop of Pittsburgh
Chancellor of the University
Valedictory Charity and the War . Edward N. Soxman
Exit March *E. Mezzacapo,* Arr. by W. K. Whiting . . Students' Orchestra

Musical Director, Professor Charles B. Weis

GRADUATES:

(a) SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTS: (1) The Degree of Bachelor of Commercial Science was conferred on Paul M. Beckert, John L. Dobbins, Norman C. Hein, Charles S. Lang, Andrew F. Loxterman, Robert N. Miller and Wilfred D. Rush; (2) The Degree of Bachelor of Science in Economics was conferred on Harry L. Darner, Samuel E. Diver, George E. Gustafson and Elmer E. Spanabel.

(b) COLLEGE OF ARTS: The Degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on Alvin W. Forney, William F. Galvin, Stanislaus A. Gawronski, Joseph L. McIntyre, Rev. Anthony J. Majeski, Dennis J. Mulvihill, Dudley J. Nee and Edward N. Soxman.

(c) SCHOOL OF LAW: The Degree of Bachelor of Laws was conferred on Bertha L. Gauvin, Joseph A. Gianini, Gilmore R

Keitzer, William H. Kelly, M. A., Linus P. McGuiness, Theophanes E. Manos, Frederick A. Minikus, Robert P. Newcomer, Joseph A. Richardson, Joseph S. Szepe, B. A., '15, Ellsworth C. Trott, David Turets and Albert F. Yunker, M. A., '16.

(d) PHILOSOPHY: The Degree of Doctor of Philosophy was conferred on William M. Deviny, M. A., '14, Professor of Accounting, English, Ethics and Psychology in the Duquesne University School of Accounts.

(e) HONORARY DEGREES: (1) The Degree of Master of Arts was conferred on Rev. Valentine J. Fandraj, C. S. Sp., B. A., '03, S. T. L., and Rev. James A. Riley, C. S. Sp., B. A., '01, Professors in the Holy Ghost Seminary, Norwalk, Conn; on Sister M. Gregory Farrell, B. A., '16, teacher in Sacred Heart High School, Pittsburgh; Sister M. Teresa Monahan, B. A.., '16, instructor at Seton Hill College, Greensburg, Pa.; and on Joseph H. McGraw, B. A., '10, of Pittsburgh.

(2) The Degree of Doctor of Commercial Science was conferred on Henry P. Shearman, B. A., Professor of Economics and Industry in the D. U. School of Accounts.

(3) The Degree of Doctor of Literature was conferred on Alfred W. McCann, B. A., of the staff of the New York *Globe,* and a noted writer on Pure Food.

(4) The Degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on Rev. Henry B. Altmeyer, writer and speaker of note, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Huntington, W. Va., and school examiner of the diocese of Wheeling; on Rev. John P. Kearns, educator and publicist, pastor of St. Michael's Church, Greenville, Pa.; on Rt. Rev. Mgr. Denis J. O'Farrell, a venerable priest of the Boston Archdiocese, pastor of St. Francis de Sales Church, Roxbury, Mass.; and on Honorable Henry C. Quigley, President Judge of the Forty-ninth Judicial District of Pennsylvania, of Bellefonte, Pa.

MEDALISTS: Gold Medal for Oratory, William J. Turley; Gold Medal for Philosophy and Classics, Dudley J. Nee; Gold Medal for General Excellence, Edward N. Soxman.

DONORS OF MEDALS: The late Right Rev. R. Phelan, D. D.; Right Rev. Mgr. F. Keane, P. R., LL. D., Sacred Heart Church, Pittsburgh; Rev. D. J. Maladey, Holy Rosary Church, Pittsburgh; Rev. B. J. Hynes, P. R., St. John the Evangelist's, S. S., Pittsburgh; Rev. J. M. Kilgallen, Assistant Rector, St. Andrew's, N. S., Pittsburgh; Dr. E. A. Weisser, Pittsburgh; Mrs. E. J. Callahan and Mrs. W. F. Walsh, Pittsburgh; Mr. J. Anton Funk, Homestead, Pa.; the late Mr. R. E. Walsh, Crafton, Pa.

To each of whom the Faculty return their cordial thanks.

The Very Rev. M. A. Hehir, President of the University, in his address, stated that 1268 students had been registered during the school year, 448 in the main building, and 820 in the schools on Fourth Avenue.

Many volunteered for military service, and had to discontinue, especially in the higher departments, the College of Arts, the School of Finance and the School of Law. But all the institutions of higher education in Pennsylvania, and in the country, have fewer registrations this year. In Pennsylvania alone, there are 4,000 fewer men students at present than there were a year ago. In our State also over 400 college professors have entered the military service, and of these Duquesne University contributed a score, all of whom are now commissioned officers.

The University Faculty are serving on various commissions of the National Government, and take active part in all the campaigns organized to advance the prosecution of the war. The University Service Flag occupies a prominent place over the stage to-night. Its stars indicate that of the students and Alumni over 400 are now in the camps and battlefields, and three of these have already laid down their lives for the conntry. Father Hehir maintained that the chief duty of colleges and universities, at the present time, is to prepare men who are physically, intellectually and morally capable of winning the present war, and then to prepare the youths, now too immature to serve the cause, for the future reconstruction of our country during the critical period we shall have to pass through, after the present great and disastrous war.

Rt. Rev. Regis Canevin, Bishop of the Diocese of Pittsburgh and Chancellor of the University, made the principal address. In referring to the difficulty of retaining students and faculty, he voiced a fear that the war will lower the general average of intelligence in this country by lessening very largely the number of educated men who have had the opportunities of a full college and university course. Of the American soldiers he had this to say:

"We had a much higher average of intelligence and of morality in this country than we supposed we had. We supposed that with the prosperity of our country and the comfortable, easy manner of living, the intelligence of our boys and girls had so softened that they were not like the men of '61 or like their forefathers, but we are proving day by day that we were very much mistaken; that the world has never seen a finer type

of manhood than it is witnessing in the men who are going out to fight the battles of this nation.

"Not only are they physically fit and intellectually equipped for the work and duties before them, but the standard of their morality is astonishing the world.

"There has never been a nation that has taken so great care of the morality of its soldiers as the United States is taking of our men in the present struggle. They are astonishing the effete and decadent old-world nations by their stalwart Christianity and their fidelity to the Christian practices that they have learned at home, in the schools, in the churches of their native land; whether Catholics, Protestants or Hebrews, it is the same story."

CHRONICLE

The Finals

The balmy weather of June was favorable to the thorough review required before the passing of the final examinations. These tests, covering only three days, gave ample proof of the studious spirit existing in all the departments of the main building. The following secured first honors in their respective classes: Junior, Justin Gallagher; Sophomore, Ray Mulvehill; Freshman, Cyril Kronz; Pre-Medical, Francis Bielski; Prep. Law, Francis Maturo; Third High, Edward Kearney; Second High A, Florian Starzynski; Second High B, Joseph Rozenas; First High A, P. Sullivan; First High B, William Jacko; First High C, Adalbert Blieszner; Third Scientific, Stanley Balcerzak; Second Scientific, Harry Murto; First Scientific, Joseph Ritter; Second Commercial, Eugene Ford; First Commercial, Francis Braun; Second Preparatory, Victor Owczarzak; First Preparatory, Chester Wheeler. Examinations in the graduating classes had preceded these contests by several weeks.

Loyalty Rewarded

At the proclamation of examination results, prizes, consisting of D. U. rings, fobs and pennants, were given to students who showed their loyalty by selling the largest number of tickets for the big play. We deem it eminently proper to append their names. In the order of merit, they are Cyril Kronz,

James Doyle, Cornelius Becker, Leo McIntyre, Lawrence Mueller, Herman Heilman, Patrick Diranna, Francis Braun, Edward Reilly, Thomas Brown, Noon Glynn, Frank Kruk, Frank Dabney, Edward Caye, Joseph Hague, Hugh Kelly, Christian Hoffmann, Regis Mansmann, Augustine Ey, Clement Hungermann, James Harvey, Arthur Rooney, John Groetsch.

Letter-Men

On the same occasion, letters were awarded to those who brought honor to the school by their prowess in athletics. U-High basketball: Egan, Doyle, Power and Walsh; U-High baseball: Caye, Davies, Gaffney and McNally; 'Varsity basketball: Finnerty, Kronz, Ligday, McCloskey (Mgr.), Posluszny; and to Cheerleader Glynn.

Prize Winners

Two prizes, carrying with them distinct honor, were awarded on Commencement Day. John Briley Walsh, of the Second High, won the Gold Medal for the best paper in the Christian Doctrine contest held May 31st. Representatives of all the High School classes took the examination, which covered considerable ground in Apologetics, Dogma and Moral.

Dennis J. Mulvihill, editor-in-chief of the MONTHLY, was adjudged the winner of the Duquesne University Club prize-essay contest, the subject being "Man's True Greatness", and the judges, Very Rev. Canon Verheijen, J. U. D., Rev. James O'Connell, and Professor Patrick Cronin. Mr. Albert Yunker, President of the Club, presented him with a ten-dollar gold piece on Commencement morning. Mr. Mulvihill is deserving of very special congratulations, as he is the only one who has won the prize more than once. We reserve the publication of his essay for the first number of Volume XXVI.

Commercials Dine

The June issue gave an account of the dinner of the Fourth High Academic. The Duquesne University Commercial Club held their annual banquet on Tuesday, June 11th, at the Fort Pitt Hotel. There was a large gathering including both the graduates of 1918 and a fair number of the old students. Music and informal talks enlivened the evening. Mr. John L. Kettl delivered a stirring speech on the contribution that can be made by the graduates to help win the war, and his hearers showed their appreciation by thunderous applause. The Very Rev. President encouraged the students to continue their education in the Night School, and was followed by Rev. J. P. Danner, who spoke in a jovial, reminiscent vein of the good old times on the fifth floor. The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Paul Madden; Vice-President, Edward Mooney; Treasurer, Regis Malone; Secretary, Joseph Lackner; Spiritual Advisor, Rev. L. J. Zindler.

E. J. QUINN, '19.

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